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FLAGS UNDER WHICH ARKANSAS HAS LIVED.

*First Ladies
of Arkansas*

Peggy Jacoway



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KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE

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KINGSPORT PRESS, INC. KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE

*Lovingly dedicated
to the memory
of
two mothers,
the one, my own,
MRS. SAM BRONSON COOPER
the other, gained by marriage,
MRS. WILLIAM DODGE JACOWAY, SENIOR
and of
my sister
a former first lady of Texas,
MRS. WILLIAM PETTUS HOBBY I*

“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!”

Foreword

A SELECT GROUP in political precision moves across the Arkansas stage, a company of women who are infinite in variety—blonde and brunette; the delicate, the robust; light-hearted and grave ones. The Marys and Marthas are there to be found. Types retiring and gregarious add their quota of diversity. From petite to Junoesque the scale of stature runs among this cast treading official boards. Although playing the self-same role of responsibility in wide manner of performance, yet withal it is in ways which compel interest.

Every two or four years an incoming governor is open to a microscopic inspection; his portrait, publicly hung, highlights distinguishing character traits, rules of living, diverse interests, customs, convictions. From the glare of publicity he becomes known far beyond a field of personal acquaintanceship—and to enter into permanent relations with history.

The women who joined in marital status with our chosen leaders themselves receive close scrutiny, for when the attribute of rulership is given to a man, the position of his feminine fold grows correspondingly high. Custom stamped those wives eminent in particular by grace of the electorate with titling, first lady.

In a work relating primarily to women within a declared range, listing administration by administration significant events, interesting moments, of a century and more, a singleness of purpose has not been possible of true maintenance, in awareness that without the masculine side of accomplishment

the stories of official womanhood would not have been evoked; as suggestive, therefore, of the governors' qualified position, throughout has been considered—if on an inadequate scale—some detail of their extremely varied work and regard been given to manhood and womanhood in a government agency, co-ordinating as one.

Not all the women included herein had associated gubernatorial experience. Some men before attaining the high post lost their wives by death. A small number were admitted to the matrimonial circle after the door closed on their exclusive political position. More than one marriage has marked the domestic career of a few. So that although, as "First Ladies of Arkansas," the biographical assemblage is introduced, glimpses are given of all the women who merged their lives with the men marked for chief executiveness.

Many times in the last one hundred and twenty-odd years the state has changed its ruling forces, setting forth personal facts and tendencies of countless sorts. There have been highly romantic personages in the feminine parade—other continents, European royalties, pioneering hardihood, a myriad of life-strains, have borne influentially on the spacial realm of gubernatorial womanhood. Each administration has carried its distinctive note.

The sketching investigator, gathering material relative to many types of people and controlling conditions, has followed a trail almost impassable in places; overgrowth of time, intensified by the fact American life advancement often carried along with the scattering of families impoverishment of intimate historical records, made for inability in a few cases to obtain fuller accounts.

Again, by an overflow of relatable detail was posed the question of selective pertinence at times.

In a volume of this nature, both from a standpoint of history and in a romantic sense, it is regarded as not inappropriate to outline factual oddments variously upturned. Only two governors essayed public existence without an enlistment of marital companionship; the bridal days of two women were woven

about the supreme office, while twice the romance of an elopement figured with prospective governors and first ladies. Two women administratively associated (in the territorial period) remained elsewhere as their husbands strove in an undeveloped country. Dual governing occurred in two administrations, two brothers gave service as governor, and, continuing related bits that come in twos, only two former governors are living at this time (1940). The last dozen women who ranked officially first, survive. But once has a governor or a wife been released from incumbency by death. About half of the women peopling these pages were Arkansas-born, though Little Rock was the birth-place of but one of them. Less than a third of the governors have been natives of the state. Twice women of Arkansas birth were raised to first-ladyship of Texas.

It is found that lineal descent frequently had duplication, a common ancestry several times pertaining to two or more of the subjects. There are noted a few childless couples but families of considerable size have been the rule.

Arkansas not ever having provided a definite residence for its ruling families, sites temporarily utilized as "governors' mansions" are almost as numerous as the privileged people who occupied them. An attempt to point out locations down the years of the executive class reveals spacious houses as the prevailing system. Hotels, boarding houses and apartment suites were the sheltering accommodation a few times of governors' proprietary circles.

The portrait-sketches are bolstered by history in that political dynasties are subject to great variance. Human conditions, as of illness or absence of a governor from the state, frequently have brought a period of dominance to a lieutenant governor, president of the Senate, or other designated dignitary, the upheaval to result in, for the time, a suddenly advanced feminine factor. Obviously, it would be impossible to dress in biographical garb all the women whose husbands served in an interim as state sovereign for only a few days or weeks. In instances where supply service was protracted into months, space has been given, when personal datum was ascertainable, to

wives who had, by temporary reign of their husbands, a real taste of the challenging first position.

The writer, at great pains and with the invaluable assistance of large numbers of people who, by word of knowledge or preserved written record, augmented by accepted history, have made the work basically possible, offers what is believed to be sufficiently authoritative to give such volume comprehensive of womanhood in auxiliary high station a place beside more ample accounts of the men of rulership, and whose interests these women shared, in trials and successes.

To the Little Rock Public Library, the Kansas City Public Library, the Congressional Library at Washington, the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, the Public Library of Philadelphia, the Library of William and Mary College, Hendrix College Library, Essex Institute, University of Arkansas Library, Fort Smith Chamber of Commerce, Little Rock Chamber of Commerce, Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce, Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce, Shelbyville (Tennessee) Junior Chamber of Commerce, Arkansas Gazette, Arkansas History Commission, Office Secretary of State, Arkansas Publicity Commission, Arkansas Democrat, Northwest Arkansas Times, Dardanelle Post-Dispatch, Memphis Commercial-Appeal, Hope Star, Arkansas Writers' Project (W.P.A.), and to the hundreds of individual contributors, a thousand words of thanks are spoken.

Throughout achievement of official power a wife, family and home have been valuable assets, it may well be granted; by such right of companionship the women informally biographed were permitted to occupy individual places in state history. Forceful women, women of the pioneering and crusading spirit, women of capability in modern settings, possessed collectively of the charm and intelligent sympathy regarded as a necessary complement to every man—to them must be given a great measure of praise, and in order that what they have done will not be lost in the maze of years these outlines, gained from "peeks into hearts and hearthstones," have been compiled.

THE AUTHOR

Contents

	PAGE
MRS. JAMES MILLER I	1
MRS. JAMES MILLER II	6
MRS. ROBERT CRITTENDEN	13
MRS. GEORGE IZARD	21
MRS. JOHN POPE I	31
MRS. JOHN POPE II	35
MRS. JOHN POPE III	39
MRS. WILLIAM SAVIN FULTON	45
MRS. JAMES SEVIER CONWAY	55
ELIAS NELSON CONWAY	60
MRS. ARCHIBALD HUNTER YELL I, II, III	64
MRS. SAMUEL ADAMS I	74
MRS. SAMUEL ADAMS II	78
MRS. THOMAS STEVENSON DREW	82
MRS. JOHN SELDEN ROANE	90
MRS. HENRY MASSIE RECTOR I	98
MRS. HENRY MASSIE RECTOR II	104
MRS. HARRIS FLANAGIN	109
MRS. ISAAC MURPHY	118
MRS. POWELL CLAYTON	124
MRS. OZRA A. HADLEY	129
MRS. ELISHA BAXTER	131
MRS. AUGUSTUS HILL GARLAND	138
MRS. WILLIAM READ MILLER	150
MRS. THOMAS JAMES CHURCHILL	157
MRS. JAMES HENDERSON BERRY	165

	PAGE
MRS. SIMON P. HUGHES	172
MRS. JAMES PHILIP EAGLE	178
MRS. WILLIAM MEADE FISHBACK	185
MRS. JAMES P. CLARKE	192
MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER JONES	198
MRS. JEFF DAVIS I	205
MRS. JEFF DAVIS II	211
MRS. XENOPHON OVERTON PINDALL	217
MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON DONAGHEY	225
MRS. JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON	232
MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON HAYS	239
MRS. CHARLES HILLMAN BROUGH	245
MRS. THOMAS CHIPMAN McRAE	252
MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON TERRAL	258
MRS. JOHN E. MARTINEAU II	265
MRS. HARVEY PARNELL	271
MRS. JUNIUS MARION FUTRELL	277
MRS. CARL EDWARD BAILEY	283
MRS. HOMER MARTIN ADKINS	289

Mrs. James Miller I

IT IS THE year 1819.

The Presidents of the United States can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The fifteenth Congress sits in session. Couriers have sped not long ago to Washington, shouting the news: "The war is over!" Before the young nation hangs a roll of new heroes, creations of its second victorious contest with England.

Internal progress following in the wake of peace turns south-westward and, springing across the Mississippi River, gains foothold in a frontier settlement that has just emerged as a territorial entity. It is Arkansas made ready for quasi-separate official control. President James Monroe, his signature affixed to the Congressional Act clipping from Missouri Territory an inchoate commonwealth, next casts about for a safe hand of guidance in its anticipated affairs. Leaning toward heroic figures, he borrows from New England a man prodigal with his military exploits to be first in Arkansas governorhood. He is James Miller, extolled by Nathaniel Hawthorne as "New England's most distinguished soldier." There are reasons for the meed of praise in courageousness, cool judgment, dependability. He has come out of the War of 1812 a brigadier-general, decorated by Congress for gallantry, and his name captures the attention of the nation—so deeply appreciated is the hero of Lundy's Lane that his journey to the outlands is a long series of river-port entertainment along the nooks and crannies of the incipient country through which he travels, the major part of

which is yet to feel the civilizing influences of the plow and other constructive husbandry.

As rich as is the magisterial traveler's imagination and far-reaching his well-cultivated learning and vision, it is too much for him to dream of the concrete nation in time not only to transfix the admiration of the nations of the earth but that would come to be a model, a nation in fact, which the world would look to in a hundred years for its moral uplift and regeneration.

As a consequence of the interrupted, tedious journey, although in a day denominated the "golden decade of American maritime history," it requires for the important task of making the trip on uncharted inland streams from New England to Arkansas weeks that lengthen into months. The fearless commander's arrival at Arkansas Post, budding territorial capital, is December 26, 1819. That day, a Sunday, James Miller by his own hand sets in motion the flow of local government.

Robert Crittenden, of Kentucky, having become by the same presidential advocacy earliest secretary of the pledged territorial order, and living more accessibly, has stepped in a few months previously and set an official touchspring. In this he has advisement of the Superior Court, the men first in judicial appointment, Charles Jouett of Michigan, Robert P. Letcher of Kentucky, Andrew Scott of Missouri. The four, gathered together at the secretary's call in session at Arkansas Post, July 28, 1819, are in position unique as the original legislative body shaping up Arkansas statecraft.

As straight history Governor James Miller, caught in the first drift of Arkansas affairs, fixed his place in the minutiae of organization. But of the introductory first lady, the feminine personage entitled to chief notice, what? Martha Ferguson Miller is notable to Arkansas as a typification, almost as a "myth dwarfed in the long highroad of time," for in the quiet sod of New Hampshire she has lain since many years before her challenging husband was accorded unprecedented honor. Hers, the first story, evolves in broken bits. Difficult the privileged task of wresting personal data concerning one nearly a century

and a half in an honored tomb. That she lived, loved, was beloved, and fulfilled the normal part of womanhood is brought into reality by authentic findings. How much she helped to shape events of James Miller's life as she stood in the foreground of his early manhood is a matter of engaging surmise. At twenty-three her work was finished. Martha Miller died two weeks after the birth of a son, their second child. The first was a daughter, Mary, born March 13, 1803.

Had Mrs. Miller's life been longer, she would have seen also her son tremendously devoted to national service, having a part in the War with Mexico and attaining, as James Ferguson Miller, early bereft infant did, the naval rank of commodore. He died in 1868, the year after attaining the distinction.

Fergus, first King of Scotland, gave royal impetus to the clan that for centuries has been full of incident in America, and touching this section's inchoative political-domestic story. Generations of Ferguson ancestry had written impressive records before there was born to Henry and Martha Wilson Ferguson their seventh and next to the last child, Martha. Her birth has the recorded date year of 1781.

In the Old Cemetery at Peterborough, New Hampshire, are the graves of John and Sarah McDaniel Ferguson. They were early settlers of the quaint old town, and grandparents of Mrs. James Miller I.

Attached to the name of their son Henry is a record of valuable civic and religious contribution. The ancient section's history attests to his services variously, as moderator, tithing man, selectman. He, the father of the character to merit first consideration in a volume relating to the wives of Arkansas' chief executives, attracted attention, in his piety, of historical reviewers, one appraising Mrs. Miller's immediate forefather as follows: "From my earliest days I have heard only the praise of this sainted man, and if he had any faults the sharp eyes of his contemporaries failed to discern them, and he has come down to us as the salt of the earth."

Henry Ferguson was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. His grave beside his wife's bears a tributary marker, erected

by Peterborough Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Born April 25, 1776, James Miller, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, was a native of Peterborough, which was the vicinity in which Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ferguson lived. Being the birthplace of their children, the age-old hamlet natally sheltered the daughter destined to have a nebulous touch with Arkansas.

Although cloaked in vague prestige and her personal history one of brevity, nevertheless Mrs. James Miller I forms a pre-dawn background of all succeeding women playing individual parts in a privileged political drama.

James Miller's early life was spent on a farm. Inevitably, in the habitat of New England and at that conventionalized time, Martha Ferguson's life would have followed a sequence of careful domestic training. She was, reasonably it is gained, of the wealthier class. Formal learning mixed with self-education is indicated for James Miller; but of her studious pursuits history offers no available comment. Young Miller attended the Academy at Amherst and Williams College at Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Studying law in the office of James Wilson, Esq., at Peterborough, the future administrator of a distant territory was admitted to the bar in 1803, his marriage to Martha Ferguson having occurred in 1801, at Peterborough.

Soon afterward he settled in the neighboring community of Greenfield, New Hampshire, for the practice of his profession, and to meet the rigid test of a desirable union—establishment of a home.

He had chosen of his own environment and well-placed class a bride, looking doubtlessly to her beneficent influence as a source from which continuing inspiration would spring. They would travel a path leading through "the daisied field of romance"—together they would kindle a flame to light the way to worldly success and deepest happiness!

Whatever their hopes, James and Martha Miller walked hand in hand but a fraction of life's normal journey. Eventualities of power and sweep lay in store but they were not for the young wife to know.

Piecemeal records of her evanescent existence, painstakingly and vigorously collected, commingle with the incident of her gravestone which marks May 12, 1805, as her death date. Fourteen years must pass before fabulous experience would trace her husband's way to Arkansas. Tradition relates no more.

Notable to the antiquarian is the tomb home in Greenfield Cemetery of the oldest potential claimant of precedence among first ladies of Arkansas.

Mrs. James Miller II

A SPIRIT OF VAGUENESS hovers also around the second wife of Governor Miller, in reality heading the roster of women to excite the interest of the reviewer of gubernatorial society.

She was of the Flint family. Having expressed themselves at a very early date in Massachusetts, strong notes are in the New England records of their civic-mindedness, stoutness of purpose and action. The heart of New England was still young when America's door was entered by adventuresome Flints. They were in Boston and Concord in the 1630's, one Thomas Flint coming through the leaves of history clothed in "wealth, talent, and a Christian character." Another, as a subscriber to "Prince's Chronology" offered of himself seventeenth-century evidence of literacy and unquestioned social standing.

In a different light, elemental Flint initiative is illustrated by Author Frances Winman as revealing in her historical work, "Puritan City," that "Alice Flint was arraigned for succumbing to the vanity of a silk hood." The overt act of attention to "outer glories" occurred in 1652.

A sense of personal rights as interpreted by the resolute Flint element has spanned the centuries and been brought to renewed attention in Historian James Phillips' enlightening book, "Salem, the 17th Century."

Mrs. Thomas Flint, according to the above historical reference, having been, among others, dispossessed of her accustomed seat in church, through the offices of the town clerk joined in a formal complaint addressed to Mrs. Mercy Marston

about her occupancy, without invitation, of a seat in "ye 2nd Pew." Rebuked for having entered the pew assigned to the "Wid.^o Mrs. Mary Gedney, Capt. Osgood's wife, Mr. Keyson's wife, Capt. Millard's wife, Mr. Tho. Flint's wife," admonishment to the trespasser curtly followed that "all psons (persons) ought to observe order in all things and places, especially in the Church at the Publick Worship, wch wee desire you will take notice of. and conform your Self accordingly.

Salem, April 10, 1714. Per order of the Selectmen,
Walter Price, Town Clerk."

The Flint family tree branched widely. Its progress, stolid and firm, records no other worldly-turned member as called on the carpet of stern justice or churchgoer's pew rights aggressively violated.

Sustained instead through many generations is a record of useful Flint contribution, liberally sprinkled with eminent, honorable family offshoots. The march of territorial events brought the name in certain connection, if not in reality, to Arkansas.

So far as obtainable facts bear out, Ruth Flint Miller remained in New England while Governor Miller was at the work of formulating plans of local government. A first lady, therefore, at Arkansas Post, Crystal Hill, Cadron or Little Rock—sites on which Capitol possibilities primarily were pinned—was not realized; the first governor's wife was far away from personal view and from an interpretation of an original eminent part.

The marriage of James Miller and Ruth Flint took place April 10, 1806. She was born in 1780 and was the daughter of Ephraim and Catherine Flint of Lincoln, Massachusetts.

Letters General Miller wrote his wife while he was in action in the War of 1812, and which have had publication in New England histories, stand out with a peculiar interest as informatively was pictured a phase of his life that has enlisted the admiration of historians. Sincerely implied in the correspondence is a congenial union, giving indication that his wife's sympathy was a motivating spirit with the soldier brev-

eted with courage on the battlefields to leave great military fame.

General Miller wrote of days of battle, with extreme modesty making reference to the influence he wielded; of the "honor and gratification" of planting with his own hands, assisted by General Cass, "the first United States Standard on the banks of Detroit River in King George's dominion, Province of Upper Canada."

The letters expressed his confidence in the army. Endearing messages were interspersed in the forceful descriptiveness of war activity.

Governor James Miller's life in Arkansas has been treated time and again by students of history. There is traditional agreement on the impressiveness of his territorial arrival and disembarkation from a big keelboat or barge furnished him by the United States government. Emblazoned in gold letters on either side of the vessel was the name "Arkansaw," and a flag bearing the words "I'll Try, Sir" waved from the mast, carrying in the wilderness December winds the emblem of James Miller's bravery as, obeying his superior officer's orders at a crucial time in Canadian battle, he had flung the now historic words as a victorious challenge into the enemy's onslaught.

Accompanied by an escort of aides, General Miller's arrival lighted up Arkansas Post far beyond its normal status. That day after Christmas in 1819 gave a unique chronicle to the river point which pioneered above all others; its name graven on Arkansas' birth certificate; the site of legislative origins, and featuring in its confines many notables who helped make the watery terrain famous—but which place, like a stone column devastated by crashing missiles, later fell into forgotten bits.

Unfortunately for the feminine side of local history, a first lady is excluded from passages of James Miller's vivid frontier travels and governing experiences. The day of which is written called for the stability, endurance, intrepidity of manhood. Those in the first fine flush of setting up a governmental unit surveyed a region offering scant invitation of comfort to women. Ruth Miller, of Flint convictions, with the feeling of a

greater duty toward their five children and her two step-children, doubtless, continued to live with them in New Hampshire.

The territorial government's move to Little Rock is distinguished by events in Governor Miller's life which are of full informative account. His vigorous determination to establish a governmental center at Crystal Hill, where had settled a number of people come to make civilizing conquest of the little territorial dominion, was popularly overruled. Evidently he considered his reasons sound, as a distant glimpse of the first man of ruling power in local residence is on a tract of land fifteen miles or so above Little Rock, on what in his opinion was more desirable land for settlement. Little Rock by 1821, the time of the capitol's transference from Arkansas Post, had provided itself with a housing program to the extent of one tavern, one boarding house and seven private homes. There is not supporting history that it was as yet a well-ordered unit.

Although his beloved Ruth was far away, Governor Miller did not neglect to think of his official family domestically, several log houses being built in the Crystal Hill region for their use. The dark green timbers of what now is approximately the geographical center of Arkansas furnished the major material for the famous hero's shelter and for that of his corps of assistants. (The site of Crystal Hill, long afterward falling into a state of abandonment, finally was sold for delinquent taxes, four dollars!)

Despite the period's slowness of travel Governor Miller, there is belief, made trips back and forth to New Hampshire. In 1824 he returned there for permanency.

Some New England biographers regard his life in Arkansas, while doing a good job of frontier legislative direction, and in connection as Indian commissioner equitably to have negotiated with the tribes roving over Arkansas wilds, as unsuited to a man of his type and whose interests primarily centered on soldiery. In 1808 James Miller had abandoned the law profession to enter the army. The shift of direction came in all likelihood from a highly recognized place gained by him as a youthful

member of the New Hampshire militia, he having had command of a company of artillery. Attracting from that United States military attention, Captain Miller received appointment as major of a regiment of infantry, and was stationed in the harbor of Boston. He remained there until 1811 when he was ordered in command of his regiment to Vincennes, Indiana, to join in warfare against Indians. Intervened the dozen or so years that left his great imprint on history before he severed his connection with this section in 1824. An inducement for him to leave, some authorities give, was the matter of climate, the southern weather being unfavorable to his health. It was not to New Hampshire but to Massachusetts returned the early Arkansas observer and guiding hand. Salem—meaning “peace”—became the future home, paradoxically, of the one the little nation cheered as a hero-extraordinary.

Mrs. James Miller II lived until 1830. Governor Miller’s life was extended. He was to make a considerable part in the history of the customs service, on the Atlantic seaboard, devoting nearly a quarter of a century to the work of Collector of the Port at Salem. His service was followed by a son’s extended occupancy of the office.

Sometime after his return to New England, a farm home was acquired at Temple (near Peterborough), New Hampshire. The homestead still remains.

General Miller died July 7, 1851. He is buried in Harmony Grove Cemetery, Salem, by the side of his second wife and two daughters.

Annual memorial exercises held at Temple pay tribute to him who explored the interior of Arkansas when it was about to slip from the rule of tribes into a body of white civilization, to be brought under a central governing authority. A monument to General Miller’s memory was erected on the Temple common.

Peterborough Historical Society in 1914 marked the site of James Miller’s birthplace with a native granite boulder on which is a bronze tablet with the following inscription:

I'll Try, Sir
Site of the birthplace
of
General James Miller
Born April 25, 1776
The Hero of
The Battle of Lundy's Lane
Fought July 25, 1814

(Above information courtesy Mrs. G. F. Farrar, Peterborough.)

Illustrated first, among distinguished New Englanders, in a history book of that section is James Miller. Being militarily supreme was only one of his roles. The great leader on Canadian frontiers was welcomed in civilian affairs. He was written of as "modest, discreet, of the kindest affections, with a resolute determination to do his duty under all circumstances."

In 1839 Peterborough celebrated its centennial. General Miller as a speaker at an anniversary banquet was introduced with the following toast: "General James Miller, a brave man never to be forgotten by his country or native town." The man whose name is indented in a list of illustrious ones glorified in military annals made a brief speech of appreciation, closing with: "May we encourage literature, revere religion, and love one another."

The Little Rock Museum of Fine Arts is distinguished with a portrait of James Miller, painted by Samuel F. B. Morse. A few State organizations and individuals, alert to historic associations, made a purchase and donation of the picture of outstanding artistic merit, presenting through museum walls to endless eyes a countenance immovable from Arkansas' distant past.

The early great public servant, as described by a biographer, was of "large frame, erect and graceful, a noble specimen of manly dignity and strength, with a pleasant and agreeable countenance, a gentle and smooth speech that always impressed strangers favorably."

First Lady Ruth Miller, deep in her silences, yields no brush portrayal. Was she large or small, in demeanor reserved or sprightly? These items mean little in the cavalcade of historic lives; there, though, is great store in her nearness in time and location to affairs that obtained for, and followed in the path of, national founding, civic tradition and security, and in an intimate closeness that was hers to the first rule of this particular territory.

Mrs. James Miller II, as her husband administered its affairs at the cost of family unity, bore, it can be inferred, a distant share of the burden.

By the second Miller marriage there were five children: Ephraim F. Miller born October, 1808; Catherine Miller born August, 1810; Rebecca Miller born September, 1813; Ruth Miller born January, 1815; Augusta Miller born April, 1818. From the two Miller marriages are numerous descendants along the Atlantic seaboard.

The writer is indebted for family source material to descendants Philip Miller Brown of New York and New Jersey and Mrs. Ruth Jenkins of Madison, Connecticut, and to D. F. Connolly, Deputy collector, United States Customs Service, Salem, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Robert Crittenden

CROWNING THE POSITION of feminine official preeminence, in a meaning of personal devotion to public duties which had no previous performance, the title of first First Lady of Arkansas belongs rightfully to Ann Innis Morris Crittenden.

Her unique experience of pioneering dominance was as the wife of the earliest territorial secretary whose responsibilities, by reason of circumstance, placed him in the initial governing chair. The delayed arrival in the territory of Governor James Miller, his occasional later absences, and resignation by him of the post before his term expired, several times placed in the hands of Robert Crittenden direction of official affairs.

The premature death of Governor George Izard, second appointee to highest territorial office and with whose administration he also as secretary was connected, laid upon Mr. Crittenden additional service as acting governor.

So by the special grace of accident that extended her husband first place in gubernatorial annals, was offered Mrs. Crittenden the privilege of setting a social-official tempo amid earliest local governmental stirrings.

Neither tradition nor pattern had been defined when the young Crittendens opened new pathways in unfamiliar and almost unsettled outskirts.

Into the Arkansas scene as a bride of seventeen, Mrs. Crittenden moved. Her story, so far as the main incidents that have been handed down are concerned, bears the label of great distinctiveness. With relation to her personal life and her part

in a formative territorial environment, such pen portrait as is here given has been drawn from greatly loved family history.

Frankfort, Kentucky, was her birthplace, the date December 10, 1805. A notable order of ancestry was her inheritance. The daughter of Honorable John Morris and Ann Innis Morris, from both sides stemmed American patriots and builders. Her maternal grandfather, the Honorable Harry Innis, was the first federal judge of Kentucky. He received the appointment at the hands of President George Washington. A Kentucky historian presents him "as a polished gentleman, in all the relations of private and social life a model of his day and generation." Judge Innis married a daughter of Colonel Calloway of Bedford County, Virginia. When Ann Morris Crittenden, child of a prosperous, socially well-placed family, transferred her residence from the large plantation home of her parents in already populous-grown Kentucky to a less ordered social sphere, where not more than forty or fifty thousand inhabitants comprised the territory, it is difficult at this date to sense her reactions to the challenges of loneliness and adaptation that faced her. Three years of familiarity with the lusty young territory of "Arkansaw" had been experienced by stout-hearted Robert Crittenden, also of a renowned Kentucky family, when he persuaded her to follow with him the path of promise in his chosen region of adventure. Their marriage occurred at the broad acres comprising the Morris estate in Kentucky, October 1, 1822.

Removal of the capitol from Arkansas Post had been accomplished the year before, and to the new capital of Little Rock the bride and groom, prophetic of momentous living, came. Doubtless radical change was confronted by the girl-wife in manner of living in the adopted domain. The new resident in the territory, of gifts and graces, admittedly found few ingredients of vivid existence. But in the processes of corporate approach there had been attracted factors of singular interest. To follow the moving van that had carted the core of government from Arkansas Post to Little Rock were those keenly eager to whittle a fine civilization out of the woodsy region,

now become a capital. Among them were prepared people with minds of cultivation, liberality and strength. They were to plant, like fruits to grow and bear, selected interests of industry and professionalism. As an instance, William Woodruff brought a capable newspaper force (himself), taking the initiative in local publication. The special source of work he introduced, as is widely known, lived and continues to live after him. So fully he entered the beginning part of Little Rock, the diminutive printshop where he spent his working hours in the village-capital news center, maintaining for it intelligent contact with the world, has been given a place, as also the connected Woodruff dwelling house, among historic houses assembled, to be preserved, by the Arkansas Territorial Commission. William Woodruff has a later particular place in history as the first State Treasurer.

To read early Arkansas history is to acquaint oneself with outstanding persons, the families of whom presumptively would have crossed the path of the Crittenden couple. Names as Johnson, Ashley, Cummins, Watkins, Ringo, Rector, Paschal, Clendennin, Royston, Newton, Conway, Cunningham, Bertrand, Trimble, Searcy, Embree, Selden, English, Farrelly, Witter, Clark, Caldwell, Menefee, Oden, Eskridge, Eller, Ratcliff, Moore, Erwin, La Fave, Pyeatt, Washburn, Carnahan, Knight, Daniels, Faulkner, Woodruff, Notrebe, Holt, Henderson, Fletcher, Nowland, Hanger, Curran, Lewis, Horner, Desha, Stirman, Brearley, Martin, Clemens, Bonneville, Miller, Boudinot, Sam Houston, McLain, Washington Irving, Austin, Rogers, Mason, Rice, Hall, Montgomery, Fish, Toncray, Stevenson, Wheeler, Allen, Hardin, Ellis, Barraque, Sevier, Bates, Pike, Noland, Scott, Roane, Fowler, Fulton, Lacey, Tindall, Dickinson, Hempstead, Barkman, McDaniel, Crockett, Witter, Peel, Lee, Hunter, Wilson, Scull, Bean, Strong, Biscoe, Horton, Drennen, Boone, Marshall, Ferebee, Humphrey, Peay, etc., fit in the expanding circle of pioneers of the inaugural era which for some years had Robert and Ann Crittenden prominently in it.

Returning to young Ann Crittenden's marriage step, the re-

sults toward rich contentment, in imagination a great number of decades later, hang reassuringly on the beauteous native scenery to which she had been borne, on the warmth and hospitality of a sizable number, at least, of cultural associates and, overshadowing everything else, on the sure knowledge she had that in the midst of this pioneer life rushed about her the stimulus and inspiration of mutual deep human affection.

She was a woman of great beauty, information from intimate channels flows, inheriting the rich brunette coloring of her family. Facts of her earliest existence here must remain largely matters of conjecture, but of her graceful acceptance of the more or less primitive life there is demonstration in the impress made by her on Arkansas annals. Through many generations Mrs. Robert Crittenden has stood impregably against the mountain of early cultural traditions. About her eventual domestic life, from historical references a gracious view is glimpsed of the time-famed residence built by the couple in 1827. There is abundant evidence to substantiate the belief that the first Little Rock official homesite, with a lady-in-state, clung hardily to ground overlooking the Arkansas River. Quietly and circumscribely, we may think, Mrs. Crittenden, as the acting-governor's bride, took her place, for houses and inhabitants alike, in 1822, filled an area less than a mile square. This area converging on Markham Street long since lost its early residential flavor to be gained by commerce and industry. The site selected for the later, planned, Crittenden residence, remote from the village business center, was a virtual princely expanse, touched by Scott, Cumberland, Rock and Seventh streets, as known today. As a stately homenest of distinguished people, it is enveloped in historic appeal. The spacious structure was definitely colonial in architecture. In the manner of fine homes of its day, no nails were used in its construction. Much of the brick and lumber, likely from the necessity of ordering finished material from a distance—or, mayhap, as homage to their native State—was brought by barge from Kentucky.

Among the new things thus within a few years to be met by

the pioneer acting first lady was the heart-warming incident of moving into her own fresh home, placing at vantage points, it can be imagined, mahogany, homespun carpets, silver, come by precious custom of dowry. Before her was the privilege, inherent and wonderfully dear at any age to woman, of giving to her premises the mould of personal taste. Here was the instinctively joyous task of planting shrubbery to uproot wild forest growth, the seeding of flower beds that would burst through the newly cultivated Arkansas ground in teeming rewards of blooming buttercups, snowdrops, verbena, mignonette!

Mr. Crittenden's service as a proxy governor was past at the time of the house's building. He was engaged in the practice of law, with the establishment of a home for his family. By then there were children to be reared under its roof. Judge William F. Pope's History, "Early Days of Arkansas," a lavish fount of pre-State flashes, in allusion to the outstanding Crittenden residence gives a picture of "the fine brick residence with its beautiful lawn and gardens." Further, by way of historical footnote, Judge Pope wrote of the property passing later into the hands of Judge Benjamin Johnson, "who greatly improved and added to the building," and again further mentions it as "the family residence of ex-Governor Eagle, its interior modernized and beautified."

Dipping deep into published accounts of gestures and courses of honored people representing the earliest known official power, according to the Pope account the "commodious brick residence in the town, far in advance of the times, and for several years the finest private residence in the territory, in the erection and beautifying of the grounds had almost impoverished Mr. Crittenden."

In the handsome home of the Crittendens, as gathered from other deep-running veins of intimate historical gleanings, young women relatives from Kentucky were frequent visitors. Among them was Mary Allen, daughter of Captain John Allen. Followed soon after her return home Thomas Willoughby Newton, seeking her hand in marriage. Mr. Newton had come to Arkansas in 1818, reading law in the Crittenden office. Dis-

tinguished in many ways, he was the only Whig ever to represent Arkansas in Congress, being elected a national representative following Archibald H. Yell's resignation. Mary Allen became Honorable Thomas Newton's bride in 1829, at her home in Shelbyville, Kentucky, and numerous are their descendants.

Another attractive visitor was Mrs. Crittenden's sister, Mary Morris, who was married to Charles P. Bertrand, of Little Rock. As a lad, the latter had come in 1820 to the future capitol of the territory with his mother, who in a second marriage became Mrs. Matthew Cunningham, and who drew the distinction above all local women as the first of her sex to be resident in Little Rock. Charles P. Bertrand, among other claims to historical notice, started the second newspaper in Little Rock, the *Advocate*, which was the inspiration of Albert Pike's advent here.

Shedding their influence in the home of a granddaughter, Mrs. Clough Cosby Overton, are portraits of Governor and Mrs. Crittenden, painted at the time of their marriage. Facial features of marked strength and fortitude would indicate how they had borne a forceful, courageous part in a time when a small arc of geographical boundary fixed their position in State history. It made little difference to them of the 1820's, congenially mated, that their dominion drew a circle around heavily-wooded hills and valleys virtually barren of population. Robert and Ann Crittenden could not, though, thwart great and inevitable problems; they must needs behold vivid glints of realism which, as matched by many another family's of the rugged day, are forever deeply chiseled in records of political feuds, duels, inescapable enmities that cluster about the otherwise harmonious tenor of Crittenden lives.

In the thirteenth year of their marriage, tragedy of destructive proportions crept into the heart and home of Arkansas' original official hostess. Her husband's death occurred December 18, 1834, away from home and family. Legal business had carried him to Vicksburg, Mississippi, where the end overtook him. That sacrifice as not enough, the unknown place of his burial robbed ever afterward his widow's troubled heart of the

measure of comfort that visits to his grave would have offered.

The paintings referred to are in New York City. Both portraits were done by Matthew Jouett, who, by historical coincidence, was a great-uncle of Mrs. Overton on her father's side, she being a maternal granddaughter of Governor Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden. Of the portraits, she writes: "I inherited them, and they are much appreciated and valued very highly." And of her honored grandmother: "My grandmother Crittenden brought me up, as my mother, Margaret Crittenden, who married Landon Stocklin, my father, died when I was very young. I have many accounts of her great charm and beauty, and their entertainments in their beautiful home were famous. At eighty-six her mind was brilliant. She was a center of wonderful information all her life."

In passing, the Crittenden house was razed about fifteen years ago. Some of its beautiful interior woodwork was saved. Another sketch contains allusion to the important modern buildings—church, hotel, et cetera, given over to the original chief Little Rock estate. Among homes that have their foundations on the historic range is that of Mrs. Lewis W. Cherry, Sr., whose Rock Street location borders near the site. Mrs. Cherry and sister, Mrs. J. Palmer Sheppard, are of kinship with the famous Johnson family that bought from the Crittendens the deeply-rooted domestic area.

The Bertrand home at East Markham and Sherman streets that "interwove its destiny" with Little Rock, and sheltered Mrs. Crittenden's sister a hundred years before, met the changing circumstances of modern trends and was reduced to timbers and crumbling brick a few years ago. Its stairway, a replica of the Mount Vernon stairway, was spared.

Governor Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden had four children, three daughters and one son, all born in Little Rock.

General Albert Pike supplied an illustrative pen estimate of the man distinguished in Arkansas organizationally. It follows: "I remember him chiefly as a man whom it was a great pleasure to know and converse with, as a very gracious and agreeable host and in every way a thoroughly well-bred Kentucky

gentleman. He was a man of fine presence and handsome face, with clear bright eyes and unmistakable intellect and genius, frank, genial, one to attract men warmly to himself."

Long lodged in its rich frame, Mrs. Crittenden's portrait gives every indication, in a charm and comeliness, of Robert Crittenden's wisdom in the selection of his wife.

There was a second union for Ann Crittenden. She married years later Reverend John Todd Edgar, and lived a generation's span as the wife of the noted Methodist minister.

April 7, 1887, at Frankfort, the place of her momentous beginning, ended her days, with all their triumphs, honors, and inroads of care. Numerous Crittenden descendants people the nation, men and women proudly having lineal connection with one who played strongly and popularly her part on the early stage of Arkansas.

In Frankfort she rests, in soil which, save national cemeteries, can hardly be outnumbered in the United States by rows of stones marking the graves of people who were set apart in life by their significant and valuable labors.

With wistful distinction, among cemeteries, of having been the second in the world incorporated, Frankfort Cemetery is the subject of a descriptive volume. The incidents of its remarkable nature appear as a vast and colorful sepulcher remarkably detailed in frontier, military, and civic listings—recognized from an official view as a burial ground extremely notable. Its historian wrote: "If a biography were written of all the great men and women buried here, it would make the greatest history of Kentucky ever written." The State erected a monument to Robert Crittenden's celebrated brother, Governor John J. Crittenden, he being one of thirteen Kentucky governors buried in the 100-acre enclosure. In a revered ancestral area a memorial is erected to Mrs. Robert Crittenden, by all accounts first among official hostesses, and whose net effect was a vast enrichment of Arkansas history.

Mrs. George Izard

GLAMOUR IN ITS widest connotations attaches to the second constituted wearer of the mantle of territorial first ladyship. Mrs. George Izard's potential sway never though was felt in the "wilderness country of the West" assigned to her remarkable husband to govern, as she remained in Philadelphia where they lived at the time of his appointment and where in circles long they had moved reflective of social refinements that were the birthright of both of them. She passed away the year following Governor Izard's acceptance of the post.

Enchanting early social history of Arkansas otherwise might be sketched in the interlude of Izard supremacy in this territory. But although a brief wearer of her local honors and in a remote locality at a time of distant date, Mrs. Izard's story, pieced together from ancient family annals and intensive genealogical search, has in it material so brilliantly colored it offers one of the most romantic characters ever to touch Arkansas history, and her biographical presentation is made with a certainty of acclaim for Elizabeth Carter Farley-Banister-Shippen-Izard.

From any one of several historically authentic angles—ancestry, connections by marriage (there were three marriages in her individual experience), close association with many of America's constructive foreparents—a sketch of buoyant nature might depend.

A bloodstream of deepest blue, traceable through many lineal lines, coursed through her veins. Mrs. Izard's begin-

nings carry back to English prestige and power of centuries ago; fabulous material wealth of Wales; high official station in British-ruled West Indian colonies; Virginia's eras of colonial empire; and, bringing down to the immediacy of her own young womanhood, that brushed the first decades of national existence.

Remembered are three William Byrds of pre-Revolutionary historical status, men of learning, aristocracy, wealth. From these Mrs. George Izard maternally descended. William Byrd II, who has been described as the "wise, witty, adventurous colonial gentleman," left a diary, lately discovered in the Huntington library at Pasadena, California, which offers such pungency and philosophical charm as may have been the preponderant source of his great-granddaughter's lively attractiveness. A man of letters, a stalwart figure of colonial history, he was of deeply religious trends. Richmond, Virginia, through his founding ingenuity came into existence.

With Byrd streams mingled those of Robert Carter who maintained a brilliant and munificent career, being once an acting governor of Virginia; of Sir Edward Hill, affluent owner of a feudal estate on James River and married to a "celebrated court beauty" of Wales; of the John Armisteads of Gloucester County; of the Farley family of American and West Indian official fame. A perusal of Virginia history establishes Mrs. Izard's influential forebears as engaged in civic, religious and government departments of colonization, followed by national notability of service and in successive generations variously arranging their personal affairs of life on a sound and luxurious scale.

Virginia-born John Carter, son of Robert Carter and Judith Armistead Carter, who was an alumnus of England's noted seat of legal learning, the Middle Temple, married Elizabeth Hill. History portrays her as a "beauty as well as an heiress." Their daughter, Elizabeth Hill Carter, married Colonel William Byrd III, of Westover. Of this marriage the eldest daughter, another Elizabeth, contracted marriage with James Parke Farley who had come from Great Britain's colonial possession,

Antigua, West Indies, as a student at William and Mary College. He was the son of Colonel Francis Farley, of English extraction. The name is listed in colonial happenings in America.

Select English government appointments to West India were filled by a long Farley and Parke line, the names having been brought over here, and together by marriage, early in American history.

Besides West Indian connections, the Farley family acquired large land interests in this country. A recorded sale made in 1735 named a Farley ancestor as the buyer of twenty-six thousand acres in North Carolina. He bought from William Byrd, who called the sweeping tract the Land of Eden, and who received for it a princely sum. James Parke Farley had a part in the American Revolutionary siege.

The marriage of James Parke Farley and Elizabeth Hill Byrd in the late 1760's produced, among four daughters, Elizabeth Carter Farley. She was the eldest. Her sisters were: Maria Farley, married Champe Carter; Rebecca Farley who became Mrs. Richard Corbin; Eleanor Farley, married to George Tucker.

Westover, Virginia, famous Byrd family seat on the James River which gained itself a wide mark in history, was the birthplace of Arkansas' appointively-second official woman of prestige. The event occurred about 1769. Was it a wave of romance or of adjustable history that had furnished an estate also known as Westover, in South Carolina, as George Izard's childhood background of fundamental wealth and position?

The actual facts of Elizabeth Farley's girlhood do not easily break through the processes of time, but interpretive echoes point to a sort of glorified young life. And it followed in mature existence. She could have been no less than heir to an immense category of human tendencies, with a pattern ancestrally built of intelligence, originality, vivaciousness, might of wealth, lordly power. Sportiveness added its voice to the medley of inheritance, James Parke Farley, her father, as also Byrd ancestors, having been contributors to the "sport of kings" in its

early era in Virginia. They owned and bred racing horses. There were indeed conspicuous phases of Elizabeth Izard's experience before her beruffled, trailing skirts shadowly touched Arkansas' boundary. To the manor born, she seems to have had her widest sway in the recesses of human affection.

The first of three links in a matrimonial chain notable in mutual suitability has date of about 1789, when Elizabeth Farley was married to John Banister, Jr., of Battersea, Virginia, near Petersburg. He was a son of John Banister, a member of the "old" Congress when Philadelphia held Capital sway, and his grandmother Bland, of the superior Bolling pedigree, was in direct descent from Pocahontas. Grandfatherhood was of the Reverend John Banister who was a missionary in Virginia from the Church of England and, as a noted naturalist who wrote enlighteningly on the natural history of early America.

There were no children of the Banister-Farley marriage. In about two years Elizabeth Farley Banister was a widow.

Her second marriage was to Thomas Lee Shippen, born in Philadelphia in 1765. His mind was trained to the maximum of scholastic standards, the young man blessed with abundant opportunities having had attendance at Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia colleges, and at Middle Temple, London. Thomas Lee Shippen has left treasures of information in personal letters revelatory of family estates and gardens of Virginia. Patterned from his descriptive impressions was the restorative plan in recent years of Stratford, the home of the renowned Lee family, and of other noted individual homes. While visiting at the Byrd ancient demesne long before his marriage, he wrote his parents at Philadelphia of the "lovely inhabitants of this place—they are charming indeed."

It turned out that one of Westover's delightful occupants would be his bride.

In an era marked by outstanding personalities and events, and in a family of immeasurable social and professional heights, Mrs. Thomas Lee Shippen after her marriage early in the 1790's would go to Philadelphia, to take her place in the

social circles of the nation's contemporary capital and where she was to live prominently for many years.

The Shippen name is synonymous with Philadelphia. Edward Shippen was the famous city's first mayor. Dr. William Shippen, Mrs. Thomas Lee Shippen's father-in-law, was chief physician of the flying camp of the continental army. He gave the first anatomical lectures in Philadelphia. Mrs. William Shippen (Alice Lee) was of the Lee family of Stratford, Virginia, a daughter of Colonel Thomas Lee, once acting governor of Virginia Colony. Her brothers rose to lasting prominence. A grandnephew was General Robert E. Lee. Nancy Shippen Livingston, Thomas L. Shippen's sister, besides a story holding matchless charm, with such elements of interest as intimacy with the George Washington family, reached a later point of saturation in disillusionment and sorrow that has furnished material for a historic volume.

Mrs. Benedict Arnold remotely adds an angle of piquancy to this sketch, she having been Peggy Shippen, a first cousin of Thomas Lee Shippen.

The important contacts of the Shippen family with Philadelphia, New York, Virginia, kept a pair of aristocratic feet that might later, as a first lady's, have been set in Arkansas soil, on an "imperial social ladder."

Two sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Shippen, one dying in childhood, the other, William Shippen, surviving. He was married to Mary E. Shore of Petersburg, Virginia. They reared a family of five children. A number of their descendants exist, largely living in the East. To Thomas and Elizabeth Shippen's great-great grandson, Dr. Parker Lloyd Shippen of Washington, D. C. the writer is indebted in part for Shippen data in place here. In appreciation of search aid also to be cited are: May Atherton Leach, corresponding secretary, Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, and E. G. Swem, Librarian, William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.

The Charleston (South Carolina) Times carried a social item in the edition of June 18, 1803, its repercussions long to be felt in Arkansas; "Married at Philadelphia on the 6th in-

stant, Mr. George Izard of this city to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter Shippen of Farley, Bucks County, Pennsylvania." The place of marriage was the Shippen country seat. Whether its title, the same as Elizabeth Shippen's maiden name, was in deference to her original patronymic has not been discoverable.

For the third time marriage made it possible for a Virginia woman of amazing connections to bolster them even more. There had been Philadelphia ties for George Izard since young boyhood, he having been placed in school there when his father, Ralph Izard, was a member of the Continental Congress.

Again Elizabeth Izard meets family conditions of achievement and fame, both of her husband's parents having a background historically significant. Mrs. Ralph Izard was formerly Alice de Lancey, a daughter of Peter de Lancey and niece of Lieutenant Governor James de Lancey of New York. George Izard's father at the hands of formal biography is presented thus: "Ralph Izard, statesman, born near Charleston, S. C. in 1742, died there 1804. Settled in London (1771) where he had the friendship of Burke and other distinguished men. Refused to be presented at court—would bow the knee to no man. Returned to United States, 1780. Immediately repaired to General Washington's headquarters where he happened to be when Arnold's treachery was discovered. Delegate to the Continental Congress. United States Senator from South Carolina, 1789-1795. President pro tempore during 1st session 3rd Congress. Enjoyed the confidence of George Washington." Could be added known facts of the Izard family inseparably linked with America's foundations. It was one of South Carolina's soundest ones, well armed culturally and patriotically, from the State's beginning. The whole of this great host of related people was established also lucratively, if fields of Southern history roamed over by the writer are a convincing test. Ralph Izard alone owned five hundred slaves, and immense land acreage.

In a fashion of renowned public life the son George had revolved, breathing Europe's scholastic atmosphere following his

early schooling in America, his intellectual prowess eventually to be translated into benefits and honor to Arkansas. Near the turn of the nineteenth century he went to Portugal where at the Court of Lisbon he was secretary to his brother-in-law, William Loughton Smith, minister in charge of American affairs. The United States not long after received the returning young Izard, heir to a great past and learned aristocrat of a bright outlook.

Interspersed with a law and diplomatic career, as marked the activity of so many men of his day was United States army service, the artillery branch of which he entered early, and rose steadily in rank and responsibility. At one time he served as an aid to General Alexander Hamilton when the latter was Commander in Chief of the army. He gave service at stations in Charleston, South Carolina, and in Pennsylvania and New York. Placed in 1802 in command of the post at West Point, his interest in the establishment of a military school there is historically apparent. He retired from the West Point garrison command, and from the army, the year he married Elizabeth Shippen. Recalled to service in the War of 1812, his ability gained for him by 1814 the rank of senior major-general.

Thus, the second Arkansas territorial appointment followed the military precedent set up in the matter of the first selected governor. George Izard, of appointment March 4, 1825, approached territorial conditions and administrative subjects with a mind to exemplify the benefits of a highly classical and practical education combined.

It is almost certain his birth city was Charleston, though some history sources assert he was born at Richmond, in England, October 21, 1776, (or 1777) one of fourteen brothers and sisters. The plan of his education in both the United States and abroad made wide outlook almost sure. A great part of his preparation was disposed toward military tactics, and, as seen, when he had reached Arkansas and started dealing with a new-established civilization still surrounded by native Indian tribes, a part of large-scale army operations was in his record. He came here at the behest of President James Monroe who,

the same as in the case of James Miller, reasoned the need in the position of a man of superiority in technical training and experience, especially as it applied to those familiar with the fighting frontiers.

With her third marriage, the dominant character of the sketch again moved, if dimming history holds true, according to her inherited instincts and upbringing as the gracious, widely-known wife of a famous husband, dividing her time between Philadelphia and South Carolina. That her place in the Izard family was of affectionate regard is evidenced in a will made by Walter Izard, brother-in-law, leaving "some tokens to my friends and relatives, among them Mrs. Elizabeth Izard." A published account illustrates her mother-in-law's social history, mentioning as relative to Mrs. Ralph Izard's last years that were spent in Philadelphia: "her salon and card parties were amongst the most elegant and attractive of society."

A portrait of the celebrated personality this article considers was painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1796. The picture, acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Allsopp, was presented by them to the Little Rock Art Museum in November, 1938. The director of the museum, describing the portrait of artistic and historic great value, stated: "Mrs. Izard is lovely in a pink evening dress with very delicate lace fichu, has rather an oval face, large brown eyes and a wealth of dark brown hair arranged high on her head. The portrait is about 18 x 22 inches, in a very heavy gold frame; it is boxed in at the back, so it may be the original frame."

As sparkling beams of sunshine are revealed items of personal history associated with Elizabeth Izard, impressive character whose social accomplishments stemmed from ancient and honorable folk. There is, however, a note of discordance and pathos at the end, that this historic personage did not come with her husband, interesting and dominant territorial figure, to alien ground where his work was sharply in contrast with his former modes of life. Though living alone, on Governor Izard rests the distinction of establishing the first "Governor's Mansion" in Little Rock, making his home in a brick cottage stand-

ing near the southwest corner of Spring and Cherry (now Second) streets. It was a matter of but a few blocks' walk to the improvised capitol for the governor who has been delineated as remarkably handsome and commanding in appearance, "affable and agreeable, a profound and general scholar." He was thoroughly conversant with the French language. It was his belief that the word Arkansas should be spelled without the final "s" and pronounced "Arkansaw." In his official papers it was so spelled, quoting Historian Fay Hempstead.

The home, bound to local government history with unequalled import, gave quarters to a large personal library—Izard accompaniment to the "mass of hills and valleys" known as Arkansaw—and, we suspect, that again, again and yet again was a stronghold of relaxation and enjoyment to the polished governor directing the legislative maneuvering of new and special problems related to the southwestern fringe of the enlarging republic. Removal to Philadelphia of the library after Governor Izard's death ended in its tragic loss in a river shipwreck. Gone, too, is the little brick domicile reeking with early history. Many years ago it was destroyed to prepare for business enlargements.

Mrs. Izard's death June 24, 1826, was followed by Governor Izard's November 22, 1828. Mrs. Izard is buried in Philadelphia.

Governor Izard's interment in a plot of ground where now stands Peabody School in Little Rock and the removal of his grave at a later date, at the instigation of Honorable Chester Ashley, to the latter's lot in Mount Holly Cemetery, are well-known matters of history. They wrote *finis* to a tremendous territorial story.

There were three Izard sons. James Ralph Farley Izard—died young, unmarried. George Izard—died young, unmarried. James Farley Izard, born in 1811. He had a brief yet brilliant army record after graduation from United States Military Academy. He was killed February 28, 1836, in a skirmish in the Florida war, and was buried on the battlefield in Florida, at Camp Izard. A tablet in the Old Cadet Chapel at West Point

gives him tribute. James Farley Izard left no heirs. None, therefore, of direct Izard descent may be familiar with Arkansas' honored preservation of the name in various localities. In the General George Izard chapter, Daughters of 1812, a Little Rock organization, is given definitive recognition of the scholarly South Carolinian, distinguished in war and peace, who wrote his name in the beginning pages of Arkansas history.

At the close of Governor Izard's life, his sons became inheritors of Westover, the family estate which had been willed to him by his father at the latter's death in 1804. The power of frustration in Izard perpetuity here prevailed again. The sons, dying prematurely and leaving no issue, the tract of seven hundred and thirty-five acres finally reverted to the State of South Carolina, eventually to be sold to an alien buyer, at a price far below its original value.

The History Commission at the Arkansas State Capitol preserves relics of the Izard reign. A silver soup ladle, tasteful in simplicity, is among them, a shapely, beautiful spoon that could be chosen as representative of engaging qualities of hospitality as it was employed in the graceful hands of one who gathered at the Izard table when the country was young the historically great of Philadelphia and Charleston.

Beyond the frontiers of her husband's appointive award the logical first lady, of refined breeding, heightened life for aristocratic immediate neighbors while Arkansas Territory's feminine crown of honor remained unworn. Her glimpsed personality, the brilliancy and genius of which has shown down the pathway of the years, is felt and appreciated at this distant date as in her bright day it would have been a beneficent and proud uplift in an isolated part of the United States.

Mrs. John Pope I

GOVERNOR JOHN POPE was married three times.

Territorial Arkansas, given an opportunity to receive any one of his wives, would have had a first lady virtually supreme in native polish, for lineage of Anne Christian, Eliza Dorcas Janet Johnson, and Francis Watkins is founded on families that tradition accords high seats in American history.

The territorial governor once pictured as having the "keenest eye ever in a man's head," thrice turning his romantic urges toward marriageable women of superior standards of excellence, offered in return the persuasive influence of a man of physical personableness, with a well-set-up ancestral roll, and with the tangible anchor of professional place and power. To few men is it given to know as did Honorable John Pope the privileges and rewards of public service as one trust upon another increased his effectuality; repeatedly lay signal honors before him.

The conclusions reached after a period of historical questioning are that in his wedlock choices were women not only to be admired, but who cleaved closely to the durable pattern of family foundations, lending their sympathies toward the mighty ambition and driving instinct of the name severally borne.

Any story having esteemed John Pope for a related basis is in direct and immediate duty to begin with him, third territorial ruler and envisioning promoter of Arkansas' first capitol building. The eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. William Pope, of

Virginia, he was a grandson of Thomas Pope who as the father of Mary Pope Washington created a cousinship between John Pope and George Washington.

Emigrating to Kentucky in 1779, John Pope was educated at Dr. Priestly's famed Bardstown institution, fertile seed-bed of learning whose rolls sent out great numbers of young men to become outstanding in avocations, particularly the law.

John Pope became a lawyer. But, as with the majority of his profession at that time, he was imbued early with political aspiration which before his day was done carried into a vortex of public activities prodigiously vast. Under his purview the country changed from contending colonies to a strong nation. He was prepared both to give and receive of public benefits.

In 1829 appointment came to the one-armed Kentuckian as Governor of Arkansas Territory, at the instance of President Andrew Jackson's preference when death had stricken Governor Izard at the zenith of a local career.

Exploring primarily the subject of governors' wives, at the point where were brought together Arkansas and the Pope family contingent, regard for the feminine portion obviously has place here, although the history of her on immediate biographical display, as it relates to Arkansas must ever remain unwritten.

Anne Christian, the first wife's maiden name, was the daughter of William Christian, noted in military and political annals of Virginia and Kentucky. Her mother, Anne Henry Christian, was a sister of Patrick Henry, Mrs. John Pope I being, therefore, a niece of the patriot who became Virginia's first State governor and whose voice rings through the forums of history as the oratorical genius of the Revolution. Another of her lines of descent stemmed from the Winstons of Virginia. Another from the Washingtons.

Time's blighting decree leaves little to say of actualities in the united fate of Anne Christian and John Pope. Even the date and place of her birth are not known, though reasonably she came into being near the time of the birth of the nation.

Samples of illustrious people as they were, to say the least

of it there was a wealth of promise in the Pope-Christian union almost a century and a half ago. It is the belief of a Kentucky historian that the marriage occurred about 1795, either in Jefferson or Bullitt County, Kentucky, yet there is a reasonable probability that it took place in Fayette County where some of her family lived. John Pope was himself residing in Fayette County, at Lexington. The house in Lexington occupied by the young Pope pair was at the northeast corner of Mill and Short streets, according to the somewhat straying hands of history.

To be kept in mind is that it was only three years earlier than the approximate date of their marriage when Kentucky had been separated from Virginia, to become an individual commonwealth—"the firstborn and best loved child of the old Dominion."

Pope and Christian families, both, had shown aggressive interest while Kentucky district was still the western part of Virginia. Confusion in historical jottings related to that section, as was true everywhere in the growing land, laid in the lap of family care the burden of intimate factual preservation which in many cases is sadly incomplete.

Whatever the all-compelling conditions of sentimental harmonies, a dim glance into the ten or more years' duration of the wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. John Pope inclines by circumstantial influences to the conclusion that it was one bringing out what was best in themselves and where was entertained a spirit of progressiveness, for either shortly before or after her death, the husband became a United States senator, with lesser public honors already having been achieved. In 1800 having been chosen a presidential elector, it was his privileged lot to cast a vote for Thomas Jefferson.

It is certain from records of the Jefferson County (Kentucky) Court House, where it is shown that Anne Pope joined with John Pope in the execution of deeds, that she was living in 1806.

Whether she was granted earthly knowledge of her husband's broad national step has slipped into obscurity, as have the time and place of her burial. There is reason to assume, al-

though not of established history, that Mrs. John Pope I was buried in or near the town of Lexington, Kentucky, which was the Pope domestic location at the approximate time of her death.

No children were born of this marriage.

Mrs. John Pope II

NOT INFREQUENTLY a plan for a bachelor or widower on reaching Washington's official promontories is the enlistment of his romantic interests. The national capital, official seasons in and out, contains many a record of memorable marriages originating in its magnificent environments.

And there were the charmers in 1810!

On February 11, that year, Senator John Pope married Eliza Dorcas Janet Johnson, daughter of Joshua Johnson, first American Consul General to England; niece of Thomas Johnson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, governor of the State of Maryland, and later a United States Supreme justice; and sister of Louisa Catherine Johnson who became Mrs. John Quincy Adams.

There can be no doubt that Honorable John Pope, one way or another, was to have presidential linkings. Related by blood ties to the first president, and having married first Anne Christian, also who had inheritance of Washington blood, he connected by his second marriage, as brother-in-law, with the sixth national ruler.

John Q. Adams' nephew, William Steuber Smith, married a third Johnson daughter, Mrs. Adams' and Mrs. Pope's younger sister.

Mrs. John Pope II of whom history is fuller than of her predecessor was a blend of American and English blood, her mother having been Catherine Muth of England, when she married Honorable Joshua Johnson. It was at the time of his

consular service, the wedding taking place in London. Their daughter who has second place in a sketch-group of three-fold relationship, and with a faint Arkansas connection, was born in England, 1782.

She spent part of her young womanhood in Washington, a favorite participant in its cultivated society, first as the daughter of a man high in the young nation's international affairs, and later, with her husband, took her place in senatorial circles. Her portrait, painted in childhood, is owned by a New England descendant. It was the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds and according to family data the young poser "shows every promise of beauty in womanhood." The same source reveals of her in a later period: "She is said to have been a very beautiful woman."

The ascending scale of Honorable John Pope's public life reached crescendo tones until, in 1812, it was to be softened, almost muted temporarily, by his vote against America's entrance into war with England. The vote of extreme consequence, public and private history suggests, may have been given approval and encouragement by his wife who "possibly so far sympathized with the mother country as to use her influence with her husband," wrote a student of Pope historical trends.

The incident, whatever the cause, became a tool conspicuously strong in the hands of Henry Clay, Pope's greatest rival at that time, and who, holding the vote record before Kentuckians strongly war-conscious, accomplished Senator Pope's failure of re-election.

Retiring from office, he returned with his wife to Kentucky in 1813, where at Lexington he built an imposing brick house as the family homestead, located on the southeast corner of High and Rose streets. It is given in Kentucky history that here were entertained, among many noted people, James Monroe and Andrew Jackson. The house remains, though in the process of city growth something more than thirty residences have been built in the original front yard. A move later to

Frankfort may have been made by the Pope circle, family history citing Mrs. Pope's death as having occurred at Frankfort.

Eliza Pope was accorded only a few years of wedded life, she dying in 1818. But with her early passing went not all of a striking character, possessed of refinements and force. She left two daughters: Florida who died young, and Elizabeth who grew to womanhood and became the wife of John Watkins Cocke, son of Richard Cocke and Polly Watkins Cocke. His was a name carrying talent, worth, merit, from generations which had gone before him. It was significantly revealed among the problems of American rights and liberties and thoroughly expressed in early Southern history. There is evidence that marriage between John W. Cocke and Elizabeth Trotter Pope occurred before 1829, for that year and while they were still in Kentucky, Honorable John Pope sold property to his son-in-law there. The Cocke couple arrived in Arkansas in 1836. The Pope regime had ended.

It is not out of the normal scope of surmise to see here the influence of the former governor acquainting the pair with the territory freshly traversed by rugged pioneers, and as well worthy their careful consideration as a potential location. By then Arkansas was attracting to its civilian possibilities the attention of home-seekers from far and near. Governor Pope's daughter and son-in-law characterize history as among the State's early progressive forces.

John W. Cocke's name figures fundamentally in the ordeals and issues that needed to be undergone before Arkansas' program of organization could be well set up. His place in the field of law widely credits professional ability. All readers of early State history must join in the conclusion that in his connection with the Pope family was engendered an alliance of highest order.

From the marriage flows a current of Cocke-Pope lineage considerable in number and active in various American localities.

To Mr. Pope McAdams, a descendant who lives in Louis-

ville, Kentucky, the compiler of the three-part sketch is indebted for pertinent material. He is a great-great-grandson of brilliant John Pope and beauteous Eliza Johnson Pope.

The noted grandsire's later, third marriage was to a sister of Mr. McAdams' great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Richard Cocke (Polly Watkins, of another of his lineal lines, before mentioned).

Mrs. John Pope the second, identified by both the Christian names "Eliza" and "Elizabeth," stands before history as a stately representative of a family markedly notable. Born the daughter of eminent parents, she quite naturally adjusted herself to European experiences and Washington's exclusive offerings, and bringing to early-day Kentucky, as consort and mother, qualities to leave their impression. Her hold on Arkansas, while remote, is greatly to the credit of the accomplished woman endowed with a maximum of gentility, as witnessed in the conduct of direct and collateral descendants.

Mrs. John Pope III

GOVERNOR POPE'S THIRD marital essay was on May Day date, 1820. His bride was Frances Watkins Walton, widow of General Matthew Walton, of Springfield, Kentucky. With her, too, was pride of inherited name from distinguished performance attached to the Watkins early families. Virginia and Kentucky had seen them on the frontiers. Mrs. Pope was possessed of great wealth, in lands and slaves. But in a way of greater appeal than that she attaches to Arkansas history; on her rests the distinction of being the first accredited governor's wife to have had residence here.

Governor Miller's and Governor Izard's administrations lacked, as shown, the "tender touch of a woman's hand." And, as previously sketched, Mrs. Crittenden, great as she was as an adorning and resourceful type, held first place by virtue of substitution.

Mrs. John Pope III, mistress in splendor of Walton Manor, dedicating herself to the brilliant husband's new assignment of service, packed her belongings and with a large domestic retinue, reached Little Rock in May of 1829. In celebration of the novel event, a royal welcome was accorded the Pope family in the form of a dinner at Major Nicholas Peay's home, which, according to a published story, brought about a hundred guests together.

Enthusiastic citizens, showering with plaudits the man and woman entitled to the highest notice of the Territory, paid tribute to both of vast public experience, for Frances Walton

Pope, by her first marriage, had long tasted the fruits of political success. General Matthew Walton was a member of the Virginia Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. He served from Kentucky in the lower house of Congress. His widow's course of prominence would continue in her second marriage. Through John Pope she was to grace the stage of Arkansas in its premiere scenes.

It was a comparatively virgin section to which came a Kentucky heiress of fame and fortune. The eight-year old capitol seat that early, however, was regarding itself with a sense of juvenile importance, running a governmental-social scale in a lively tempo. According to contemporaneous reports, high notes were being pitched to the tune of civic promotion.

There were a hotel and a print shop, a dozen or so laid out and titled streets; among segregated log and frame dwelling houses were two or three imposing residences. Locations had been made for school and church purposes and a meeting place designated for the Territorial Legislative Council. There were taverns and tanyards, a grist mill or two, apothecary and dram shops, wagon maker, gunsmith, a few mercantile marts, when Pope political transit crossed into Arkansas.

Major Isaac Watkins, arriving in 1821, had established the first tavern in Little Rock, which was taken over in 1825 by Nicholas Peay. Pioneer Watkins, still exploiting, about that time set up the first grain mill; economic history gives that it was horse-drawn and, grinding six bushels of corn meal per hour, doubtless was welcomed by the progressing community as an advanced source of bread supply.

Dr. Robert Anderson Watkins, son of Isaac Watkins, was Arkansas' first Secretary of State. These and their many descendants were kindred of Frances Watkins Pope.

Mrs. Pope's detailed diary would have great value as a mirror of local life from 1829 to 1835, that period of vitality, of challenge to the physical, mental and spiritual sides—a period when codes of honor curiously were satisfied in the fatality of pistol shots, the period of "a grand splurge of life," as expressed by historian William Johnson, in the Arkansas Democrat's Cen-

ennial issue, "that shoved and jostled into young Arkansas during its territorial days."

Personal narrative from her pen would translate the names of the town trustees of 1829 who were: John McLain, Robert C. Oden, David G. Eller, Matthew Cunningham and Dudley Mason; the vibrant fact of Little Rock's incorporation as a town in 1831; the election January 15, 1832 of its first mayor and councilmen, Dr. Matthew Cunningham, Charles Caldwell, Benjamin Clemens, David Holt, John McLain. Among rich historical notations would be that one to tell of Arkansas' first theatrical performance, of date November 3, 1834. With vigorous routine local history moved among the things of her epoch. Shone in the region's religious horizon the striking figure of Rev. Cephas Washburn, Indian educator and missionary extraordinary. Mrs. Pope's qualifications for leading in her established social and official chances, and by the power of her tremendous wealth, lent every reason for, if though in circumscription, a successful, generous first ladyship. This, an angle of conjecture, has confirmation in expressions of high praise of her publicly made in Kentucky at the time of her death.

In what is now a brisk city business section was the Little Rock home of Governor Pope and First Lady Frances Pope. A one-storied, four-room brick house poised on the southeast corner where Louisiana and Cherry (Second) streets connect gave housing to the first ones to act by the right of authentic appointment as distributors of Arkansas' official-domestic largess. "The executive office," it is found in a historical approach to early government sites, "was in a one-story brick building situated on the south side of Markham street, between Scott and Cumberland streets." The small building had its other uses, two rooms being given over to the agency of territorial rulership, while a third room met the requirements of the village post office. David Shall and Jared Martin were surveyors.

Of Governor Pope has been written: "He was a man of very pronounced opinions and during the whole of his six year administration he fought for what he considered the best interests of the people of the territory." "We esteem him on the

score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human being."

Admittedly, Arkansas owes him a debt of lasting gratitude for his part in the transaction that culminated in the classic capitol building at the foot of Spring Street.

The public interest, generations later, centers almost hypnotically around the architectural perfection of its lines and form, drawing attention the same from long accustomed eyes and those who view it first.

The territorial capitol of Governor John Pope's forceful plans—that included an unfortunate public controversy—still is there much, it is pleasant to conjure up, as he dreamed of it. It has changed its name to the War Memorial Building; more in heartening appeal as Arkansas' Peace Memorial might the old citadel of serenity stand forth, with honor better paid those of war who died and die in vain!

Throughout the Pope administrative routine, Frances Watkins Pope was there planning and watching and supervising the domestic establishment of a man whose friends, Kentucky histories assert, "deemed the governorship of Arkansas territory an inadequate reward—the capital mistake of his life."

After his third marriage he had removed to his wife's vast estate, near Springfield, Kentucky. On his coming to Arkansas he sold Walton Manor to his son-in-law, John Watkins Cocke, but, with territorial authority at an end, on returning to Springfield in 1835, he bought back the estate.

Reselling it a few years later, he built a brick residence for his family in the town of Springfield. The house is still standing, is in excellent condition, and except for minor changes, remains as it was over a hundred years ago. The original floors are there.

In political and professional detail the Pope record runs on afterward, following his return to Kentucky, ably and successfully. He served subsequently several terms in Congress. Frances Watkins-Walton-Pope, not a stranger to Washington, was to spend a few more years, her last ones, in public situation.

For the third time John Pope met the loss of a wife, she dying at Springfield in November, 1843. In Washington County, the first county created in the commonwealth of Kentucky, was entered in the Court records the following resolution on the death of Arkansas' territorial chatelaine third in logical count:

"Whereas it has been presented to the Court that Mrs. Frances Pope, the wife of our fellow citizen John Pope and the late widow of General Mathew Walton departed this life today at one of the o'clock, Mrs. Pope being one of the first settlers of this County and having lived among us for the last fifty years, respected for her Philanthropy and Christian Charities It is Ordered that the Clerk of the Court enter upon the records her death; as an expression of our regard for her whilst living, and our regret at the report of her death." Tuesday, November 28, 1843.

Governor Pope died two years later. His grave by the side of his last wife's is in the City Cemetery of Springfield, and is marked with a monument erected by his grandchildren, John (Cocke) Pope and Mary Watkins Cocke.

Nathaniel Pope, John Pope's brother, in the capacity of secretary of Illinois' territory, served numerous times there as acting governor in the forepart of the 19th century.

History is written in the Pope family's power sources of culture, talent and resourcefulness which in part were a valuable aid in the early growth of this State. From stock that was able to give prodigiously to the nation derived the originator of Arkansas' first Capitol. According to congressional amendment to the building Act, in him was placed practically absolute control of the disposal of the famous sections of land within this territory from the returns of which the official building, in the beginning, was financed. Governor Pope made selection of the site and had supervision over the erection of the enduring structure. It, however, was not completed while he held the limelight of leadership.

Pope County gives honor, in its name, to the territorial gov-

ernor of candid and intensely honest opinion, and as a consequence who, flares of history show, bore the brunt of territorial disputation and at times hostile personal criticism—yet drew from contemporary history tribute to “ability and intelligence as a tried public servant.” “The memory of his distinguished services,” of Governor Pope was written, “must ever be considered with a just appreciation of his private virtues.”

Such is the background against which branches of domesticity were established that strike a strong and pleasant chord in biographical attention to women classified as first, or near-first, in Arkansas official grouping.



TERRITORIAL CAPITOL OF ARKANSAS

Mrs. William Savin Fulton

CLOSELY BOUND WITH the chronological records and refinements of the South, a sketch of Mrs. Fulton, fourth and last feminine gubernatorial personage of Arkansas Territory, dips into an almost limitless realm of Maryland, Tennessee, Alabama and Arkansas lore.

A large part of Southern history is interwoven with her family, as intermarriages and succeeding changes of locality disseminated their influence. Lineage as it relates to her is charged with all the elements of primordial romance. Her origins lay in the shores of Eastern Maryland, famed section that has never lost its manifestations of luxurious living nor place of timeless interest as a scene of early America at its social prime. Valuable portions of Colonial and Revolutionary history her ancestors helped to make.

George Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, pacificating the prolonged dispute that began between a Marylander of note, Lord Baltimore, and a Pennsylvania illustrious lord-proprietor, William Penn, drew, under her forebears' composite view, the famous boundary line—that chiseled momentarily at the same time, a divisive groove in the nation.

For all its ancient setting, in the story is a freshness of entertainment as, lifting the curtain of a century, Mrs. William Savin Fulton again takes over the stage of gentle precedence. As a point of factual beginning, marriage was contracted late in the 1700's between Peregrine Nowland and Rebecca Savin, in Maryland.

Peregrine (Perry) and his brother, Benjamin, scions of a patrician family, besides carrying on a mercantile business in an ample manner, were leaders of the fashionable society thereabout. The immediate Maryland section where they lived, "Sassafras Neck," was also the family seat of affluent William Savin, owner of large wheat plantations. His daughter, Rebecca, beautiful, and an heiress to great wealth, reigned as a belle of aristocracy. Life after her marriage to Perry Nowland went on, tradition tells, in a "perpetual waltz-dream." Down the generations comes word of their fondness for society, that "their house was a favorite social center, and their entertainments—balls, parties, dinners, oyster suppers, were celebrated," and "nothing was more enjoyable to the country gentlemen than Mr. Nowland's fox hunts and Mrs. Nowland's fine breakfasts afterwards."

The village of Bath, Hartford County, Maryland, became the later home of this family of lively affairs. Acquiring additional lands they farmed in that region on a scale of magnitude, vast numbers of inherited slaves cultivating their extensive plantations. Living there even more auspiciously than on the Eastern shore, the War of 1812 broke upon America, and Perry Nowland's death following soon, trials of disruption and successive geographical changes of residence were suffered by the family.

Of twelve children born to Mr. and Mrs. Perry Nowland, six survived, who by name were: Maria, Eliza, Harriett, Sophia, Matilda, and Edward. Matilda Nowland's birth occurred September 15, 1803.

Benjamin Nowland, the beloved brother, uncle, and a devoted friend as well to the family, in a chronicle of its progressions merits biographical note. The two brothers were the only bearers of the name in earliest Nowland genealogy. Associated in business with his brother, Benjamin likewise was highly prosperous. In time, he located at Baltimore, figuring as an active business and social factor there. He made many successful voyages to foreign ports, as super-cargo on merchant vessels, assisting in bringing valuable cargoes to the

importing establishment with which he was connected. He had never married, but was of betrothal, when the sailing vessel "Rossia," which was carrying him on a business mission to South America, was sunk, with all on board lost.

Mrs. Perry Nowland, having sold her large estate at Bath after her husband's death, and moved to Baltimore, was doubly bereaved in the loss of her brother-in-law and the family counselor. The mutual affection between the uncle and his nephews and nieces—one, Matilda, bordering on Arkansas official distinction—reaches from family notes these pages: "Maria, the eldest, a superior woman, lovely in character and person, was the especial pet of her 'Uncle Ben' from childhood to womanhood. She was a belle and beauty, so said, at the time her uncle was lost; and from that time on she lost interest in society, and never married, though she lived to a good old age, dying in Little Rock, Arkansas, many years afterward."

Mrs. Perry Nowland's sister, Elizabeth, sharer of youthful bright days at "Sassafras Neck," married into the highest stratum of Irish gentry. David Fulton, her husband, was an associate in business with Perry Nowland, and the sisters' husbands, as themselves, enjoyed great personal congeniality.

After the war with England, the Fulton family abandoning Maryland haunts and traditions, removed to Gallatin, Sumner County, Tennessee.

Mrs. Nowland, widowed, and with several unmarried children, followed her sister to Tennessee—first step toward Arkansas and its basic claim on Fulton and Nowland affiliation. William Savin Fulton, eldest son of the David Fultons, was born in Maryland and had obtained a collegiate education before the family move was made. Finishing at Nashville a law course he had begun in Baltimore, he was licensed to practice law in Tennessee. A better professional opening was offered at Florence, Alabama, of which he availed himself, locating there in 1820.

His father, about the same time being invited to assume management of the Florence Gazette and to lend editorial dignity and trenchancy to the newspaper's support of General

Andrew Jackson for President, the Fulton family joined the son.

Mrs. Rebecca Nowland again changed her family's residence, uniting with her sister at Florence. A few years later, 1823, Matilda Nowland and William Savin Fulton married.

A friendship with General Andrew Jackson formed while young Fulton was studying law at Nashville, and cemented when he acted in the capacity of military aide and private secretary to the former, was the vicarious means, after Jackson became President, of swinging open Arkansas' door to the fourth territorial governor and his wife.

Published letters to the Honorable William S. Fulton, bearing signature, "Andrew Jackson" contain ample evidence of their warm friendship, as, writing soon after the former's marriage, the spirited warrior-President commended Mrs. Fulton's "industry and economy," and giving adjuration in paternal strain "to learn to live within your means." Intimate visits were exchanged between members of the Fulton household and those of the beloved retreat of Andrew and Rachel Jackson—the Hermitage.

Another tender of political preferment to this family of elaborate historical ties, and that resided in the fact of personal friendship, was a commission given by President Jackson to Mrs. Fulton's brother, Edward Nowland, as sutler at Fort Gibson. He remained a long time at the famous military rendezvous on the Arkansas River, where Zachary Taylor's and Jefferson Davis' names are on the lengthy list of army notables who have had station thereabout.

In a richly varied course, is seen, the way was led for Matilda Nowland Fulton's entry in the Territory of Arkansas and Little Rock. Not easy, it can be imagined, her gallant gesture at domestic arrangements as she pondered a century plus a decade ago the village's unsettled aspects, yet there was optimism in the last territorial dominant lady's spirit.

Fragmentary excerpts from a letter in Fulton private correspondence which has had earlier publication, reflect the fam-

ily's reactions on the fateful move. Although his fame from public service in Alabama and Tennessee already was of sizable proportions, the thirty-four-year-old appointee to territorial responsibilities, impressed with filial obligations, wrote to his father immediately on his arrival:

"Little Rock, May 25, 1829

My dear Father:

Believing that you are very anxious to know my movements, and the result of my first operations at this place, I have felt it again my duty to address you. We arrived here safely . . . I have found no difficulty here; the people have received us in the most friendly manner, and we find a highly respectable population, and a pretty little town . . . I find everything like provisions high at this place. I have made a contract with Mr. Henderson to board in his family, until I can go to housekeeping, at \$10.00 per week . . . House rent and hire are also high; but dry goods and groceries, which we feared the most, are much cheaper here than they are in Florence . . . Matilda requests you to tell her mother that she is highly delighted with her new home, and that she has found female society here, every way equal to any she has ever been acquainted with . . . We have met with nothing but the most respectful attentions from the citizens from every part of the territory.

I am your affectionate and dutiful son,

William S. Fulton."

Scant source material of the Fulton family during his secretarial service, as with most of Little Rock's original citizenry, precludes recital of their day by day living; engaged though, as eventualities show, in territorial fundamental activities, it is safe to assume they lived entertainingly and profitably.

Judge W. F. Pope wrote in "Early Days of Arkansas" of visiting at the home of Mr. Fulton and of meeting Mrs. Fulton, whom he describes a "beautiful and accomplished lady," and that "a stranger never would have imagined this modest looking cottage to be the seat of an elegant hospitality, but such

was the case." This house was situated on Scott Street, between Mulberry (Third) and Walnut (Fourth), east side of the street.

Unrecorded is the exact time that the family changed from "boarding" quarters, as referred to in William S. Fulton's paternal letter, to the privacy of an early-day spacious cottage. It is believed the house was built in 1830. As customary, Governor Fulton's office was in the same enclosure as the residence.

A tremendous agitation was stirring the Territory of Arkansas in 1835. President Jackson, who the next year would place his signature on a Congressional measure for enactment of Arkansas statehood, still mindful of the capabilities of his protege, placed in the grasp of William S. Fulton, March 9, 1835, the reins of territorial management as government in that form neared its end. Several times previously, in his position as secretary to Governor Pope, Mr. Fulton had served as acting governor. As Pope successor he became governor in fact.

Contemporaries saw a man and woman of talent and training rise in the brightest honor with gracefulness, as William and Matilda Fulton were elevated to first territorial places. For a year Matilda Savin Fulton held sway in feminine rank.

It is peculiarly fitting and intensely interesting that the very physical structure which housed the constructive official works of Governor Fulton should be the object of a large appropriation by the State of Arkansas to perpetuate this historic shrine and that the granddaughter of Governor and Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Fairfax Loughborough, was among those designated to restore and preserve the place where so much of early Arkansas history was conceived, and which has borne such beneficent and prideful results that are today recognized by all the people of the State. In proper place belongs mention here, too, of another distinction attained by this descendant of distinguished forebears, the choice of her as the Arkansas representative on the Board of Regents of Mount Vernon Association.

To the vast sum of Fulton historical findings is added a fact bearing on the immediate matter with a peculiar quality of

coincidence, the fact of William S. Fulton's disapproval of the removal of the remains of George Washington at the time it was sought in 1832. Being in Washington on government business as territorial secretary when the consummate question of shifting the burial site of the nation's permanent hero reached debate in the House of Representatives, Mr. Fulton, a listener to the discussion, later expressed in a letter to his father his disapproval of the resolution which proposed to transfer from Mount Vernon's family tomb to a vault under the rotunda of the national capitol the body of the first President. In 1833, again in Washington, Secretary Fulton in a letter to Mrs. Fulton wrote of things that surrounded his activities and around which notes clusters historical entertainment. "Our trip to Washington in the mail was a fatiguing one; we traveled day and night until we got to Fredericktown, then we slept a night. From there we were carried on the railroad to Baltimore, part of the way by steam at the rate of fifteen miles an hour." He attended, in company with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Sevier, a New Year levee at the White House where his friend Andrew Jackson reigned. "I know of nothing which would be so pleasing," he expressed to his wife, "as to have you here, where you could enjoy the society of your old friends, (and they all say they regret I could not bring you). It would have been delightful for you and Mrs. Sevier to have been companions in the enjoyment. You could each hold your own with the best of them."

In physical markings, Mrs. Fulton was of the brunette type.

June 15th, 1836, the impressive bells of statehood ring out! Arkansas, the territory, becomes a self-governing commonwealth!

The series of Fulton political prizes continuing, came a step from territorial sovereignty to United States senatorial advantages, giving the last territorial governor new distinction as one of this State's first representatives in the upper house of Congress.

Mrs. Fulton apparently remained in Little Rock during the early part of her husband's official stay in Washington. He wrote her in letters, long afterward published, of his first

speech—January 1, 1837—in the Senate; acknowledged her “charming letter of the 13th-ulto”; related facts of a call he and Colonel Sevier had made on “Mr. Van Buren to take leave of him,” and of another call on the new President, William Henry Harrison.

By 1838, Matilda Fulton had taken her worthy place by the side of her husband in the national capital. From Tennessee wrote to her there a friend whose message of affection, long decades later, has enlightening value:

“My dear Mrs. Fulton:

I suppose your time is fully occupied with the gay world by which you have been surrounded, and the care of your family . . . Let me recall the happy days we spent in your hospitable home (in Little Rock)—they are among the happiest of my life; how can I thank you for your motherly kindness . . . Mrs. C. told me she had seen you frequently last winter . . . She said you were very gay, and seemed to enjoy the dance very much . . . Remember me affectionately to your husband, and to Elizabeth, Hickory, Sophia, and ‘Ri.’”

Elizabeth Martin Randolph, the writer of letter fragmentarily quoted, was a niece of Mrs. Andrew Jackson, and who married Thomas Jefferson’s grandson, Lewis Randolph. The latter was given the appointment of territorial secretary when William S. Fulton was advanced to the prime official vantage point.

The Randolph Arkansas experience was short-lived, its ending in Lewis Randolph’s early death. In the lives of the two who had presidential kinship were blended their wedding at the White House and pioneering in the new Territory called Arkansas. The former White House belle after her husband’s death returned to the parental home in Tennessee and from there drew on her grateful memories of a home of open-heartedness that at the hands of Mrs. William Fulton had been “Betty” Randolph’s pleasure to enjoy. The letter was written in 1838.

The site of the former Blind School in Little Rock, on Lou-

isiana Street, was the location of the Fulton home as years enlarged the family and the couple whose existence sparked with eminence sought a suburban retreat "a mile or so south of town," quoting from Pope's History. They named it "Rosewood." Here Senator Fulton died, August 15, 1844. The house a long time later was destroyed by fire.

Also at Rosewood Mrs. Fulton's death occurred January 13, 1879. Both had interment in Mount Holly Cemetery at Little Rock.

So far as a line of descent has been traceable, there were two Fulton daughters who grew to maturity, and had families. Elizabeth, eldest child, married Moorhead Wright. Sophia married James M. Curran; later, when widowed, marrying Honorable George Claiborne Watkins, the third Chief Justice of Arkansas. Hickory, a son, and Maria Ellen, another daughter, died in childhood, the double sorrow falling within a week's time.

Mrs. Ambrose Hundley Sevier, nee Imogene Wright, was the longest to survive of Fulton grandchildren, her death being of date January 4th, 1941. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead Wright and was born in Little Rock, at Rosewood. Her marriage to the son and namesake of Arkansas' first United States senator, which event occurred at Christ church in Little Rock in 1871, was conspicuous in the union of two of highly rated ancestry.

Little Rock has profited in having continuously among citizens of leadership some of those possessing a Fulton grant of blood. Kentucky, Mississippi, South Carolina, Colorado, Washington, D. C., New England, are locations of others of the widely-dispersed family headed by Governor William Savin Fulton. It has reproduction in descendant after descendant.

The list of them given below assumes to be authentic, but by bad fortune in research, it has not been possible to sink the probing pen completely into names of the Fulton perpetuated line. Those obtained are largely in descent through Elizabeth Fulton (Mrs. Moorhead Wright). Some of the ones given are deceased.

James Curran and Sophia Fulton Curran had three children: William S. Curran, and two daughters who became Mrs. Francis Johnson and Mrs. Frederick Elias Conway.

There were three daughters born of the George Claiborne Watkins-Sophia Curran union.

DESCENDANTS WHOSE NAMES HAVE BEEN OBTAINED

Imogene Wright (Mrs. Ambrose Hundley Sevier)	Virginia Hoge (Mrs. Robert Tate Caldwell)
Lillie Wright (Mrs. Putnam Dickinson)	Fulton Wright Hoge
Amelia Wright (Mrs. John D. Adams)	Charles Eugene Hoge
Maude Sevier (Mrs. Thomas D. Singleton)	Isadore Hoge
Amelie Sevier (Mrs. T. H. Webb, formerly Kane)	Louisa Watkins Hoge (Mrs. Olden Clark)
Juliette Sevier (Mrs. C. H. Jennings)	Matilda French Hoge
Imgene Dickinson	Mattie Kirkpatrick
Putnam Dickinson, Jr.	Anne Read Caldwell (Mrs. Robert L. Hundley)
Annette Dickinson	Matilda Caldwell
John D. Adams, Jr.	Robert Tate Caldwell, Jr.
Moorhead Wright	Fulton Wright Hoge, Jr.
May Fulton Wright (Mrs. Stephen French Hoge)	Wesley Anne Hoge
Louise Wright (Mrs. J. Fairfax Loughborough)	S. French Hoge
Alwyn Sevier Kane	Charles E. Hoge, Jr.
Floyd Kane	Louise Clark
Marion Sevier (Mrs. L. W. Kirkpatrick) (Daughter of Ambrose Hundley Sevier, Jr.)	Pope Hoge
Charles Penzel Wright	Caruthers T. Hoge
Moorhead Wright, Jr.	Louisa Hoge
Fulton Watkins Wright	Isadore Hoge, Jr.
	Ernest Clark
	Hoge Clark
	Charles Penzel Wright, Jr.
	Winter Wright
	Moorhead Wright, III
	Fulton Watkins Wright, Jr.
	Elizabeth Baker Wright
	Eliza Hundley

Mrs. James Sevier Conway

ARKANSAS CELEBRATED ITS centenary in 1936 which was a date of notedness other than an anniversary of statehood. It clamped a century mark on the unique position held by the first chief executive and his wife.

As the governmental clock turned from territorial to state strokes, official opportunities never before presented came to Governor James Sevier Conway and Mrs. Conway in their prerogative to establish ways, create precedent, outline a pattern, build a framework. In the last analysis, initiation of state gubernatorial tradition lay in Conway sources.

By the same elective token that extended her husband primal rulership of the 25th state of the Union, Mrs. James Sevier Conway was to head, chronologically, the women marked with highest state honor.

Previous sketches give recognition of the feminine element uppermost at the time territorial rule prevailed. When Mary Jane Bradley Conway followed those of her sex identified with legislative origins, she had a knowledge that women extremely pleasing had made their way through a maze of official organization. After Mrs. Conway's time of leading sway would follow public homage to many and various foremost women, but none to hold quite as distinctive a place as the wife of a man first in the experience of state executiveness.

The story of both challenges interest. A complete outline of Mrs. Conway does not project itself from obtainable personal annals. Consequently, in drawing a sustained characterization

of her in whose life was wedged exceptional quality, compromise with the obstacle of factual unavailability is forced. Material for sketch purposes of the lady first in state social sequence has been recreated largely from the scrapbook review of a great-granddaughter, Miss Nan Stuart Robson, of Hope and Texarkana, Arkansas.

Full version of Honorable James Sevier Conway's stirring life is in the history of his adopted state out of which sprang widespread honor. The record fits in as a worthy entry in a family's amazing prestige, for it would be difficult to find any other group banded together by blood relationship who handled their lives more advantageously and rendered more controlling public service than the prodigious Conway clan.

On the other side, there are some striking parallels in the family from which Mrs. Conway descended, her ancestors having pride of name and supplying a high degree of frontier citizenship. She was of Bradley parentage. Her father, John Bradley, of Wilson County, Tennessee, dying young, her mother contracted a second marriage with William Woodward.

In the southern part of Arkansas which generically was Hempstead County in the beginning, James Sevier Conway and Mary Jane Bradley lived not far apart and looked upon land settled considerably by Bradleys and Woodwards. To the section young Conway had come to locate in 1823, a little later than the former families. He had, though, reached Arkansas a few years before, on a surveying assignment. By odd destiny he had surveyed the land in Missouri Territory embracing the commonwealth to be created as Arkansas over which he would be the first to preside executively.

It was ground peppered with arrowheads where the Conway-Bradley settlement grew, for Indians still roamed the wooded expanse that swept to the moss-hung trees of Louisiana. The south-Arkansas forest land as early as the 1820's was, however, being conditioned toward a vast plantation system. Long Prairie, early home of the original state potentate and of the first official hostess, was the place of their marriage.

It occurred December 21, 1826. James and Mary Jane Conway established a plantation home order.

In less than a decade after marriage a journey supplied with suspense and anticipation was made by the historically-featured couple to Little Rock. They would remain during Governor Conway's term of office which, although but one term, in the mathematics of official regulation consisted of four years then. It was a quartette of years worthy to be recaptured in the magical interest of an official matron coursing through untried situations, pushing gently a way that would symbolize first lady greatness.

Arkansas, when entering the Union, had an estimated population numbering fifty thousand. It had lined itself up for a place in the nation, asserting its values environmentally, politically and culturally. Recognition already had been insured by its citizenship of the territorial past—a past of less than twenty years in time, but created by people not merely settling land. To a great extent they were men and women traditionally backed by such economic practices and social rights as had made America great.

Full ready were the Conway comrades to take their part in the cast of community performance, it is made credible by their history. Governor Conway was a man of varied constructive accomplishments, continuously enriching by talent and opportunity his public and personal status. The infant state riveted its attention on a first representative family of the planter class, aristocracy of southern livelihood that made for attitudes and realizations long ago of fine, generous living.

Gleaning from historical data of the state's starting point outside the field of territorial control, the first inauguration seems to have had a core of vividness and grandeur worthy of its meaning. If the public-event celebrators of a twentieth-century cycle imagine they outrank earlier ones in advantages of program, dress, display, they should revert to the Inauguration Day, September 13, 1836!

With the manner of official existence upturned, an enthusiastic citizenry was bent on appropriate illustration of their

long-sought independence, planning and executing spectacular ceremonies. Old newspaper files unloose the item of "much buying of fashionable clothing" before the day James Sevier Conway and Mrs. Conway were placed on a pedestal.

According to social tenets of the time, it may be true that the notable day was devoted by the feminine representative mainly to extraordinary household supervision. The state's truly first woman in social authority had before her the era's picture of womankind concentrated in home spheres, which doubtlessly inclined her to function in her high estate quietly and unobtrusively, as she sent forth in the starring role, into the midst of absorbingly interesting events, the husband, father, head of the family—proud governor-elect—groomed for the first occasion of its kind in Arkansas history. He took his place as the distinguished "key-noter" in a line of parade which, led by James De Baun, David Holt and Thomas Thorn, formed at the Conway residence and moved to the capitol. Randolph County sent a company of mounted volunteers under Captain Kavanaugh which, accompanied by a music band, marched along with a spirited mixture of citizens giving tribute to a historic distinction. Attending, as personal escort, the man who was about to establish a new relationship in governance were: Honorable Ambrose Hundley Sevier, Judge Edward Cross, Lieutenant-Colonel Rector, Captain Brown and Lieutenant Collins. Flashing through itemized recordings (in the main, from William Pope's painstaking writings) of the new and whirling events are the data of the reception committee awaiting at the capitol on the momentous occasion, they being Robert McKamy and Grandison D. Royston, representatives, respectively, of the incipient State Senate and House of Representatives; of General Albert Pike's administration of oath to the governor of experimental note; and of the latter's appointment of John J. Clendennin as his private secretary. Induction into office took place at three o'clock on a Monday afternoon in the legislative structure that was still in the hands of builders. From the wholly-new Speaker's desk Governor Conway delivered his inaugural address.

The Conway style of living remains, traditionally, as of refinement and elegance. History has not neglected to record the matter of a carriage, reputedly bearing a costmark of six thousand dollars, owned by the family coming first. The home-site, first domestic product for the use of a state leading unit, was a one-storied frame dwelling of roomy proportions, built by Governor Conway in 1837. It stood on the southwest corner of Second and Spring streets, a colonial house of comfort having the large front columns connected with that architecture, and wide open porticos.

Mrs. Conway bore four daughters and two sons, one son dying in infancy. The family dynasty appears in continuation through these:

Nancy Jane Conway (Sevier) (1) (Turner) (2)
Martha Conway (Sevier)
Frances Conway (Bradley)
Susan Conway (Logan)
Frederick Elias Conway

Walnut Hill, outgrowth or extension of Long Prairie, again became the family home after James Sevier Conway's retirement in 1840 from the supreme office. It sprouted into a famous homeseat and preponderant landmark of Lafayette County.

The Conway fortune was by now counted extremely high, their life that of cultured ease and plenty, it has been pointed out, when in residence on the country estate. James Sevier Conway knew, maybe, even greater riches, in becoming reminiscent and living over his days high in triumph when he rose to power on the trust of a fresh new public and the commonwealth spirit had only begun to awaken; in remembering that amid his achievement of highest official title, characters and events, like shoots turning upward to the sun, had flowered to the fullest extent in that early ground of Arkansas state history. One may think there was often a ringing in Conway ears of the time when, displacing territorial rule, he engineered the change of government, forever fixing his name in prior

position. "In his social and domestic relations," concerning the first governor has been sent down history's course, "he was idolized by family and friends." Painted portraits of each, the executive and wife to whom belong especial distinction, are revealing of strong and most fair face.

Governor Conway died in 1855 at the age of fifty-nine, when his brother Elias was Governor of Arkansas.

Mrs. James Sevier Conway would limn delicately twenty-three more years. Her life ended while she was visiting at Washington, Arkansas. Returned home for interment in the family plot at Walnut Hill, she, socially uppermost in the transition to a new order of government, on February 19, 1876, was placed for final rest beside her husband.

Thoroughly imbued in Arkansas backgrounds, Mrs. Conway's name, holding its own, with her husband's, is not dimmed over a hundred years later in the state's wide variety of engaging traditions.

ELIAS NELSON CONWAY

It seems to be appropriate that, although out of chronological order, attention be directed at this point to Elias N. Conway, younger brother of the first commonwealth head, and one of the two men extended the gavel of state rulership who had eschewed romantic roles.

The pair of bachelor governors served consecutively midway in the nineteenth century. John Selden Roane, fourth chief executive, changed his single fate after retirement from the office. But the fifth man who filled the prominent post stands as a noteworthy exception, remaining throughout his long life unwed which, while leaving him distinctively classified among Arkansas governors, also denies biographical space for a potential sharer of his title and fame.

The sketcher, with an enforced omission of a first lady fifth in sequence, believing the biographical interspersion here germane, respectfully touches, therefore, on a leader uninfluenced by the love god, who worked out a course of official

action that affected importantly Arkansas, and strengthening the already broad honors of his parental family.

The Conway name truly bore a gubernatorial charm.

Elias N. Conway was the seventh son among ten children Thomas and Ann Rector Conway had. Born at their homestead in Greene County, Tennessee, May 17, 1812, the youngest scion, favored by enabling related company, followed as a youth in the train of his older brothers, a group set apart historically for their varied achievements.

Like several others of the name, Elias Nelson Conway journeyed to Arkansas as the seed of its awakening grew and spread challenges of opportunity.

Soon he was in the official picture, having appointment as United States deputy surveyor in 1834 and appointment the next year as auditor of the Territory. Coincident with James S. Conway's election as governor in 1836 was the younger Conway's tender by popular vote of the state auditorship, a position he filled many years.

Elias Nelson Conway attained the Arkansas governorship in 1852. A term then consisting of four years, his occupancy of the office for two terms was a period which exceeded that of any other man who has sat in the center of administration circles, and furnishing another precedent to have source with him.

Governor Elias Conway has been given full recognition as an executive of ability and accomplishment. Contemporaries made haste to give him praise, asserting one: "Governor Elias Conway's administration was the most economical that ever was or ever will be in Arkansas," further detailing, "Governor Conway was characterized by uprightness, honesty, faithfulness and accuracy in business." The following succinct estimate of his long and notable service is pertinent to be reprinted: "For eight years he was the Government."

One of the salient official acts was an advocacy, and spurring by him to creation, of the chancery court. A biographer points to his support and promotion of the railroad system in Arkansas, which originated under his administration.

The public high place filled adequately by the Honorable Elias Conway gave room for a wife's sympathy no less definitely than the home he maintained bade for one charged with the duty and privilege of standing first among women. Though in a state of singleness, he established a hearthside around which the distinguished bachelor moved for half a century and more. The house was located on Third, near Scott Street, northwest corner. In domestic refuge the champion of public economy surrounded himself with family portraiture, members whose contribution to Arkansas is undisputed. Looked down the face of Matriarch Ann Conway, "noble mother of many distinguished sons;" there were paintings of Governor James Sevier Conway, Henry W. Conway, Dr. John Rector Conway and of Elias N. Conway himself—today preserved heritages of prideful descendants. Under the fine order of things in state of development by the Arkansas Territorial Commission, the house historically reckoned as the one occupied by Governor Elias Conway has been removed to the half block of ground bounded by Cumberland, Second and Third streets, Little Rock, for place in the Commission's heroic phase of restoration and preservation.

The answer to the question why Elias Conway never married, so far as the writer has ascertained, is locked in the capacious archives of the unreturning years. A man of exceptionally pleasing personality, of inherent refinement and sociability and with, history tells, an exalted moral code, he reached the apex of a public career and throughout extended remaining years dealt with domestic problems unaided by a helpmeet.

There around the bachelor's table, preserving individual privileges, sat the supreme head of a domestic absolute autocracy—Arkansas' oft-described "grand old man"—receiving the honor of his own generation and building for the tribute of successive generations. A history page of great length, written in symbols of public and private rectitude, closed with Governor Elias N. Conway's death February 8, 1892. He had burial in Mount Holly Cemetery, in the Conway plot.

To a collateral relationship has descended the care due to the graveside environment of him in life conforming with unfaltering loyalty to the sacred trust of citizenship, but who left no direct line of heirs; supervisory additional guardianship of his grave has its source in Mount Holly Cemetery Association, an organization notably distinguished for its long, priceless service throughout the enclosure which has been dedicated since 1843 to those laying down life's burdens.

Mrs. Archibald Hunter
Yell I, II, III

nee

MARY MOORE
NANCY J. (ANN)
MARIA (FICKLIN)

AT THE TURNING of the 1830's a sympathetic co-operator in initial frontier affairs entered the local field. Loops he made in a strong chain of life, the last ones to be submerged in mortal blood on Mexican war-ground, constitute circumstances enormously extended in importance to Arkansas. Since its connection here, Archibald H. Yell's name has been an example of fine fashioning of manhood directed in useful spheres.

Insofar as can be measured in terms of feminine influence there were three women successively who dealt in the career that must command the admiration of all familiar with it. Despite their number, domestic experiences of the native North Carolinian living for awhile, before reaching Arkansas, in a way of note in Tennessee, are left to history obscure. It is extraordinary, and is a pathetic detail of his honored record that, having entered the holy state of matrimony several times, the story of a helpmate standing the test of public presentation, as of Archibald Hunter Yell's governorship, had the denial of commitment. Against a life towering in public spiritedness and in daring are but delicately silhouetted the trio of women suited to his romantic taste. There was a woeful lack of years for each of them, consigning Yell conjugality and its history to a niche of narrow confinement.

That there is slight chance authentically to reanimate Mary, Nancy (Ann) and Maria Yell, of penciling with definiteness

the time when they were in close touch with some of the men and women who made an era notable, doing perhaps their own good part in the life of the day, causes lament to the compiler striving to lift the twilight from fundamental personalities.

A lady first of rank, in the sense of occupying and managing the household of the State's second chief magistrate and charged with superior official prerogatives, whatever her potentiality and distinct gift to the public of 1840, does not light up the domestic side of the situation to show in biography.

The man who became the cornerstone of Congressional service was, however, granted his wife's companionship in Washington, for among few obvious facts in the diminished Yell personal store is the established one of the third wife's presence there when her husband stood as Arkansas' first and sole member of Congress in the House of Representatives.

The story of the family which has been investigated by many people, and repaying faithful effort with little historical outlook beyond averment of brief marriage epochs, tenders at least of the first one the locality where Archibald Yell and Mary Scott Moore took the vows that bound them together. The marriage occurred at Shelbyville, Tennessee; its unestablished date may fairly be set as of the early 1820's.

Out of the collapse of first-hand data there is salvaged of this experience—flitting, but thriving, it is hoped, in happiness—the record of one child's coming, a daughter who was given her mother's name; of the very early passing of Mrs. Archibald H. Yell I; and of her burial at Shelbyville.

On file in the Court House at the latter town is the will of date July 2, 1841, written by Archibald Yell, then resident for a decade in Arkansas. A score of years before his young life had been worsened when first he met the event of marital dissolution. Deep in his heart and mind yet dwelt, the sentimentalist will avow, Mary Yell's memory and her full contribution to him who had left the State of his youth for joys in a new home in Tennessee. Those he had found, but, as well, trials and tribulations. Here, as definite as day, is a fleck of

rainbow between the sun and clouds of his early marriage in devisement he made (in part) to his and Mary Yell's child: "I will and bequeath to my daughter, Mary Scott Yell, all the servants which I received by her mother Mary Scott." That, as obtainable, is the simple, sole personal chapter in the suddenly-ended story of a family unit launched almost a century and a quarter ago, and of which no fact of its lineal extension as yet appears.

Archibald Yell had attained a considerable measure of prominence as a soldier and captured note at least as a likely holder of public trust when, probably several years after the death of Mary Moore Yell, began his Arkansas relations.

A second marriage meanwhile had taken place. In 1831, accepting the post tendered by President Jackson, as receiver of public moneys in Arkansas, the Tennessee lawyer entered the work, in residence at Little Rock.

According to history that obtains with regard to the founding of a second Yell family unit, a son, DeWitt Clinton Yell, was born in October of the same year. In that event and in the known fact of the infant's having an older sister (besides his half-sister), the presumption would be in support of another Tennessee Yell marriage before allying himself with Arkansas.

Continuity of the family line received eventual assurance in four children of the second union, by name, Jane, Clinton, Elizabeth, Artemisia.

The subsequent breakup of a family which maintained a position of greatest respect in this State is a tragic episode, and inasmuch as with it vanished the maiden name of Mrs. Archibald H. Yell II; her ancestry, early environment, time and place of marriage—all chronicles lost as an avalanche of changing conditions poured down upon them. At least this writer's avid search has not reclaimed them.

It must be sufficient for sketch purpose to refer to one duly directed toward eminence as inscribed on her tombstone, "Ann J."

Archibald and Ann J. Yell lived two or three years in Little

Rock. After serving a year in the Land Office, Mr. Yell relinquished the place in order to practice law. When he was appointed territorial judge of the Superior Court in 1835 the couple settled to the founding of a permanent home. History throwing little light on Mrs. Yell, gives a glow beyond the normal amount on the home they built at Fayetteville. Here though again date accuracy is blocked, some sources of reference placing the time of building in 1833, others believing 1840 to have been the year. The earlier date is credible in view of Ann J. Yell's earthly departure in 1835, with interment in the family burial plot near the house.

More to the historical point than the exact date of construction is the assured knowledge that Waxhaws, as the place was named, concretely took form and holds Arkansas' gratitude in its long, proud position among State shrines. In its one hundred years' history is associated with the ancient residence most that has happened to earn Fayetteville the reputation as a model place to live, of natural beauty and abundant natural resources, cultural charm, cordial citizenry. A county seat of ten thousand people in the Ozark mountains, because of her situation in matters of education, her position in economic affairs, Fayetteville in winning pioneer Archibald Yell's decision for location and domestic ownership has long proved his a singularly wise choice.

Mrs. Zillah Cross Peel of Fayetteville, who takes a studious and lively interest in the history of Washington County, published some years ago a story of the homestead considered. In part she wrote:

"Waxhaws was built to withstand time, for today it does not show its more than 100 years of age. It is on a high hill, and from it one can look in any direction and see mountain tops for a distance of nine miles. Located on what was then known as the old Frog Bayou road, it is a one-story frame building with four rooms. The two rooms on either side of the wide porch cannot be entered from the main middle room, the doors to these rooms entering from the porch. Each room has a large fireplace, and in the middle room one can see the heavy

iron bars which were used in early days to barricade the house. The woodwork, doors and windows are just as Yell had them built. Each room is plastered and split laths were used. The sleepers underneath are heavy logs. Around the front door is Colonial grill work.

"On either side of the home were two small buildings of two rooms each, with fireplaces. One of these was used by Governor Yell as his office and the other for guests. The office building is still standing, and the old fireplace made of sandstone is intact. The companion place has been torn down. Tales handed down by grandparents relate that Waxhaws was the first house in Fayetteville to be painted white. Another story relates that the place was named for the birthplace of Yell; another that it was named for a small creek in North Carolina. Sometimes it is spelled 'Waxows,' again 'Waxaw.'"

October 7 were the month and day of 1835 that Nancy (or Ann J.) Yell's days ended. She was thirty-two years old, her epitaph lettering gives.

Archibald Yell's second state of widowhood, reasons inference, was not long preserved. His third marriage, to Mrs. Maria Ficklin, took place at Jackson, Lawrence County, as given by some authorities, others fixing Little Rock as the wedding scene. By then poised in his judicial career, periodically Judge Yell held court in Jackson, he having held the first court in that county. Here arose the romance between the middle-aged jurist and the thirty-year-old widow of Thomas H. Ficklin, esquire, of Jackson. Lawrence and Washington counties largely then constituted the northern part of the State.

The census of 1836, among other determined efforts of the established State order, by the count of voting heads made allowance for a single representative in the lower house of the national Congress.

Archibald H. Yell, veering from judicial to legislative ranges became by election, the initial lower House member, taking his seat in 1837.

To reopen even very slightly the life of his third wife essentially has to be done by means of quotation. The thorough

and valuable work of the original Arkansas Historical Association gives clearest whispers of introduction to Mrs. Archibald H. Yell III. We have come upon a letter among its careful collection of people and events deep in the formations of Arkansas history and through it may gain bits of acquaintance with the State's first "Congressional" wife. That Maria Yell met ample and appreciated enjoyment at Washington comes from a letter long since written. Dr. William T. Hord, once Medical Director of the United States Navy, rendered in its pages some conception of a distinguished relative who left her marks on his childhood to become particles of information historically pertinent and pleasing.

"Our old home in Mason County, Kentucky, was often in a state of ecstasy when friends and relatives came to make us a visit. Mother was very fond of her relatives and endeavored to make their stay agreeable so they would come again. Cousin Mary Yell, on her way to and returning from Washington, had stopped to visit Mother many times and she enjoyed her company very much, because she described beautifully the scenes she had witnessed in Washington, the great men in the diplomatic service as well as Congressmen, Senators, Statesmen and their wives. Her descriptions were so lifelike and vivid that Mother often said she thought she could see the persons and places spoken of. Cousin Maria frequently caressed me and sometimes called me 'my boy' which endeared me to her. She persuaded my mother to let me accompany her on a visit to her home in Arkansas, promising to bring me back safely on her return trip to Washington."

These and other references are only incidents, but they throw light on the character who took her vast place with ease and from the rays of national spotlight was soon to have been carried by reason of her husband's approaching sovereignty to the brightness of State social sway.

In October of 1838 Maria Yell died, drifting into the great beyond when at Fayetteville. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery there. As with her immediate predecessor interment first was made in the family graveyard near the hilltop home-

stead, the burial-cases of both women later being removed to the plot in Fayetteville's Masonic Cemetery dedicated to all that was mortal of Governor Yell.

Through Waxhaws that hovered on the horizon of the Ozarks, Maria Yell had passed as its reigning mistress less than three years. She comes before history in a light of bewildering fascination. The last marriage was childless. But yet to be led into manhood and womanhood were five orphaned minor children (assuming that Mary Scott Yell had been brought by her father from Tennessee).

Family history at this point practically ends.

During the near-decade that followed, with time quickly rolling on honorable public features for him often sorrowed and inevitably heavily burdened with paternal cares, Archibald Yell, above all else a loving and provident father, by the will before referred to bade for the potential security of his children's future. "To DeWitt Clinton, Jane, Elizabeth and Artemisia I request they shall have in common money enough set apart to educate them in such a state as their rank may entitle them." It was directed by him that his house and lot in Little Rock be sold to that end and also, in line, providing for the sale of land owned in other counties. Large holdings in yet other sections, in the towns of Ozark and Fort Smith, and many slaves figure in the document of disposal as conceived by the far-seeing parent with a near doom of martyrdom. To Clinton, his son, he bequeathed a large farm; to his daughter Jane, the Waxhaws and all lands attached; to Artemisia a 400-acre farm in the prairie west of Fayetteville; to Elizabeth was willed land in Jefferson County containing about four hundred acres. On Clinton was bestowed the famous and wealthy father's gold watch and "to Jane, her mother's gold watch"—valued trinket of a sacred mother whose original family name is not witnessed in history's journal. Clinton Yell married Catherine Smith, they having a son Archibald and daughter, Mary C. The daughter died in childhood. She, as with her father whose death was of later date, had burial at Waxhaws. Clinton Yell's widow subsequently married a Mr. Southworth in Tennessee.

To get into this outline the names of direct descendants has had on the part of the writer careful consideration and enterprise. From the point of personal research no returns were paid intensive efforts. Hence, the view hereon focuses upon a great man not destined to the comfort of a wife, but to walk serviceable and courageous paths alone—and of which sounds no voice of posterity.

Yell congressional tenancy changed in 1840 to gubernatorial.

On November 5 inauguration of his State service was given such impetus that has been described a stately affair! As reprinting Mr. William Johnson's description, compounded of research and thoroughness, induction of Governor Yell into the office supreme followed the fine pattern of respectful show outlined in the previous, and first, inauguration.

"There was a grand procession," wrote the above historian, "led by an artillery company of which Albert Pike was captain. The Masons and Odd Fellows in full regalia had prominent places in the parade through the principal streets of Little Rock. Gay band music echoed off into the forest that yet crowded up onto the city. Captain Pike's artillery company fired a 26-gun salute at the Capitol."

Archibald Yell bore his part well in the role of exalted height and breadth. History, winding along his varied public course, presents events and happenings connected with his name abounding in appeal. Hardly was he settled at Fayetteville in 1835 before the rule of Masonry, at his instigation, was laid in this State. There is an incident of curious note attached to the time of Yell judicial authority when punishment by means of the pillory was inflicted in a case of lawlessness. The special penalty, it is given by a history proper, is not of record as having been employed at any other time or place in Arkansas, meted punishment in above instance consisting of one hour's confinement in the medieval framework, the offender exposed to public view.

Governor Yell owned a home in Little Rock during his gubernatorial term of office. L. E. Hebb in "Home of Masonry in Arkansas" quoted to that effect from a record kept at the

Pulaski County Court House. Mr. Hebb described the abode of the governor as "a one story frame building on one and one-half lots at the northeast corner of Second and Louisiana streets, facing the latter." Troubled greatly, perhaps, by the confronting conditions of both public and private weal, Governor Yell in all likelihood installed his children in the cottage home that they might be under his watchful eye and have about them the best surroundings while he followed the course of commonwealth affairs.

If an older relative presided over the wifeless establishment and so traveled proxily the route of feminine prominence, it is not in the available record. Mary Scott Yell, eldest daughter and by then grown to adulthood, may have been her widowed father's official hostess.

It is given by students of his era that in the second governor lay everything to recommend him, greatness of mind, kindly and sympathetic ways, vaulting ambition, handsome bearing, masculine charm in the highest degree.

A four-year turn at State ruling nearing end, the honor was pushed aside for resumption of national service when Governor Yell, resigning a few months before his term expired, for the second time received election to Congress. His resignation was at the behest of friends, who viewed his return to Congress as of greater importance. It was so throughout this time of service as all the rest of Yell public devotions, a fidelity to the interests of Arkansas into which for most of his sixteen years in the State had infiltrated the potency of his superior thought and action.

Who of succeeding generations may determine his greater part as in life or in death? Soldier under Andrew Jackson, volunteer in the battle of New Orleans, practiced war-horse sensitive to scent of smoke and cry of battle, Archibald Yell, by resignation severing himself from high national place, took up arms in the furious combat that would fully free Texas from Mexico. He laid down his life on the fighting front at Buena Vista February 23, 1847.

One of the most cherished relic possessions, protected in

an ample glass case, at the History Commission in the State Capitol, is the blood-stained belt taken from his lifeless body as he lay on the field of battle and honor in Mexico.

Yell, the county in Arkansas forty-second in formation, is his namesake. Carrying the appellation since 1840 when organized, honor thus in the first flush of executive control was paid to one who lingering for but a while as a leading factor, forever remains in the historical company of brilliant, heroic native and adopted sons.

Mrs. Samuel Adams I

REBECCA MAY ADAMS, first wife of the acting governor who served from April until November, 1844, was among Arkansas pioneer women and who, vouchsafes a descendant, always had a kind word.

There can be no better way for becoming acquainted with her imbued with the especially virtuous trait than by an illustrative story remaining in family lore.

Her son, John D. Adams, rationalizing the loving and charitable disposition, once said to her: "Mother, I believe you'd put in a good word for old Satan himself!" "Well, son," replied the potential first lady of consistently generous decisions, "I've often wondered if he is as bad as people say he is!"

In 1824, December 16, Rebecca May and Samuel Adams were married. She was of Dickson County, Tennessee, the daughter of John W. and Elizabeth May. Samuel Adams was of Humphrey County, the same State, where as a child he had gone with his parents and grown to manhood. He was a Virginian, a native of Halifax County, his birth year 1805. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather had been long-time landowners in the last-named county. The grandfather's great devotion to the American cause was demonstrated in his enlistment, when sixteen years of age, for Revolutionary service. He bore an active part in the encompassing matter of setting up an independent nation.

In 1835 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Adams made their dis-

tinguished bow to Arkansas. They left Tennessee in the spring of that year. The heat of the summer suns soon to follow spring-time crispness would contribute unsure welcome. The great green corn and cotton crops, later to become a fixed economic asset of the selected section, only faintly dotted the great expanses of warm soil when the region worked its spell on Samuel and Rebecca Adams, the year before the State was born. The land was in a turmoil of territorial settlement, and Indian life far from extinct.

The Tennessee family located on Cabin Creek, in Johnson County, building a home which was of finished lumber as strikingly opposed to the uniform log cabin of the period. Almost at once for young Adams were opened channels for a career which flowed to a highly successful point, in business and political pursuits. He plunged in as a buyer and homesteader of lands. He became so closely identified with the development of western Arkansas that, when having lived in the State little more than a year, Samuel Adams was elected a representative for Johnson County in the first State legislature.

One can picture the century-and-more-age young matron in a new, unexplored region of natural wildness, when only a short distance from her doorstep she could lose herself in an unbroken forest that stretched hundreds of miles in all directions, while hard by on the east flowed the Arkansas River that later was to be made famous by a packet of steamboats owned by her son; almost can be heard the stifling of a human fear as, aware that her pioneer neighbors were scattered sometimes miles apart in cabin homes showing—if true to the early pattern—a single lighted window, she proudly gazed at her departing husband started on a journey that would set him apart in history, fixing his place among the earliest assemblymen to legislate for Arkansas.

To Rebecca May Adams there was little of life allotted in the home she helped to make in this State. During a hundred years since her death, time has been careful not to let slip through its fingers descriptive bits of her physical appearance.

"It is said that she was very pretty," yields the personal comment of a great-granddaughter, "with a fair, white skin and pink cheeks."

A Dresden image who looked into the inscrutable, determined countenance of wild, free lands, maternal protective instinct surging high without doubt at the danger of hungry, howling wolves, screaming panthers, bears and wildcats, the dreaded advance of unfriendly Indians—because of the man who became her husband at nineteen and when herself but a slip of a girl.

Six children were born to the Adams family. Only two lived to maturity, their first son, John Dunning (afterward well known as Major John D. Adams of Little Rock), and a daughter, Martha, who married twice, the first husband being William Wright Andrews, of Washington, Arkansas, the second, Dr. Davis S. Mills of Pine Bluff. The eldest son was born in Tennessee, before the family moved to Arkansas. He was to hold high his forebears' escutcheon of courage and honor.

When he was seventeen years old John D. Adams enlisted as a private for service in the Mexican War, a step that would underlie an important future. He was in the battle of Buena Vista, serving under Colonel A. H. Yell, and himself being among the wounded. He later served as private secretary to Governor Thomas S. Drew.

In 1852 the Arkansas River with its natural advantages claimed his interest as a steamboat navigator, an experiment entirely successful. The enterprise became a very concrete program and no more fascinating chapter has been written in river history than the years Major John D. Adams had sponsorship of passenger and freight trade along the water course of the Arkansas.

One vessel to achieve and maintain a distinctive place of glamour was the "Kate Adams," which boat he named for his wife, nee Katherine Yeiser, who was a daughter of Dr. Daniel Yeiser of Danville, Kentucky. Her marriage to John Dunning Adams was solemnized May 2, 1848, in Christ Church, Little Rock.

Mrs. Samuel Adams had died eight years earlier at Clarks-ville, Arkansas, in June, 1840. She was called early from her home, husband, and the lives of her young children.

Her portrait was painted by the artist Byrd, portrayer of many Arkansas early-timers. The picture of Mrs. Adams is owned by Samuel Adams McCain, a great-great-grandson. Mr. McCain, a former Rhodes scholar from Arkansas, lives in New York. He is a lawyer.

When is contemplated her husband's successively honored life, and her descendants of great accomplishment, in inferential placing Rebecca May Adams is a strong, brave, efficient woman. Other degrees of eminent recognition would have been hers; through the stirring future of her husband it is perfectly plausible to see her with heart and mind on his ventures, willingly furthering his great and good plans.

It is with a feeling of reluctance that the sketcher's pen is lifted from a life which traversed rapidly a path of sentiment, of rough mountain trails of settlement, of associated pioneering, domestic and legislative. In spite of tenuous duration, it has importance as a link for the State to distant and nearer people who stand out in professional, commercial and social phases of living that wield unusual and forceful interpretations. Factual material obtained for reproduction here came largely through Mrs. Geoffrey Wardell, formerly Mrs. Farrar McCain, a great-granddaughter, now of England, and from Mr. Leo Andrews, a grandson of Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Children of Martha Adams Andrews:

Nora Andrews (Mrs. Fred Hudson of Miami, Fla.)

Leo Andrews (of Pine Bluff, Arkansas)

Granddaughters of John D. Adams and daughters of Sam B. Adams:

Katherine Adams (Married Farrar L. McCain 1900 to 1920; married Geoffrey Wardell 1930)

Irene Adams (Married Julius Witz, 1900-1936; now a widow)

Ella Adams (Married Felix Tachoir, 1906-1932; now a widow)

Mrs. Samuel Adams II

THIS ONE OF the marriages in the sketch collection has a very human and amusing incident to mark the courtship between Honorable Samuel Adams and Mrs. Catherine Fagan, widower and widow joining their lives. It is voiced in a family anecdote: "When asking Mrs. Fagan to marry him, Samuel Adams who by nature was honest and open, said to her, 'Madam, before you decide, there is something I must tell you, for I would not deceive you. Ma'am, I wear a wig!' As he made this remark he removed the toupee which covered the bald top of his head. Mrs. Fagan, who was of a gay and lively disposition, replied, 'Ah, my dear Sir, that does not matter to me. You see, I, too, wear a wig!' And so saying she laughingly lifted off her forehead her own artificial curls."

The great merit of Kentucky to furnish women who became outstanding in Arkansas is committed again to history in the mention of Mrs. Samuel Adams II. She was given the right to a charter view of local formations.

The first Capitol of Arkansas, when in the making over a hundred years ago, was the factor for her arrival here. Steven Fagan came with his wife, Catherine (Kittie) Stevens Fagan and their two small sons, to be employed in his particular field of contracting and building, on the work of Capitol construction. This was in 1838. Steven Fagan died two years later, the same year that Rebecca May Adams' life closed.

In December, 1842, Mrs. Steven Fagan became Mrs. Samuel Adams and by reason of her husband's later service as act-

ing governor she is identified with women recorded as for a time officially supreme.

It is through the small end of a historical telescope that she is seen in the position of dignity, which was a half year's period, lasting from April to November, 1844. Catherine Fagan Adams' personal story we cannot give. The key to the lock of intimate, accurate information has been lost in the tangle and confusion of a distant past—or insofar as the writer's search view down every known avenue is concerned. There is a distinct loss from the standpoint of biography that a recital of personal qualities pertaining to the *ad interim* public hostess of a century ago lacks the verity of available record. We have no knowledge of her attitude when official intervention laured her husband. Feminine rank of brevity believably settled on a woman of sprightliness and wit.

We may think of her in the brightness of reflected lives, the lives of talented, competent, successful men of clear historical note. For her husband, sons and stepson, with a stepdaughter she was home-maker; contributing in household arts to matters of masculine comfort.

The Adams sumptuous countryside establishment near Clarksville presumably was the home of the united families until residence was made by them at Little Rock about 1846.

Having served as representative in the first, second and third legislatures, Samuel Adams, elected in 1844 to the upper branch was made president of the senate in the fourth legislature.

The resignation that year of Governor Yell from the executive office enabled Honorable Samuel Adams, in his capacity as senate leader, to assume commonwealth control.

Mr. Adams came into highest employ of the State at the height of a successful business career. His private interests which included the presidency of a Van Buren, Arkansas, bank gave him wide experience and brought rich personal return in finance.

A man of highest intent he was loved and honored by his family and universally respected.

Induction into elective office in 1844 wore an air of seriousness as well as ceremony. In taking the oath of office as temporary chief executive, Samuel Adams, as then required in gubernatorial ascension, signed a statement declaring he had not fought a duel in two years!

It would be gratifying to scrutinize the home life, as publicly given interpretation, of the Adams family, erstwhile first citizens. The affirmed records of that life are light. Sons dwelt under the roof who were on their way toward a strong and brave hold on Confederate history.

In the foregoing sketch, John Dunning Adams' comprehensive life had consideration. The career of James Fleming Fagan, one of two sons of Mrs. Adams' by her first marriage, shows in the acquisition and maintenance of a positive place in affairs political and military. He had a part in the Mexican war, serving as a lieutenant. His actions immediately on Arkansas' secession from the Union are assembled in history as an amazing record echoing from the war drums of 1861.

Pressing the Southern issues of the war, from his earliest facilitation of troop-raising to the termination when he had attained the rank of major general, there is no hint, in his commitments, of other than brave and intelligent army conduct. Successively he held the rank of colonel and brigadier general before receiving for bravery at Corinth, the coveted military assignment of major general. It was an honor of consequence that his name was classed among those men to be carved in recent times on Stone mountain.

Public political trusts after the war were filled by the gallant son of an official lady, briefly first a century ago. He became United States marshal for the western district of Arkansas. Through General James F. Fagan's two marriages Mrs. Adams' lineal record goes on. His first wife was Mura Elleriff Beal. They had three daughters. The second wife was Lizzie Rapley, they having had five children. General Fagan was a native of Kentucky, at the age of seven coming with his parents to Arkansas.

In 1846 Samuel Adams was elected State treasurer, serving

until 1849. While on a visit of inspection to a farm he owned in Saline County, Governor Adams with a remarkable record for sound, worthy public service, died suddenly in 1850. He is buried in Mount Holly Cemetery, that portion of Little Rock where gravestones turn back the tide of time with names of people once highly beneficial to Arkansas, and vastly prideful to themselves.

There were no children of the Adams-Fagan marriage.

As to analytic summaries, the principal subject of this sketch, we can but hold the supposition, was living quietly and happily within the home when her household became a pivot of prominence.

The place of Kittie Adams in Arkansas history is declared by the rare achievements of those male characters whose lives she heightened domestically. It is a beautiful and important niche.

*Mrs. Thomas Stevenson
Drew*

CINDERELLA! NOT A mythical figure darting magically from kitchen environs to a prince's heart, but concerning another of the fanciful name there is certainty she existed, for by this one was shared the top honors of early-day officialdom.

Unlike the fairy tale favorite of romantic, swift moves, Cinderella Drew's steps reached deep, into a fundamental area and time. They ran across the period of settlement of much of northeastern Arkansas and in mature years, with her husband's, crossed political and economic trends that form lively pages of State history in the 1840's.

Obliqueness falls on this once-distinguished woman's actual youthtime. Withheld from her descendants are the thousand and one bits of incident which would have pertained to a girl affluently circumstanced as she is regarded to have been, and in a day when the very foundations of the State were in process of laying. Reasonable inferences partly lift the shades of time and lead along a line of belief in phases of her early womanhood that give fair accuracy to assembled facts of her parental conditions. A relic in the ownership of a granddaughter by marriage is a garlanded china cup chastely fashioned for a child's use. It is the sole personal heirloom reflective of Cinderella Bettis' childhood.

Reversing the order in serial sketches, a masculine element for historical pattern is introduced here first. An itinerant salesman of household contrivances followed the road from Wilson County, Tennessee, to the Territory of Arkansas the

year of its bringing together in form. Thomas Stevenson Drew, seventeen years old, taking the long view of adventure in 1819, advanced from a peddling pilgrimage toward a "Governor's House," to be occupied twenty-odd years later, its implied honors to bring enjoyment and fame to a large Drew family while, though, handicaps of public and private nature would superimpose to make unhappy inroads on the satisfaction of his triumphs.

Earlier than young Drew's coming was that of a family from North Carolina, the two migrations spreading Arkansas annals and providing another instance in a wide variety of distinctive women. Ransom Sutherland Bettis came in 1815 to barely broken ground, to make his home in Arkansas. The obligation of good citizenship had been passed to him from Ransom Sutherland, his North Carolina ancestor, for records show the latter's maintenance of leadership in pre-Revolutionary and in later national life. He was a signer of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence which, traditionally, marked the separation from Great Britain of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. As a lender of army funds to the formative United States government he appears, at the hands of historians.

His namesake's arrival in Arkansas, under the motive force of oxen teams most likely, was in time for "ground-floor" settlement, with what introductory benefits the new field held. The site chosen for location by the Bettis family was in Lawrence County, a Missouri Territory division where homesteaders and real estate speculators were proceeding to gain land titles, and Ransom S. Bettis bid for his share of holdings in the uncultivated land.

In a larger way the latter is shown in a subsequent identification with Randolph County; the early procedure being to increase the number of counties in the now established Arkansas Territory by the expedient of breaking into smaller parts the few established ones, Randolph entered the sisterhood of county units wearing a former part of Lawrence's garment.

A rugged honesty of character won contemporaneous laudits for Ransom Sutherland Bettis' name. There is historical sugges-

tion he was a physician, the profession now being followed by a great-grandson who bears his Christian name.

Another seed of State history is to be found in Thomas S. Drew's move, also, to Randolph County not long after its creation. Mr. Drew's life had localized first in Clark County, one of the southern counties embracing at that time a wide sweep, later to feel the pruning knife of subdivision, as with Lawrence.

There a Drew public step taken indicates the farm-to-farm patient pack-vendor, with his supplies needed in every widely-separated household, soon changed his course of livelihood into other channels. A turn at school teaching was interspersed. His name is among the early officials of Clark County, serving as its clerk. He also engaged in farming near Camden. Some time later Mr. Drew located in Lawrence County.

Finding himself by the county's paring, as in the Bettis case, a resident of Randolph County, and having previously married Cinderella Bettis, around her father's settlement Thomas Drew took the stand that gave his name fixedly to that section and from which it was to be rounded out into State outlines. In 1836 Thomas S. Drew represented northeast Arkansas as a delegate to the first State Constitutional convention.

The two men, Bettis and Drew, worked together in land-buying and selling, gaining as "land-colonizers" a goodly measure of financial security. They were owners of the land which became the town of Pocahontas, known at first as Bettis Bluff. The square of sod on which the first county courthouse was erected was among their donations to the budding seat of Randolph County.

It is of assumption that Dr. and Mrs. Ransom Bettis' daughter was born in Lawrence County, though North Carolina may have been her birthplace. Pocahontas was the vicinity of marriage between her and Thomas S. Drew in the forepart of the 1830's or probably earlier.

A letter written by Newton Drew to his son in 1833, addressed to him in Lawrence County, made affectionate reference to Cinderella, his son's wife, and there is first hand argument of her sure place in her husband's family within faded

pages of a letter written by Governor Drew's brother. Liberally sprinkling family and general news of 1845, he wrote a detail which may be well understood: "Mother wishes to see Sister Cinderella very much."

A large tract of land situated on the river, across from Pocahontas, was owned by farmer Drew when he married, or which his bride brought as a dower. Presumably the supervision of their plantation home was the domestic way of life in early marriage for Cinderella Bettis Drew.

Of her there have been scant stories; pieced together from personal particles generally one point historically is emphasized, that she was a "petted and spoiled only daughter." It is well to keep in mind that such soft impeachment is age-old and in her case, if true, was not a monopoly. The simple technique of pettishness has swept many a cause, its teasing tactics turned uncountable tides!

Preferably, Mrs. Thomas Drew, third among State honored ladies, is to be looked on in a sphere turning her from the light-hearted existence of a spirited, indulged sole daughter of well-to-do parents to one of maternal problems, in an ultra-primitive period devoting efforts to household and child management as her husband's interests expanded and multiplied both their responsibilities.

Informative allusions to Mrs. Drew's personal characteristics, contributed by one among few left who knew the family, set her among the "great ladies" as of vivid, fine physical appearance, having coal black hair and lustrous dark eyes. She was largely proportioned, had a commanding dignity which could have been taken for hauteur. Though in the way she had been obliged to spend her youth, distant from superior educational sources and in a day when formal schooling for girls was negligible, according to the valued source of personal information, Mrs. Drew delighted in flowery verbiage; to her taste was the use of superlative, rich words.

The Drew family grew to eight, with four sons and two daughters.

Without solicitation on his part, the royal robes of the high-

est office of the State fell on Thomas S. Drew, bringing him to sovereignty November 5, 1844. He was accompanied to the Capitol base of operations by his family.

In accordance with custom, the Drew family lived near the center of government activity, the site at the same time being also in the heart of that early day's residential limits. Their residence was on Cumberland Street, near Mulberry (now Third) Street.

The Arkansas government seat opened its door to a man as defined in history, "truthful, open, frank, honest, forthright," and to a family allegedly carefree in their mode of existence. Its inattention to economy has been declared by contemporaneous writers as the motivation, before Governor Drew's elective service was ended, for his resignation from the office.

The governor, third in enumeration, confessing frankly the financial inadequacies of the position which paid eighteen hundred dollars a year, and the personal heavy demands on his purse, severed, in 1849, his active relation with State authority. He was pointed toward the rendering of eight years of service, had completed a term of four years and the first year of a second term, winning the latter in a contest with twenty-five candidates, when the potentate of Pocahontas, looking at a set of facts that rolled together an insufficient salary and undue calls, made voluntary retirement from the governor's office and "pandemonium of politics" for the bringing of family income and expenditures more nearly in line. The situation created is not paralleled before nor since.

He was a careful governor, history indicates, holding to the specific qualities of honesty and conservatism.

It was in Governor Drew's prerogatives to summon Arkansas troops that joined other regiments of the United States against the encroachments of Mexico.

A letter, recently added to Arkansas' public history archives by a descendant, written by Thomas S. Drew in 1844, and addressed to "Governor A. Yell," called the latter's attention to certain regulations or corrections in Arkansas military affairs as believed advisable by the letter writer.

Richard C. Byrd, president of the Senate, served as acting-governor following Governor Drew's retirement, from January 10 to April 19, 1849. (Regretted by the writer is the inability, owing to search failure, to present facts about a possibly consequent first lady of the three months' time.)

Fits here into the historical pattern acceptably the record of John L. Williamson's service as acting-governor for a month during, at one time, Governor Drew's absence from the State. Mr. Williamson, representative of Pope and Johnson counties, became president of the Senate in 1844. Of his wife, whilom first lady, her maiden name was Sally Tate, born in Tennessee, 1788. She came with her husband to Arkansas in 1829. Dying in 1857, she had burial in Williamson Cemetery, near Shiloh, Pope County, their home.

Mr. W. H. Jarrett, of Little Rock, became a boarder in the Drew home after their return to Pocahontas. A present key to a family group, in voluntarily imposed exile from leadership nearly ten decades ago, Mr. Jarrett recalls a household which if externally troubled was sweetened with inward unity.

The surviving Drew sons were Joseph, James and Ransom. The daughters, Emma and Sadie, had musicianship of an entertaining order, and "the house was always filled with young folks," related Mr. Jarrett.

Governor Drew particularly is remembered as of kindness, gentleness, patience. All those strong qualities would be needed as a mainspring for adaptations, still ahead for him and his family. He became a bookkeeper in a large store at Pocahontas.

Both daughters married men who supported the Northern cause, moving away from Pocahontas.

Vital stroke after stroke, the family picture rapidly changed. From a vivid print it became a blurred canvas, virtually colorless in native scenery as disintegration by marriage and removal followed.

Mrs. Thomas Stevenson Drew died November 19, 1869. She was interred at Pocahontas.

Fate made haste to write successive chapters of alteration.

Arizona became the home of Drew sons. California was a place of adventurous interest for them for a time, the sons being joined by their father.

Striving to regain economic ease, the former governor is said to have made a large fortune while in California only to have a part of it seized in a stage coach robbery on his return trip to Arkansas. The Drew ventures did not end there. Governor Drew invested in lands around Lipan, Texas, and based hope on rich profits.

The death and burial in Texas, about 1880, of Arkansas' former governor and the removal of his body years later to Pocahontas, add a related last chapter. Mrs. Drew's remains were removed from the original family home burial plot and placed beside the graves of Governor Drew and some of their children.

A pyramid at Egypt commemorates the original Cinderella legend, runs a line of history.

In Masonic Cemetery at Pocahontas, Arkansas, more to the taste of a pioneer woman, is a gravestone, simply cut. Receiving the honor of its tribute is a fairy-tale heroine's namesake, one among Arkansas first-womanhood that, except for the lack of material plenitude, was situated to have stood a longer time than any other woman as a State hostess.

The late J. W. Meeks offered, indirectly, biographical light on Cinderella Bettis Drew in a letter he wrote to her son. Referring to the grave of a young man, a former Drew business partner who died and was buried in Pocahontas, away from his family, the venerable judge told: "There is a touching testimonial on the slab that I am told by old residents was the result of the kindness of your mother. This act alone is sufficient to my mind to stamp her as an elegant and cultured lady of the old school and the olden time. Old citizens of Pocahontas speak feelingly of your father and mother."

In many parts of the United States are descendants of those families among the first in residence on the banks of Black River's northeastern meanderings and who put the emphasis of their work on Arkansas.

Obtainable names of Drew descendants are a grandson, Dr. Ransom B. Drew, of Kansas City, Missouri, who married Mary Charlebois, of California. Great-grandchildren are:

June Drew and Frances Drew—Twins
Mary Lou Drew
Ransom Bettis Drew II

Mrs. John Selden Roane

By HIS LATE marriage, the administration of Governor John Selden Roane was deprived of the significance that would have been vested in his wife. His accession to the office in 1849 and his marriage six years later with Miss Mary Kimbrough Smith were too far apart in date sequence to present, biographically, Mrs. Roane in a "first lady" status. It, however, was a place of potentiality well suited to her, as the facts of her later history declare her a woman of outstanding characteristics.

In reality, at the time of the Roane regime she who was destined to shine in its reflected glow, and out of her own wide experiences to augment the honor of the name identified with the State's fourth administration, was a young girl being reared in a family environment where education and life's refinements had hold.

The laurels of a three-year period of constructive service were still fresh on his brow when John Selden Roane, mature former governor, centered his affections on the youthful daughter of General and Mrs. Nathaniel G. Smith of Tulip, Dallas County, Arkansas. Her birth there was in 1837.

In point of chronology, that community has its own bright place in State history. Settlement was made more than a century ago and in recognition of its earliest arrival it first bore the name Brownsville.

Following soon in the pioneering footsteps of well-to-do Tyra Brown came the Smith family, a mass migration from North Carolina and Tennessee.

Christian names belonging to the original Smith group were Maurice, Samuel H., William, Samuel W., Alexander, Richard, and Nathaniel G.

From a historically prepared news account of an older date, as an introduction to this forward looking group of men and their chosen locality it is shown that "these gentlemen who were large planters, grouped their homes together in the new settlement, the name of which because of this happy invasion was now changed to Smithville. It was through the influence of General Nat G. Smith that it was finally changed to Tulip, because of tulip trees which abounded in the neighborhood."

As reflected in the printed page and by word of mouth, life went on rhythmically, in communal beauty, the processes of town establishment in the hands of opulent and cultured settlers "left little to be desired," quoting a local historian, "visitors repeatedly declaring it to be the garden spot of Arkansas." Religious teachings of organized faiths, a military college, a girls' academy and a music hall evolved to further the standards of cultural living that were introduced by the small circle of primal settlers and an increasing tide of their followers.

A present day widespread group of Smith kindred which, linked in blood with the Webb family and known by their large numbers as the Webb-Smiths, annually in a reunion at Tulip accord respectful recognition to their pioneering forebears. A memorial gate has been erected by them at the entrance to the Tulip Cemetery, expressive in the family burial ground of blood fealty. Patriarchal family names are associated with service in America's War for Independence.

A May Day celebration about 1854 brought Honorable John Selden Roane to the extraordinary village, and establishing Roane connection with the Webb-Smith clique. By invitation the former governor was to deliver an address on the impressive occasion. Of his sound sentiments and philosophic thought, of how he swayed a Tulip audience with appropriate oratorical display, is of less moment in this sketch than the personal narrative of his unique introduction that day to the one who would embellish his life and State historic memories as well.

A disturbance claimed his attention, a family story historically bares, the moment prior to his speech-making. It was a peal of laughter. A frolicsome girl in the audience held in her hand a feather and with it was slyly stroking the neck of a woman seated in front of her, deriving audible delight in the victim's discomfiture. Notwithstanding the merriment came from royal lips, the speaker of official note frowned his annoyance, to be greeted by the Queen of the May—beauteous Mary Kimbrough Smith in the provocative fashion of impetuous girlhood since the dawn of Time—with a face turned saucily wry. A posthumous first lady to be reckoned with!

There is no record that a sudden change of Roane resolution was carried in the impertinent glance, but facts of the immediate future give romantic indication that the retired magistrate fell in love then and there for in a short time he was pressing his sentimental cause before the mischievous, attractive girl. Meanwhile she had been sent away to school at Nashville, Tennessee. There she was visited by her profound suitor. Following her graduation, their marriage was solemnized July 5, 1855. Eighteen hundred fifty five was an age in Tulip of quiet times, but the tone of living set by wealthy planters was expressed in gestures of "old world" courtesy and elaborate gayety. Buena Vista, the Nathaniel G. Smith family home, was the wedding locale. From descriptive information of the particular occasion it is seen as "the large two-storied white house with green blinds, brilliantly illuminated, peeping joyously out from the shelter of forest oaks." "Many visitors," comes the eager news of eighty-five years ago, "were assembled in the magnificent rooms. Guests were received and entertained from Pine Bluff, Camden, Princeton, Little Rock and other towns." By stage coach arrived the notable wedding guests. Among those from Little Rock were Smith and Roane family friends who have taken their places in pages of State history, as General Albert Pike, Judge and Mrs. English and their daughter Sallie, Colonel Hempstead, the Honorables Chester Ashley, William Woodruff, and Christopher C. Danley, then editor of the Arkansas Gazette. Present were former comrades

in arms, for the bridegroom's prominence came not alone from having stood at the head of State affairs, his military participation in the War with Mexico was of noteworthy proportions as well.

Felicitations at the outstanding nuptials were given voice in rhyme by wedding guest William Quisenberry, popularly known as "Bill Cush." A fellow Mexican war veteran, poet, cartoonist, editor, and at the time owner of the Southwest American, newspaper at Fayetteville, dispatched from his pen lines of affectionate appraisal:

"Prisoned music break your bars,
Rise up, flowers, come down, stars.
Uncurbed happiness rush on ahead—
 Here we go a jingling
 Blissfully mingling
 Shouts of ting-a-ling
 John Roane's wed!
Wed! Oh, bachelor
Of law book or spatula
 Think of that word—
The sweetest, the neatest,
The meetest, completest
 Man ever heard.

A dozen years ago, dear Roane
 (You were a lawyer, then)
You picked full many a scanty bone,
 Were poor as other men.
But the war in Mexico broke out,
 And seizing a long old sword
You gave one loud and terrible shout
 And off to the battle tor'd.
Then back you came
On the wings of fame
And lit in the Governor's chair,
 And there you sat
 Looking fine and fat
As a well groomed working steer.

To trace, in order, your race, oh, Roane,
This quill is sore perplexed;
As a gallant captain first you shone—
As Lieutenant-Colonel next;
And as still as Fortune bore you on—
You all the time a-shovin' her
You ranked as complete Colonel, John,
And last, as a famous Governor.

Not last—not last—this quill's too fast
Another station you've known
At the end of your race—
A married man's place,
Most delightful of all, ain't it, Roane?

Began for the past governor and Mrs. Roane life together near Pine Bluff. Following the manner of financially independent people of their day, a countryside home was established that bore all the marks of happy ease of living. A body of land comprising one thousand acres surrounded the large dwelling house symbolic of comfort, luxury, beautiful living for the young wife snatched from the schoolroom. Much of the South's history and all of Mrs. Roane's cycle of marriage were bracketed in the dozen years that followed. Five times a mother, she was soon to see delivered into the oppressions of war, brothers, uncles, beloved friends and associates, and above all her soldier-governor husband. Acutely she would feel the abandonment on all sides of peace and security.

Moving back during hostilities to her old home, she beheld in the exigencies of war the portals of picturesque Buena Vista swinging open as headquarters for Generals Walker and Mar-maduke, Shelby, Hindman, Dockery, Price and Kirby Smith, all absorbed in the tragic contest in which was wrapt hopes and aims toward Southern satisfactions.

Again John Selden Roane had gone to battle. Still full of the spirit of military adventure, he raised troops in the cause he championed, receiving his final award in a commission as brigadier general in the Confederate army.

An intruding light of history shot with exceptional interest of coincidence is that which shines on an older brother, Samuel Calhoun Roane, who more than twenty years before John S. Roane was borne to military glory, had signed the bill creating the Arkansas militia. The older Roane, a pioneer, held sway illustriously in the small part of the cosmos in illustration then as "Arkansaw." He shows in high spots of his day and time. A modern newspaper story concerning him pictured the little territory as soundly profiting by his ideas and actions, and later with State independence under way, outlined his course as running consistently toward progress of the new governmental division. Quoting from the referred-to article, he had a leading place in legal and legislative circles; in the promoting within these boundaries of the order of Masonry; as the designer of the Territorial Seal which was continued to be used as the Seal of the State. Honorable Samuel C. Roane, representing the counties Arkansas and Jefferson in the General Assembly, 1836-1838, became president of the famous first body and, as allying him with the purpose of these articles, he served as acting governor on occasions of Governor James S. Conway's absence from the State. His, thereby, was the distinction of being the State's first acting-governor. Samuel Calhoun Roane was married to Marie Embree of Arkansas County in 1825. Mrs. Roane bore nine children. The two brothers pioneered from Tennessee, the one who was to become the fourth governor of this State being born January 8, 1817, near Lebanon, Wilson County—also Thomas S. Drew's home county. John Selden Roane's arrival in Arkansas was in 1837. A future immediately arose. Of early public note was his service as a representative from Crawford County in the legislature of 1844, in the course of which he was chosen speaker of the Lower House. He was chosen governor at a special election held in 1849, and served until 1852. Governor Roane's private secretary was Marcus L. Bell.

The destructive battle that closed Colonel Archibald Yell's life assured John S. Roane's military tradition when, in conformity with his rank as lieutenant colonel, at his superior's

death he took command, and, according to studied sources, "rallied the men and turned what looked like certain defeat into victory."

At Buena Vista, Mexico, he fiercely and successfully fought to overcome the enemy—ground of battle labeled incongruously the same as a beautiful domestic spot in Arkansas, afterwards to be contemplated by John Selden Roane with sentimental reverence.

It was on April 8, 1867, that Mrs. Roane had to face the necessity of parting with her middle-aged husband around whom Arkansas has drawn a wide circle of mid-nineteenth century importance. At his death she was confronted with a problem not uncommon among young mothers of war periods. On her, the girl bride of 1855, rested the responsibility of rearing in widowhood her family of five children. She transferred her residence permanently to Tulip, seeking consolation in the comforting shadows of her old home. Under her careful training she brought to adulthood four of her children. The loss of their only son occurred in his early manhood. Governor Roane is buried in Oakland Cemetery, Little Rock, beside the grave of a little daughter, Mary Selden Roane, who died August 6, 1866, at the age of nine years.

His widow's life was prolonged, it being granted to her the Biblical span of three score years and ten.

In religious allegiance Mrs. Roane was of Presbyterian belief.

Her portrait, painted by William Byrd in 1849 is today's proof of the loveliness of youthful Mary Kimbrough Smith mating with a man twenty years her senior. Large, dark brown eyes and raven hair reveal her as a distinctive type of physical beauty. This and a companion painting of Governor Roane hang in the Texas colonial home of their granddaughter. An appeal for personal data brought from her delineation of her honored grandmother as "a charming hostess who presided at all affairs with great dignity and tact," adding that "she was an accomplished musician and spoke fluent French, was of attractive personality and beloved by all."

Although too young for placement in the group of officially

foremost women of whom these biographies take account, Mrs. Roane's place in State history nevertheless is prominently and warmly identified.

Mrs. Roane died in 1907. Her grave in Tulip Cemetery is beside her son's.

The strain of Roane descent is widely circuited. Hugh Roane, the only son of Governor and Mrs. Roane, was killed in a railroad accident when a young man. He was unmarried. Sallie Kimbrough Roane, eldest daughter, married James Lea. Bethunia Lea Roane, the second daughter, married William Henry Roane in 1886. She died in 1898. The youngest daughter, Martha Roane, who became Mrs. M. A. Cooper, was the last surviving child of Governor Roane and Mrs. Roane. On March 24, 1939, Mrs. Cooper passed away and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Waco, Texas. She had long lived at Waco, and there resides her daughter, Mrs. Walter G. Lacy.

Grandchildren of Governor and Mrs. Roane:

James Monroe Lea	John Selden Lea
Lewis Dillon Lea	Hugh A. Lea
Robert Lea	Roane Lea
Will H. Lea	Will H. Roane, Jr.
Mrs. Walter G. Lacy	Mrs. Obe Kelly
Mary Lea	Mrs. Hal Mattock

Great-grandchildren:

Lewis Dillon Lea, Jr.	Mrs. Vance E. Swafford
John S. Lea	James Lea
Edward Lea	Mrs. Samuel McCroy
Carl Lea	James M. Lea
William Field Lea	Peggy Jean Lea
George Dillon Mattock	Dorothy Roane
Frank M. Roane	Walter G. Lacy, Jr.
Roane Madison Lacy	Lawrence Christian Lacy
Lucile Cooper Lacy	
(The Second)	

Great-great-grandchild:

Margaret Lea Swafford

Mrs. Henry Massie Rector I

A FLOW OF EIGHT or more decades greatly dims the backward glance, and there is none left with personal knowledge of the characteristics and ways of life of Mrs. Henry M. Rector I.

In family history is afforded a compensating means of reflection, as with other sketches and which, in the instance of this review, gives portraiture of a woman eminently fitted to share her husband's official honors. When, though, at a time of foreboding importance Henry Massie Rector was tendered the wheel of statecraft, she looked down from "beyond the loom of the last lone star."

Although Mrs. Rector's years closed before her husband had attained such progressive recognition as included the governorship, in looking into the life of the wife of his youth who inevitably had a definite part in the high places he achieved, there are factors worthily needful of recital.

Sketchily limning an all-too-brief lifetime, first is her membership in a pioneering family which brought to Arkansas Virginian and Kentuckian enabling attributes.

There is emphasis on her connection with early American history for the background of Mrs. Henry M. Rector, nee Jane Elizabeth Field, is warrant enough to bind her antecedents with the civic awakening of the republic. It is of profound local consequence that both her parents' and her husband's penetrating vision widened into this State in time to coordinate their efforts with its venturesome early phases.

Born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 29, 1822, Jane Eliza-

beth Field came with her parents, as a child, to Arkansas. The governor of the Territory at the time was the Honorable John Pope who was her father's maternal uncle.

It was a strange shaping of coincidence that similar honors of governorhood within thirty years would rest upon the name—to be acquired by marriage—of the then nine-year-old Pope niece, Jane Elizabeth.

She was the second-born of seven children in the home of Major and Mrs. William Field. Mrs. Field's maiden name was Mildred Banks and she was a native of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. Their marriage had taken place in 1819.

It is a commonplace to say we are known by our ancestors, but at any rate nothing as adequately "lifts the veil from yesterday to today" as an established patriotic line of descent, punctuated with the relative duties and responsibilities which accompany the making of a nation or a state.

That there was no neglect on the part of many of Mrs. Rector's forebears to make such contributing impetus is attested by striking examples in Field family history.

Her father's paternal grandparents were William and Ann Nettleton Field. A son of this Virginia couple, Abner by name, served as one of the first representatives in the House of Burgesses. A native of Fauquier County, Virginia, Abner Field emigrated in 1779 to Kentucky, which still was a basic, wide edge of Virginia; he had a remarkable part in the development of its industry and bountiful natural resources. The Falls of the Ohio, original titling of an arresting land and water situation that was driving toward a shining place—under the name of Louisville—among American abiding cities, at the time Abner Field reached there fairly bristled with adventure, for the hour had come to break through its beckoning stretches of land and opportunity. With his marriage not long afterward to Jane Pope, daughter of Colonel William Pope of Jefferson County, Kentucky, was presaged an Arkansas pioneer in the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Abner Field who, as stated above, was William Field, the father of this subject.

A cotton plantation on the Arkansas River, twelve miles

above Little Rock, became the home of the family of past and future wholesome influence. William Field is shown as becoming a mainstay in local development, probably to a greater degree contributing to the impulse of the community's life because of the leadership of Governor Pope, near blood relation and prominent newcomer also of Kentucky, from whom he gathered encouragement and inspiration.

William Field's place was fixed definitely in the section's public works. His positions of honor were many and varied. The threads of his outward life ran a prolonged course in early judicial circles, having been clerk of the old Superior Court and of this district's division of the United States Court.

Considering the importance of plantation ownership in the decades prior to the War Between the States, the vast agricultural tracts marked by stir and bustle on a pattern unique were distinguished not alone as a means toward affluent livelihood but as a healthy influence in the civic and cultural sides of the South, the families of prosperous planters as a rule holding significant place in the life of surrounding neighborhoods.

Typically as with great numbers of fortunately-circumstanced girls of her day, Jane Elizabeth Field in her rearing had instilment of exceptionally sound and stable virtues, which, tradition avers, gave her central place in a joyous contemporary coterie.

Romance and historic interest are neatly blended in the visit at the Field plantation one day more than a century ago of young Henry Massie Rector, also a native of Louisville, Kentucky. Born in 1816, when an infant he had been taken by his parents, Elias and Frances Thruston Buckner Rector, to live in Saint Louis.

Both their lines of ancestry had soared high in contribution to the country's history of progress.

Elias Rector died in his son's early youth and the latter's local advent about 1835 was occasioned by the elder Rector's extensive ownership of land in this territory, its supervision at his death devolving upon the younger Rector.

The latter's social call on the Field family in likelihood was

prompted by a delighted readiness to visit former residents of his native State and mingle with theirs his dreams and ambitions in adopted soil. If deep down in the neighborly visit was an instant glint of romance, on this point history is not revealing. But that to Jane Elizabeth Field and Henry Massie Rector came an urge to adventure together into "love's kingdom of power" has substantiation in their marriage, of date occurrence October, 1838.

They were of a generation which proved to be one of great stimuli. There was zeal for building, for establishing, for working toward progress and potential progress of the State that appeared on the map only two years before, while against the background of new economic fields individual possibilities gave flavor and purpose to eager young spirits and their strivings.

Employment in a bank, a turn at farming, engaged the young family provider's efforts the first years of their marriage. The stream of economic activity branched into a study by him of law.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Massie Rector soon assigned themselves the rewarding task of setting up their own roof-tree.

Some time in the 1840's the couple historically set apart the corner at Spring and Third streets. The house they built qualifies in today's architectural descriptiveness as "typically southern." A large part of the construction materials made its way along a barge shipping route on the Ohio and Arkansas rivers, from Cairo, Illinois. The dwelling and surroundings occupied more than half a block of ground; it was a one-storied frame house, with the period's full quota of external appendages in pillars, porches, verandas. Surrounded by shade trees and sweet-smelling shrubbery it was worthy to become a prized domestic area of aspiring pioneer mates or, in its climax, an abode for a governor's intimate circle. The Rector office building stands on the site once committed to the happiness and welfare of a family progressing in step with early-day existence.

Let it be remembered, in historical passing, that nearby the

Rector home, within a residential radius of a dozen blocks, stood homes of other citizens of Little Rock, the way to which hope had pointed with a jeweled finger and induced them to establish themselves and families in the small capital city. Intriguing to the contemplation is that much of the present day commercial section along lower Spring, Center, Louisiana, Scott, Cumberland, and Rock streets, covers locations where long ago family shelters spread protectingly.

Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Field Rector was short lived. The cares and the responsibilities joyfully she had undertaken were prematurely stayed, her husband and their large group of children deprived of the home's guiding light when she was thirty-five years old. Her death occurred November 20, 1857, when the fever of war was threatened. She would have seen in three years' time, by the voting argument of the majority, the husband of her prideful girlhood installed as governor while in but two years would have come to her happy knowledge his election to the State Supreme Court bench.

The wisdom of circumstances bringing him and her to a State yet to be organized as such, and from whose stream of frontier life flowed multiple currents of opportunity, is deeply implanted in the niche of history filled by the sixth governor of Arkansas toward which place of honor Jane Field Rector traveled not quite all the way.

July 4 for descendants of Governor Rector and his first wife marks, besides its emblematic derivation, a date of solemn family pride. Their son, William Field Rector, adjutant of Hart's Regiment in McCrea's Brigade, on that day dominated with his life a battlefield, when he scaled, at the battle of Helena, the enemy's breastworks, the first man of his brigade to ascend. Waving the Confederate flag, it was flung by the shot of adversaries from his hand; in superb courage this patriotic scion of a family celebrated in American annals, grasping in his other hand the Southern symbol of unswerving conviction, fell a mortal martyr to the cause he loved.

In death he was majestic, and who can say that such unflinching conduct did not rise in its inspirational fervor from

the high conceptions of duty received at the fireside of his childhood?

Not far apart in Mount Holly Cemetery, Little Rock, are the graves of Governor Rector, of the son—"A Gallant Soldier"—and of a first lady of unfulfilled realization. The deep quality which can be read in the small portion extant of her personal history is written on her tomb: "Devotion as a wife and mother were among her eminent qualities."

DESCENDANTS OF GOVERNOR RECTOR AND JANE FIELD RECTOR

Children:	Julia Sevier Rector (Mitchell)
Frank Nelson Rector	Henry Massie Rector
Ann Baylor Rector (Matheny)	Elias William Rector
William Field Rector	Frances Thruston Rector (Foreman)
Lineage List Through Third, Fourth and Fifth Generations:	
Molly (Matheny) Land	William Southerland
Ivan Matheny	Jane Southerland
Maud (Matheny) Southerland	Hebe (Fry) Riddick (Mrs. Walter Riddick)
Charlie Mitchell	Henry Massie Rector IV
William Field Rector	James Gower Rector
Grace Rector Fry	William Field Rector
Henry Massie Rector III	James Watson Morrison
Ernestine (Rector) Morrison	Elizabeth Land
Severson Gower Rector Land	Elias William Rector
Alcorn Rector	Harry Rector
Amelia (Rector) Houghton	Rosebud Rector
Henry Field Rector	Mary Dye Rector
James Alcorn	Elias William Wooten
Jane (Rector) Wooten	Middleton Wooten
Sallie Phillips (Rector) Hame	Elizabeth Land
Helen Foreman	Hebe Riddick,
Rector Land	Walter Riddick, Jr.
Walter Land	Robert Rector
Leighton Land	Henry Massie Rector V
	Rosemary Rector
	Nancy Jane Rector

Mrs. Henry Massie
Rector II

THE ADVOCATES OF Southern rights gathered their strength for the approaching national quarrel to be satisfied in arms approximately at the time the sixth governor and, automatically, the sixth first lady were settling in the Arkansas ship of state.

After three years unwed, Honorable Henry M. Rector contracted a second marriage. The bride he brought with him to the high office, regarded as having every qualification necessary for bestowal on her auxiliary assignment of importance, was to preside in an administration the major part of which passed to history's pages colored blood-red.

Stories of fighting in the grave era of sectional disagreement are totally inconsistent with tendencies attributed to the talented and thoroughly educated woman, a refined illustration of peace and pleasant ways, submitted to a setting that was turned toward the continuous flow of military affairs. Roadsful of marching feet, measured to the step of Southern and Northern partisanship, made turbulent intrusion.

Flora Linde became the bride of Henry Massie Rector on a Sunday in 1860. The rites were solemnized at an Episcopal church in Memphis, Tennessee, Reverend Wheat being the celebrant. In religion the bride was Catholic.

French and German blood with her blended parentally, Albert Linde, her father was of the former extraction and her mother of Teutonic origins. Intimate hearsay gives that their daughter was a linguist of natural ease and expertness, em-

ploying in conversation with her parents the use of both their native languages.

Cradled in Richmond, Virginia, of natal date March, 1839, in Flora Linde Rector once again Arkansas was enabled to possess in prominence a representative of Old Dominion lineage. It would be well and gratifying to trace early steps of one occasioned here by marriage to a governor, and in view, too, of her own firm local imprint, but there has been obtained for personal narrative use slight indication of the Linde family's direct activities prior to their residence in Memphis.

The Memphis Appeal of December 7, 1881, presenting earlier-day social history, contained a revealing item relative to this subject and sketch in a reference to Mrs. Henry M. Rector II as "one of Memphis' ante-bellum belles."

Flora Linde's scholarship as recorded at St. Agnes Academy, Memphis, underwrote superior mental attainments as a student. She was graduated as valedictorian of her class, assumably in the middle 1850's, winning distinction in literature and music. That with the latter artistic power she was more than a dilettante is evidenced in her resolution to become a teacher of music. After graduation from the local institution, she attended Ripley Female College, Ripley, Tennessee, and later secured a position as music instructor there. She was highly recommended by the School's Board of 1859.

But like the determination of thousands of young women—of any age—to grow wings of economic ability and independence, cheerfully to be borne by a persuasiveness of sentiment into digressive, distant avenues, one promising in the teaching field came in 1860 to the heart of an already established home and family and to the State's prime honor place, at its public leader's ardent protestations.

The marriage drew a deep line of contrast for her. With an ante-bellum studious socialite, it was a swapping of artistic preoccupation for marital sanctuary heavily encumbered, an exchange of rose-colored glasses for others of clear and penetrative potency. It was a pleasant family picture before her,

one of variety and interest, but one offering a tremendous challenge. Romance instantly widening its horizons to a field of domestic and public realism!

Slight accounts exist of the time when Flora Linde Rector as a second wife sought to replace with a group of step-children their natural mother. With the eyes of the community inescapably focused on that zealous bit of her life, the judgment of the State passing at the same time on the choice of an ascendant feminine personality, there was ushered a cultivated young woman into a situation of mature routine but which was met, accords tradition, in complacency and with success.

Once before, in territorial origins, a bride inexperienced in women's careers as central public figures, rose with grace and careful regard to the eminence bestowed on her sex.

Mrs. Rector, according to transmitted family accounts, maintained with extreme fitness, as had the earlier bride of prominence, Anne Crittenden, the trust placed in her young hands.

Although not of American descent, Flora Rector stood the first two years of the war as Arkansas' leading woman, at a high-tide time of the Confederacy.

In the role of war governing the history of Governor Rector is traditionally safe. It was his lot to find at each sunrise multiplied new issues of moment were born, demanding clean, clear-cut consideration and intelligent decision.

There is an interesting and important footnote added to the revolutionary period of 1860-1862, and embellishing Rector personal history; it came within the province of the chief ruler's vastly absorbing duties to call together the convention, January 15, 1861, by whose profound decision Arkansas' lot became identical with the Southern Confederation.

The imposing home structure mentioned in the previous review provided a proud, protective setting for the Rector family in political elevation. It was from this home a well-bred first lady watched the course of war that beset her husband's term of office. His regime, designed for four years, by an inadvertence of state policy lasted but two years. He resigned from the

post November 4, 1862. Thomas Fletcher of Pine Bluff as senate president became acting governor for eleven days. Directing at close range governmental affairs shrouded in militarism might well have been enough for a man in Governor Rector's place, but at the fulfillment of his curtailed elective responsibility, he found outlet for his stirring patriotism in the private ranks of the reserve corps of the army. The seemingly act, meriting at the time as it does now admirable interest, to the recent first lady no doubt carried an excess of anxiety, familiar as she was by public association with the impartial way of warfare.

A daughter was the only child of Governor Rector's second marriage. She bore the name Ernestine Flora.

In accounts currently reproduced or referred to by the Arkansas Gazette bearing on Little Rock's earlier social complexion, there have been notices of the "brilliant receptions given by Governor and Mrs. Rector at their mansion at 405 West 3rd Street."

When their daughter was introduced in a formal way to society, and later was married in the home, elaborate entertainment, according to old news files, marked the events.

Distinctions and responsibilities of varied character were borne beyond the Rector official and military destination. In agricultural fields the personality and ability of H. M. Rector, a former United States marshal, Supreme Court justice, governor, soldier-at-arms, left their impress for good. As with many another man of recognized capability he was a delegate to the spirited Constitutional Convention of 1874. Governor Rector lived to see peace and prosperity spread over the commonwealth reached by him, an ambitious stranger, in 1835 and in time to view a territorial face's lifting to independent state contours. Undoubtedly to him were joy and pride in having had a share in constructive things undertaken and carried to a successful consummation which stand out permanently on the pages of Arkansas history.

The last year of the 19th century was turning into the morn-

ing of the 20th century when he passed away, December, 1899, as had but a little while previously Mrs. Rector. Both died in the home of momentous memories.

Mrs. Rector's death occurred April 3, 1899. Her burial place is Calvary Cemetery, Little Rock, where later also was interred their daughter, Mrs. MacGehee Williams.

In the far reaching shade of time Flora Linde Rector pertains to Arkansas as a foremost woman well established under the protectorate of personal and official praiseworthy tradition.

DESCENDANTS OF GOVERNOR RECTOR AND FLORA LINDE RECTOR

Ernestine Rector Williams

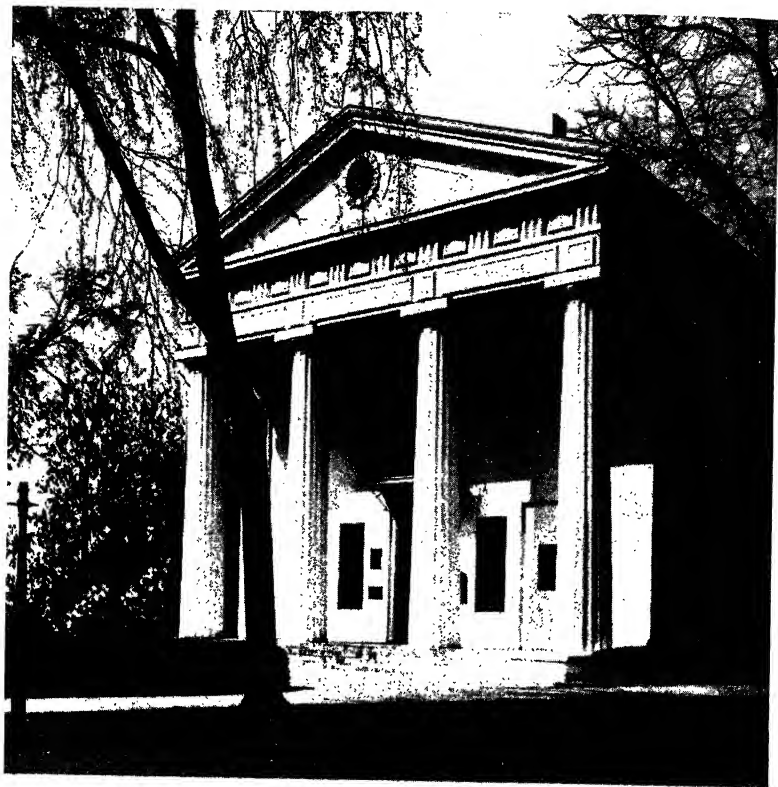
Rector Williams

Rector, Jr., and Ruth

MacGehee—Williams

MacGehee, Jr.

Thruston Williams, a daughter



ARKANSAS' FIRST STATE CAPITOL. IN USE 1836 TO 1911

Mrs. Harris Flanagin

ABOUT THE FIRST lady who reigned in the extraordinary time when the capitol of the State was packed up and moved, there remains an assortment of impressive facts. In it is represented a rare combination of ancestry and individual fate. It is from the depths of the eighteenth century and the remoteness of Great Britain that historical pages speak of her family beginnings. Martha Elizabeth Nash, who became Mrs. Harris Flanagin, was a descendant of Abner Nash, of Tenby, South Wales. His sons, John and Thomas, fleeing from religious persecution, came to Henrico County, Virginia, where Thomas Nash died in 1737. A bachelor, or widower without heirs, he bequeathed all his possessions to his brother John, to the latter's children, and to Abner Nash, his father, who had also emigrated to Virginia and survived him. Abner Nash served in the House of Burgesses. After him, as American ancestral leader of the family under immediate consideration John Nash's name is preserved as that of an early day Virginian achieving wealth and power. He held membership in the Virginia militia. His estate consisted of four thousand acres situated on the forks of the Appomattox and Bush rivers, several miles below Farmville, Prince Edward County.

Built and maintained by him was Templeton Manor, one of the great show places in the group of lavish homes that studded early Virginia forests, the architecture of which—to the artistic eye—will live forever; and with garden planting schemes that have become models in home floriculture.

Life was patterned on a grand scale for John Nash, "feudal lord," and not only as the head of a manorial establishment. He was Justice of Peace in Henrico County and later in Prince Edward County and, as featured in rich family data, always rode in great state—with "coach and four"—as he went to open court, the sheriff receiving him at the door with impressive formality and ceremony. Though of the luxury class it is shown in pre-Revolutionary summary he was connected with the active military history of the colonists.

Taking cognizance chronologically, Colonel John Nash married Ann Owen; there were eight children, one of whom was John Nash II, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Flanagin.

Charles Fisher Nash, son of John Nash II, married Judith Penkye of Virginia. Phineas Nash, Mrs. Flanagin's father, was the only child to survive this marriage, and he married Phoebe Huskins Ligon, one of the eight children of John Turner Ligon and Jane Huskins Ligon. Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Nash had eight children, Martha Elizabeth being one. She was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, April 3, 1830. Her way toward Arkansas was started when as a child of four she moved with her parents to Tipton County, Tennessee, and later to Hempstead County, this State.

In striking similarity to the course of the Garland family which emigrated at approximately the same time from the same county in Tennessee, was the first location of the Nash family also at Spring Hill. There they hewed out the forest and established a plantation on Red River, near what is known as Hamon, in Miller County. Another link of importance forged in southern Arkansas' chain of historic contributions!

Phineas Nash, dying before the War Between the States, the rearing of their children and the plantation's management were given into the hands of his widow. Here Martha Elizabeth Nash lived until the time came for wider educational needs. Nearby Washington, the very mention of whose name embodies far-flown opportunities of association and learning, received at its Academy in the late forties a tall, dignified girl of brunette type, a seeker of musical and literary training.

Not so remote was a day she would move again in the town's cultured spheres as wife of a man who, among admirable and more distinguishing things, would be clothed in State government "flight" fame, and with historic novelty to stand as one of two governors exercising authority at the same time—in a critical era.

A promising young lawyer, Harris Flanagin, born in 1817 at Roadstown, New Jersey, had chosen this State also for his home. He was the son of James and Mary Flanagin. Detail of his early life and emergence in Arkansas embraces: his youth given assiduously to study, with formal education acquired in his native section at schools of Quaker persuasion; employment as assistant teacher in Clermont, Pennsylvania; establishment of a private school of his own in Illinois; later devotion of his time to the study of law; and, with admission to practice the profession, his location in 1839 at Greenville, Clark County, Arkansas. When Arkadelphia became the county seat of Clark County, Mr. Flanagin changed his residence to that place, the same year he was elected to represent the county in the General Assembly, 1842.

Of gubernatorial names connected with the bright record of sentiment, those of Harris Flanagin and Martha Elizabeth Nash come within a compass of romance conspicuously novel. Young Flanagin had so wholly devoted his time to academic education and to the study of law, overlooked had been matters of the heart. A married friend, pointing out one day to the studious bachelor that the latter was a man of intelligence, "pretty good to look at," chided him for not having himself acquired a wife. "Come to think of it," counseled his friend, "I know the very girl for you. She lives down in Hempstead County. She is the sweetest, prettiest and best of all girls for a wife that I have ever seen, with the exception of one."

The next day the impressed Mr. Flanagin went to a potential bride's home and presented himself to her family. Bolstered with credentials of his character and standing, forthrightly he asked for the privilege to seek the hand of the one who had been recommended to him as greatly worthy of his

matrimonial attention. Invited to supper with the family, there is evidence of its friendly acceptance for that evening he proposed marriage to the young lady. Her instant reciprocal interest is warmly illustrated with his claim in three weeks of Martha Elizabeth Nash for his bride. They were married on July 3, 1851, with wedding festivity styled in conformity to old-time traditional manner of stately grandeur. Mrs. Flanagin received many negroes as her parental wedding portion, "Aunt" Martha, among them, who went with her to Arkadelphia and long lived on the family premises and becoming, as was most often characteristic of the affectionate relationship between young mistress and slave, virtually a household dependence. "Uncle" Peter was also a faithful retainer, and after given his freedom he was always loyal and ready to serve the family.

A home immediately was built by young Harris Flanagin for his bride of brief courtship. It was their domestic center throughout life. Sturdily constructed, the house was one of the best of its time. Colonial in plan, there was a front portico, the banisters hand made. Open fireplaces were used throughout the house, the kitchen having its proverbial one with crane and other appliances that pertained to the mid-nineteenth century's housekeeping convenience. The parlor! Furnished with hand-carved walnut furniture, consisting of twelve straight chairs, two big rockers, sofa, and marble-top table—this prized furniture being now used by some of the Flanagin grandchildren made its peregrinations from the Quaker city furniture market on a boat, by the way of New Orleans, and on up the Ouachita River to Arkadelphia.

Among possessions that would win an enduring place in the hearts of museum collectors are the hanging lamps, crystal bead hanging basket, a large bookcase, and what-nots that belonged in the home, and are now enjoyed by descendants pridefully. A tea service, among their silver, was very ornate and was personalized with initials H.M.F., meaning "Harris," "Martha," "Flanagin." This also was bought in Philadelphia, the bill of sale being yet in existence. The gold-banded china

used by her distinguished ancestors stands out in the memory of a granddaughter. A particular piece of it to be recalled was a capacious tureen steaming with the tastiness of homemade soup that—by the “homey” dining standards of the day—from the table would have been ladled by the elegantly established hostess into matching deep-bowled plates.

A blood connection with many leading families of Arkansas, among them the Royston, Ashley, Cross, Ligon, Abraham, Moore, and wide acquaintance with the State’s official personnel of their era, made of the Flanagan home a noted place of hospitality. Mrs. Flanagan is historically pictured as one giving graciously of herself in public and private entertainment, firstly, from the natural expression of a cordial nature, and secondly, in interpretation of polite assistance to her husband’s career. Many a delightful meal served in her dining room was partaken of by prominent men of that time, Colonel McMillan, Colonel A. B. Williams, Honorable Augustus Garland, Judge Eakin, and scores of others.

Mrs. Flanagan’s home was always open to preachers of the gospel, it is told.

To the credit of this superior housewife was her excellence in culinary arts. Cakes she baked became artistic productions as decoratively with white icing she would enscroll on them vines, flowers, rail fences, etc. A certain delicious white cake that at her hands generally made its appearance at Presbyterian social gatherings had bestowed upon it the title of “White Synod Cake.”

It was as a young girl that Mrs. Flanagan on the Nash plantation near Texarkana served her girlhood apprentice days in cake making where bear’s grease supplied butter and partridge eggs were used in the mixing.

If one be interested in food delicacies—and what palate is not?—visualize watermelon rind preserves as made by a cultivated expert, that were carved in shapes of various designs and served in transparent baskets of citron!

In the breach of social amenities there was a subtle flattery which never failed to gain her forgiveness when, as sometimes

to her amused amazement, she saw the delectable baskets which were intended as table ornaments vanish before her guests' prodigious appetites.

Mrs. Flanagin was a charter member of the Presbyterian Church at Arkadelphia, which was organized in 1859. Many of her ancestors were Presbyterian ministers.

Duncan Flanagin, Nash Flanagin, and Laura Flanagin (Howison), all now deceased, were the children of the Flanagin family who survived to adulthood, two children dying in infancy.

Honorable Harris Flanagin received the news of his nomination as governor of Arkansas while in command as colonel of a Confederate regiment at Knoxville, Tennessee. There was no time for campaigning, for the memorable word was brought to him only the day before election. Hastening to the scene of political activity, he received from the electorate of 1862 a commission which held confusion incomparable in a State "torn with war and invalided with political ailments." His inauguration occurred on November 15, that year.

The important public phases of Governor Flanagin's regime as he launched into wide-scale disturbance have been set in their deserved place in history. Before his term of office ended he found himself to be one of "unidentical" twin governors. Out of the welter of war disunity had arisen a contending State governmental plan engineered by Union loyalists, with the choice of Isaac Murphy as its head. The alarming news meanwhile came to Little Rock that it was threatened with seizure by Federal army forces. The seat of government thoughtfully was moved, as in 1862 it had been transferred to Hot Springs for a short while. In September, 1863, Washington, Arkansas, became the temporary location of official affairs under the chief ruler of the so-identified "Confederate" State government.

The legend of Washington—a favorite geographical site for budding high officials, for governors, United States senators, an environment notable for intellectual zest and social enthus-

iasm; here was met the martial dissension of Arkansas as the town undertook the task of divided government functioning.

Mrs. Flanagin during Governor Flanagin's excitable, interrupted service was with him in Little Rock and Washington. The greatest real test of character strength would have been made at that vastly important time, her husband preoccupied with problems hardly less than excruciating. In a sort of mass hysteria, First Lady Flanagin, as did her husband, performed an intensely demanding part. It was played hearteningly, in good taste, discreetly on a difficult stage.

Governor Flanagin as head of the Confederate government of Arkansas, in voluminous published messages is shown to have gone to great lengths to turn the South toward victory. In meeting the exigencies of the Confederacy's fading front, by a proclamation of date May 26, 1865, he reached out in his last official act with a beacon light to the necessary interpretation of the conflict's outcome. He had labored intensely in a temporary and abnormal condition of government for its cause; by admonition he would help gather its strength for national peace and accord.

From Washington to Arkadelphia is not a long journey—not even in 1865 before automobiles with powerful lenses lighted paved highways. In the early summer of that year, a retiring governor's family returned, doubtlessly by slow vehicular transportation over rutted dirt roads, to their haven of comfort and happiness at the latter place.

A record of willing allegiance to a distressed cause had been earned; the Flanagins' active part had been devoted and efficient. Much had devolved upon them amid abnormality, confusion, peril, to supply service during a beset administration.

The tragic days of war-ridden Arkansas were by no means done; the part of a great soldier at arms had been taken by Colonel Harris Flanagin; an official situation had invited heavy responsibility, the concerns of war giving the question of executive control added meaning—but he, with his family, would watch and welcome the spectacle of approaching peace from

a less gruelling position. Again he turned to the practice of law.

Their return to private life was not in whole, for in 1874 the former governor was delegated a representative of Clark County at the Constitutional Convention, having a part in the conclave which turned an official extremity toward a better political and civic situation. But before the nature of his final public work had resulted in an improved state of affairs Governor Flanagin's death came, October 23, 1874.

Thirty years of life remained for Mrs. Flanagin after her husband's death.

Her memory finds a warm appreciation in the minds and hearts of her many descendants and those other individuals fortunate to have known her. Mrs. Harris Flanagin realized her own share in public burdens. Culture, education, limitless experience—these she had known and from them benefitted.

"She had a good ear for music and knew a number of old-time tunes and reels, which she played for the young people after she was quite old." So wrote one in remembrance of an unfading personality, a first lady of Arkansas—highly born—who had moved gracefully with the tide of pioneering, known the antagonism of war, with whom romantic fate beyond usual took a hand.

April 18th, 1904, Martha Elizabeth Flanagin who had kept in her heart the springtime of life slipped away in the south front room of the house to which she had gone as a bride.

She is buried in Rosehill Cemetery, Arkadelphia, by the side of Governor Flanagin.

Flanagin Grandchildren:

Mary Flanagin Archer, DeQueen, Arkansas
Katherine Flanagin Gore, Clinton, Kentucky
Duncan C. Flanagin, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Dr. James H. Flanagin, Conway, Arkansas
Patti Flanagin Mitchell, DeQueen, Arkansas
Laura Flanagin Turner, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Humphreys Flanagin, Arkadelphia, Arkansas

Great-grandchildren:

Dr. Chas. A. Archer, Jr., DeQueen, Arkansas
Mary Jane Archer, DeQueen, Arkansas (Mrs. Elbert Hays
Wilkes)
Ann C. Mitchell, DeQueen, Arkansas
Duncan R. Mitchell, DeQueen, Arkansas
Tom S. Gore, Jr., Clinton, Kentucky
Mary K. Gore, Clinton, Kentucky
Francis Gore, Clinton, Kentucky
Katherine L. Flanagan, Conway, Arkansas
J. H. Flanagan, Jr., Conway, Arkansas
Katherine Flanagan, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Duncan Flanagan, Jr., Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Mary E. Steele, Lockesburg, Arkansas
Cleve Turner, Jr., Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Mrs. Andrew Wardlaw, Los Angeles, California
Martha Turner, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
J. F. Turner, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Humphreys Turner, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Otis Turner, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Laura E. Turner, Arkadelphia, Arkansas
Eva A. Flanagan, Arkadelphia, Arkansas

Great-great-grandchild:

Ethel Ann Wilkes

Mrs. Isaac Murphy

BACK IN THE days around 1830 Angelina Lockhart had real cause for meditation. There was a problem for her to ponder, a decision to be made of deepest emotional appeal, transcendent in importance to a girl yet under seventeen. A great host of girls before and since, confronted with the challenge of hostile criticism in their romances, have met and solved it as she did—in the face of parental opposition, eloped with the men they loved.

If her tears, as wife and mother during twenty-six years of residence in Arkansas, flowed in nostalgic sadness at her banishment forever, by the fateful action, from the home of her childhood, they were dried in the forces of character and consequence which illumine Mrs. Isaac Murphy's social history.

The philosopher avers, "The history of human progress is written in the biographies of courageous spirits who have boldly striven to be free." In paraphrase there is singular application here, for although in this subject's show of will was not the seeking of accepted freedom—that inherent right undoubtedly had place in her Tennessee background—but with daring determination to arrange her life according to her own heart promptings, she elected to hurdle family barriers and, in full faith, contract marriage with a mature Pennsylvania schoolmaster sojourning in the South, and nearly sixteen years her senior.

Whatever price she paid for the decision made a century plus a decade ago, can be traced in many illustrious and other

most worthwhile descendants her definite contribution to at least a signal part in the "history of human progress." She lived almost within the limits of two wide-apart eras of national warfare. Her birth occurred while her father had a patriot's part in America's armed forces in the War of 1812, and her death came only a short time before her war-enwrapped husband achieved what has been termed "provisional" state ruling authority.

It is, therefore, that a personality identified with pre-governorship concerns—a potential first lady eighth in numerical order, as Mrs. Isaac Murphy would have been—comes to the fore of biographical review. Her maiden name contains a story in itself. Sir Simon Lockhart, of Scottish reality and proud position, clothed in fiction by Sir Walter Scott in his novel "The Talisman," bears a claim of family progeniture. Mrs. Murphy's grandfather, Aaron Lockhart, was commissary to General Thomas Sumpter in the cause of American Independence. On his generation and immediate descendants rests an intriguing historical item, the varying of their name's spelling from "Lockhart" to "Lockert" or "Lockhert" as a safeguard of distinction between their own loyal branch and a group bearing the Lockhart name but colored with the hues of Toryism. Mrs. Murphy probably exchanged for her husband's name that of Lockert. Scotch and Irish bloods blended in her lineage. Chester County, in the Carolinas, was the native corner whence William Lockert, or Lockhart, in the early part of the nineteenth century, removed to Clarksville, Tennessee. He had married Elizabeth McFadden, natively of the same old-South section.

In some measure almost all of the phases and timeworthy personal stories of Southern history have been given to readers. Out of the welter of pioneering, of the inuring ways of life amid economic strivings, countless pages have presented actors, great and small, called to play dramatic parts in realistic performances. Certainly the sparkle of narration as it relates to governors' wives can reflect no feminine character of sincerer appeal than spirited Angelina Lockhart Murphy, who

stands posed in century-old traditions as of great will; one possessing high spirit of romance; a brave balancer of "love and strife."

A war baby of 1813, she came first in a group of eight children born to William and Elizabeth Lockhart. Eight little Tennesseans of high heritage, growing up among frontiersmen in one of the stirring periods of American history, breathing the clean atmosphere of a slowly expanding South, when the eldest daughter at sixteen became enmeshed in a conflict between her heart and her parents' protective desire. The Southerner versus the Northerner! Sweeping aside all else, Angelina Lockhart married Isaac Murphy at Clarksville, her birthplace, July 30, 1830.

Four years were spent in Montgomery County, Tennessee, where two children were born, and then pre-State Arkansas became their home. Coming here in 1834, it was the experience of Mrs. Murphy in a comparatively short life to observe final years of territorial polity, the State's creation and time of adolescence, the dawn of commonwealth maturity.

The first home established in Arkansas by the Murphy family was in Washington County—Mount Comfort—aptly named for newcomers meeting severe tests of early-day realities.

Already a teacher of experience, in the peaks and recesses of the Ozark hills was started the program of education that fastened for a long time to Isaac Murphy's professional name. As in many other cases, much is left to the faculty of imagination as to the daily modes of life followed by the transplanted family. For domestic housing, there would have been the almost proverbial log cabin; the Murphy Academy, hardly uncharacteristic of the frontier situation, doubtless was of the same hand hewn structure as their dwelling place. Shutterless windows, puncheon floor, split-log desks and benches, pictures imagination, with scanty supply of calico-covered text books that made the mountain-neighborhood patient rounds—vital buffers against the lowliness of educational darkness!

Destruction by fire of the schoolhouse several years later

gave a turn to Murphy family arrangements, and a move was made to Fayetteville nearby. There, also, an educational plant was set up in the Murphy name, a part of the school building being maintained as their home.

Mr. Murphy, after exercising great influence in his basic field, attacked the matter of personal advancement and family support by driving other economic wedges, introducing factors at least capable of removing the family from the category of monotony necessarily incident to their sparsely settled location. The husband's contribution to scholastic development allowed time and opportunity for study and practice of law; for awhile he had connection with a northwest Arkansas bank; local political advantages were sought and won by him; and, capping the future governor's variety of activities, he joined the caravan of "forty-niners," enthusiastic enterprise that gave him residence for a few years in California.

In 1854 the family, reunited, and envisioning greater possibilities, moved to Huntsville, thirty miles east of Fayetteville. A school was opened there, and by now Headmaster Murphy had the teaching assistance of their two elder daughters. There had been eight children, two sons who died in childhood, and six daughters. At Huntsville a home was built that established them permanently. Into the making of his first periods of success went the loyal devotion of the one who, midway between girlhood and womanhood, had the intenseness to estrange herself from association with her original family in such a degree it was never brought back to life.

With complete dislocation of parental ties, there were no "old home" journeyings and denied was the maternal great joy of bringing her children to the affectionate acquaintance of grandparents under her childhood roof. A brother once paid her a visit at Fayetteville, sole touch with the ties of her youth. Three of her brothers gave distinguished service in the Confederate army. A fourth became a Presbyterian minister of note. The eldest sister remained ever to younger Lockhart daughters a fantastic, distant, but greatly beloved character. Nieces and nephews of Mrs. Isaac Murphy to the third and

fourth generations and numbers of direct descendants populate many parts of the United States. From Texas and Florida and Arkansas have come items of family history in place here.

Adoption of Arkansas wholeheartedly appertains to this subject of informal biographical treatment, whose resoluteness, ability, and importance are not yet so remote that they do not catch the eye of historical interest. The strongest impression gained from fragmentary family accounts is an overwhelming force of character she possessed and wisely exercised both in her home and in wider community relations. Mrs. Murphy saw the steady march of settlement in Arkansas, the spread of culture, and found her place in the work of her contemporaries. At forty-seven years of age, in her prime, she died, February 15, 1860. Momentous incident lay behind her, even more which was to bring vital involvement of her family lay ahead—the tragedy of military conflict and its aftermath of political power and gravely-won fame. Further disintegration of the close-bound group was near at hand.

Within five years after her life closed, Isaac Murphy had fought for the Union principles he espoused, and attained the Arkansas governorship. In 1862 two daughters, in early womanhood, had died but two hours apart. The approximate time also marked the death of a son-in-law, Augustus Lowe, Confederate soldier, and his young son.

Geraldine Murphy, youngest of the family of daughters, a graduate of Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Illinois, in 1870 lost her life by accidental drowning, in Richland Creek, not far from Huntsville.

During his two terms as governor of Arkansas, of beginning date April, 1864, Isaac Murphy resided while in Little Rock, with his eldest daughter, Mrs. James R. Berry, and her husband who was auditor of the State. James R. Berry was a first cousin of James Henderson Berry, and at the time his relative had a hand in Republican state financial management, James H. Berry, a Democrat, was initiating a policy of achievement which would bring his own name acclaim.

To Mrs. James R. Berry, in the absence of her mother, was

accorded the proxy position of first lady. Her memory survives as a woman equal in every way to its demands, one of accomplishment who conducted with dignity and correctness her husband's and the governor's household.

Throughout Arkansas is historical verification of Murphy contribution to its educational causes. Seeds of culture and knowledge planted by Murphy hands in raw soil abundantly grew and ripened.

Governor Murphy's gravestone in the Huntsville Cemetery bears the inscriptional information that he was born October 16, 1799, died September 8, 1882. Over his wife's grave nearby, there is cut in marble a personal consecrated sentiment. In emotional inspiration the one she married at great cost rendered his tribute to undying loyalty.

Murphy children who reached adulthood were: Malilla Elizabeth Jane who married Honorable James R. Berry of Huntsville; Mary Romelia, who married Augustus Lowe of Huntsville; Louisa and Laura, both of whom died unmarried; Lockhart, who became the wife of the Reverend Thomas M. Thorpe; Geraldine, the youngest, unmarried.

Mrs. Powell Clayton

A HISTORIAN WITH philosophical leanings has written that not counting the loss of life, the most difficult of all periods is that time following the clash of saber, roar of cannon, and the shriek of bursting shell as they sing their requiems of death.

At last, the Reconstruction period in Arkansas was but a multiplicity of spawns coming from the breeding cells of war. So much has been written about the period, of criminations and recriminations, that a "laissez faire" policy suggests itself in a volume dedicated to womanhood within near range of government. It would be useless and out of place to resurrect the time of strife and stress that would better rest in an eternal coma.

A reference taken from a speech bearing on the subject of heroic readjustment which was made by Honorable Joseph Warren House, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1874, is germane and highly worthwhile to quote here, as recognizing his gift for depth and fairness of thought that built an outstanding personal and professional position for him. He advocated and made appeals for the regain of State harmony, addressing the memorable Convention personnel relative to the turbulent decade and reconstruction following militaristic defeat. In due course of the constructive speech, he swung to the oft-quoted enjoinder of the far-famed Georgia orator. "Too," quoting Judge House, "this same sentiment was echoed and re-echoed in Boston's Banquet Hall

when Henry W. Grady said, "The war is over, the birds have renewed their songs over the stricken fields, we are one nation, one people, all striving for a common destiny. Let all of us believe there is no North or no South, and that the Mason and Dixon line is but a fast diminishing shadow."

With inauguration of the Constitution devised in 1868 for Arkansas, and ten days after the State's readmission to the fold of Unionhood, there were presented a governor whom history would delineate as the Reconstruction ruler, and his wife of correspondingly acute situation.

Of all the governors' wives who with dignity and varying degrees of public and personal promptings filled their places as first ladies, probably it was most difficult to discharge the high duties and functions of the position in that tragic era of post-conflict between the political ideologies of the North and South. It followed that Mrs. Powell Clayton passed through, as official chatelaine, one of the unhappiest periods of the State.

As far as the record gives disclosure she was a woman of gentle birth, educated, and possessing traits that elicit admiration.

Born in Paducah, Kentucky, about 1845, she was one of three sisters, described by one who knew them in the way of inherited opinion, as "fine, attractive girls." Her father, Ben McGraw, was a steamboat captain, plying Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The maiden name of her mother was van Alen, van Allen, or van Allan.

With her widowed mother and sisters, Adeline (Bennie) McGraw lived at Helena where the family had moved in her girlhood. Her father died when she was young.

By a capricious play of fate Pennsylvania-born Powell Clayton, a colonel in the Union army and in line of advancement to a brigadier-general's rank, became acquainted with the eastern Arkansas girl while he commanded the Federal forces at Helena. Their first acquaintance came about, as quoting from collateral history, "When he had her arrested for per-

icious activity in the Confederate cause." Acquirable record does not go far enough to establish clearly how the paradox of Cupid's appearance happened shortly.

In a community older than the State itself, that was used to ways of peace and evident culture, its military invasion brought to the residents of Helena a time to live through upsetting days.

The communal effects of warfare counted for one thing, but for a fair daughter who, desperately opposed to a Union high officer's military sympathies yet ceased to resist pressure of his advances on her heart, it represented in its romantic phase an entirely different thing. Whether there was family disapproval of marriage between the commander of enemy troops and a young woman of Confederate loyalties, the wedding of Powell Clayton and Bennie McGraw nevertheless occurred soon after the end of the war, on December 14, 1865.

The sharp incident of marital union between opposing Northern and Southern exponents, creating as sometimes it did a vast gulf of separation of families, seems in the McGraw instance to have been an acceptable sentimental deviation. It was repeated by a sister of Mrs. Clayton. Susan McGraw married Michael M. Brennan of Helena and Lucy McGraw contracted marriage with Samuel P. Delatour. The latter couple moved to Nebraska.

Religiously, the McGraw family was of Roman Catholic faith.

After their marriage, General and Mrs. Powell Clayton established themselves on a plantation in Jefferson County near Pine Bluff. In earlier army assignments, Pine Bluff had been placed in his command. They had lived in rural, quieter surroundings less than two years before a political course obtruded, General Clayton becoming governor when policies and relationships were such it could not have offered sincere personal happiness to a family publicly weathering the partisan storms. Life in Arkansas, though at last in a state of declared peace, had become too divisive for orderly social processes. The political aspects were deep-rooted, especially as

Southern adherents, defeated at arms, rebelled against the numbing encroachments and mandates of Northern powers.

Students of the era have recounted in many methods their evaluation of the high point in after-war governing, as the ninth administration set forth its lines of action. The regime began July 2, 1868.

In the social application of procedure as the fires of sectional struggle still burned, there would have meant no less to any woman than a trying interpretation of the time's first lady role.

The Clayton career ran into a personal tragedy early in its gubernatorial course, Governor Clayton losing his left hand in a hunting accident. It is easily reckoned that his wife's first-rank absorptions began to wane in her own eyes, with the invasion of shock and unalterable heavy handicap that resolved upon her husband.

Mrs. Clayton remained in her place of State prominence three years. The Clayton home in Little Rock was located on Lincoln Avenue. A substantial brick house on the south bank of the Arkansas River, it stood upstream from, and in near proximity to, the railroad bridge long known as "Memphis and Little Rock," now "Rock Island," great steel link between Little Rock and North Little Rock.

The chapter of Mrs. Clayton's life as she sat in the front official row was but one of the public aspects gained by reason of her husband's military and political advancements.

Governor Clayton's public path led in 1871 to Washington, offering in his election to the United States Senate the opportunity for his family to see political and social life from the nation's center.

At the end of his senatorial term, a domestic location was made at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Commercial activities, centered on railroad interests, engaged Clayton attention several years. This was followed, 1899 to 1903, with a residence in Mexico when the former brigadier-general, governor, U. S. senator, became Minister to the latter country.

Eastern Arkansas furnished in Mrs. Powell Clayton's a life that was filled with the gusto of State, national, international

episode, and from the standpoint of worldly opportunity few women can be declared more widely favored.

There were four Clayton children reaching maturity. A fifth child, Glover, died in infancy.

The United States army attracted as a field of promise the third child and surviving son, Powell Clayton, junior, as it early had his father. The younger Clayton became a major in the cavalry branch of the army. He was married in 1905 to Nancy Tayloe Langhorne of Lynchburg, Virginia, and Washington, D. C. While at exercise of his command at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Major Powell was killed December 23, 1916, in a riding accident. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

The eldest child, Lucy Clayton, was married twice, the first time to Fred F. Gilbert, a broker of Chicago, Illinois, and who died in 1890. She, also, in a second union, emphasized a family military preference when uniting in marriage May 23, 1893 with Samuel Goode Jones, a brigadier-general in the U. S. army. Mrs. Jones died June 1, 1929, at Presidio of San Francisco and had burial in Arlington Cemetery. General Jones resides at "Invermay," Montgomery, Alabama.

Marriages of other Clayton daughters, Charlotte and Kathleen, removed them from the United States and connected them with foreign official life. The former became in 1903 the wife of Baron Ludovic Moncheur, the latter marrying about 1906 Sir Arthur Cunningham Grant Duff, Belgian and English diplomats, respectively. Baron Moncheur, serving long with distinction, held as his last active station Belgian ambassadorship to the Court of St. James. His death occurred in June, 1940, at Brussels, Belgium.

Arthur Duff, esquire, has served an extended and successful time, also, as a career diplomat. His last station from which he retired for age several years ago was British Minister to Sweden.

There are three Clayton grandchildren, all the children of Baron and Baroness Moncheur. They are:

- (1) Kathleen, born in Washington, D. C., who is Mme. de

Montpellier, having married about 1923 M. Pierre de Montpellier, Annevoie, Province de Nemur, Belgium. They are the parents of six children, all living.

(2) Charles Moncheur (now Baron Moncheur) of Civil Service training, being presently in Civilian Service of the Belgian Congo. He was born in Washington, about 1905.

(3) Marie Moncheur, now Mrs. Ronald Medlicott, wife of Captain Ronald Medlicott of the Royal Army Flying Corps. They were married in the 1930's. They have two children, a boy and a girl.

Former Governor Clayton died August 25, 1915, in Washington, D. C. His burial place is in Arlington, Virginia.

The last chapter in Mrs. Clayton's life had its conclusion in far-off England. She died in January, 1917, at Lichfield, Sussex, England. Sleeps in Parish Churchyard, Church of England, one whose State historical position was accomplished under the pall of war's ultimatum.

MRS. OZRA A. HADLEY

Governor Clayton's unexpired term as governor, when he entered the upper House of Congress, was filled by Ozra A. Hadley. He was a New York man, coming from Chautauqua where his family had settled early in the 1800's, on removal from Vermont. He was the grandson of Daniel Hadley and the son of Alvah Hadley. In pursuance of mercantile interests, Ozra Hadley settled in Arkansas either during or not long after the War Between the States, likely 1865. He had lived previously in Minnesota. In the period's constancy of quick or expedient political advancement, he became a member in 1869 of the Reconstruction legislature and attained the presidency of the State senate, which when a vacancy occurred mounted him to the turbulent highest place.

By his proxy administrative term, lasting a year, there is brought into biographical brackets a substitute first lady automatically stepping into Mrs. Clayton's shoes. Mary Kilbourne Hadley, married to Ozra A. Hadley, February 17, 1849, and

also of Chautauqua, New York, joined the list of foremost women when the handling of political systems and devices was still complicated with gravity.

When to make harmonious solution and effect a consolidation of opposing principles was a comparatively hopeless situation with the reconstruction instrumentalities of rulership, it would scarcely have inspired a temporary public hostess, substituting for another, to rise—howsoever capable of doing it—to a perspective of social leadership. Arkansas history is amazingly silent on the man and woman assigned first official places in 1871. Mr. Hadley was postmaster at Little Rock following his service as governor. The family's removal to the West (New Mexico or Colorado) some time after Governor Hadley's Reconstruction offices drained the State, so far as this writer has learned, of its history thenceforth. There were two daughters. By marriage they became Mrs. Louis Tetard and Mrs. W. H. Hallett.

The end of the Clayton-Hadley administration contributed to the answer of a prolonged discussion.

The two foremost women, beset with trials while they gained pride of place, would have sighed with relief at its culmination.

Mrs. Elisha Baxter

THE POLITICAL WHEEL turning variously in the late 1860's and early 70's brought about a governorship that gives place at this point in related feminine biography to one who as with her predecessor, besides its honors, knew official life's woeful side—a governor's wife who realized as much breathtaking adventure as could permeate a term of public connection.

From January 6, 1873, to November 12, 1874, was incorporated the period of service of Arkansas' tenth governor, the husband of Mrs. Elisha Baxter.

A distinct similarity in early environment marked this couple. They had a birth State in common, North Carolina, a State that vied with Virginia and Tennessee in furnishing a most telling portion of home seekers in the 1830's, 40's, and 50's to enter Arkansas' boundaries. Both were born in Rutherford County, Elisha Baxter being the sixteenth child in his family.

Harriet Patton's birth to Colonel and Mrs. Elijah Patton, their third child, occurred early in 1830. Growing to young womanhood and to man's estate in the same locality came the day of romance to Harriet Patton and Elisha Baxter, their marriage taking place in 1849. At twenty-two the "Tar Heel" bridegroom and his bride, even younger, began together the life that before its end would be packed with eventfulness, heavily woven with threads of mixed bright and somber hues in the fabric of the State of their adoption.

Three years after marriage, when Arkansas had had but fourteen years of statehood, the Baxter couple, with their first-born son, made a journey to it, a move destined long to identify them and numerous descendants with the State barely past its frontier stage at the time of their removal. Such happenings were frequent enough then, and the Baxter journey, by assumption, was made the usual way—along deep-cut wagon roads. A great stake was in the journey's patient progress toward what was regarded by an earnest, educated couple as a foundation of forward living.

Whether by design, or in the natural attractiveness of north-east Arkansas the travelers found an inviting welcome, a pause was made in Independence County, at Batesville. Maybe it was in the wearisomeness of long, slow steps, but the stop had brought them to a region which seemed fair enough for location. It became one of permanency.

The home they established probably followed the pattern of many other homes of that early day, Mrs. Baxter doubtless often feeling the trying demands of their self imposed tasks as, settling in strange, rugged surroundings, she faced a multiplicity of things to be done in making a new household. In years only a girl, it entailed labor, a brave heart, and willing hands.

For young Baxter, matching similar situations of many others, was a struggle to provide the material needs of his family; in the home was the woman who, according to inherited opinions, could strengthen and sustain to an unusual degree.

Governor Baxter's history, as taken in business, professional and political steps, is known. But before his varying degrees of success and tribulation could be, Harriet Patton Baxter is pictured as passing through the incidents of joint existence with gentleness and efficiency, rearing six children she had borne, lending to the father of them loyalty, wifely help, as he sought and gained the prominence of public things. The good woman whose price is quoted in the Book of Proverbs as "far above that of rubies" is personified, by family estimate, in Mrs. Elisha Baxter.

Requested personal data brought from a granddaughter facts well worth knowing of her honored ancestress: "In regard to my grandmother's life we can give you nothing of great interest, as she was just the sweetest, quietest, and the most home-loving and home-keeping woman in the world, her husband and children absolutely making her entire universe. The fact that they adored her speaks volumes for her life as a wife and a mother."

So, whether in Batesville's pioneer limitations or occupied with the much later, showier task of first ladyship, it can be readily judged that in Mrs. Baxter's domestic domain lay her empire.

She comes in review as an outstanding example of the feminine element of her day, preferring to keep the home while her husband looked after politics, believing it to be his part to go forth and fight the public battles. Throughout his governorship, as has been broadly publicised, such battles came in large measure.

During his state government service the family lived at Fifteenth and Spring streets, a 1940 populous section that in the early 1870's was a Little Rock residential extremity. Domiciled in a house outlined by ancient forest trees, one needs no testimony to the sweet spirit of birdsong that poured in from the primeval woods. Big problems dropped into the shelter intended for an establishment safe from external unpleasant happening.

No officially uppermost woman has had kindled greater personal anxiety than Harriet Patton Baxter, with the tumult of politically-keyed warfare echoing at her very doorstep; her attention made to rivet on a mosaic of action cemented in harrowing clamor and haste, its predominating color flaming red. Those were the days, politically, that tried men's souls. It can never be accurately read how poignantly was tested that of a governor's wife, but unquestionably there was put on the shoulders of the tenth woman of official high status a burden of distress, danger, despair.

Political moves and counter moves made of the State's high-

est office an animated checkerboard, squared off in violent discord and bitter travail. Not before nor since has Arkansas history pulsated as rapidly as it was then pulsating nor been as lively in political strategy. It was an administration with events that maneuvered the State into the situation of a war between governors!

Attacking the validity of Baxter's election, Joseph Brooks, sponsored by a rival Republican faction, and favored by a court decision, made the shape of official affairs odd and complex when he, a few months after Baxter's election, believing himself to have been the victorious candidate, wrested the authorized seat of government and asserted his own elective rule. Governor Baxter, when his sovereign rights were threatened, kept up a terrific defense, with an extraordinary procedure following. Brooks sat in office at the State Capitol, while Baxter attempted to exercise jurisdiction from St. John's College and the Anthony Hotel.

The state of affairs was alarming, causing an outbreak of civil hostilities as two men disputed gubernatorial rights. The month-long siege known as the "Brooks-Baxter War" was a State-shaking roar before victory was declared for the Baxter adherents.

Assisting her husband through a trying regime was an opportunity fully grasped, according to tradition, by the woman who ranked administratively first for twenty months.

The era, peculiarly filled with strife, with confusion and unexpected turns, has identification with it a "Lady Baxter," as strangely separate from First Lady Baxter—of domesticity, wifely and motherly—as the dim visibility of night from the brilliant morning sunrise.

By way of historical recapitulation, quotation from Dallas G. Herndon's "High Lights of Arkansas History," is made to follow, in view of the subject's importance as a link between "Lady Baxter" and Baxter troubled control.

The historian gives information concerning a sixty-four pound cannon that stood on the bank of Arkansas River, it

having come by steamboat to Little Rock from New Orleans early in the War Between the States, as a defense of the former place. At the time of Little Rock's capture by General Steele an attempt made by the Federals to carry the cannon away was thwarted by its weight and unwieldiness. Mr. Hern- don's historical story in verbatim continues: "Late in April 1874 during the Brooks-Baxter war, the Baxter forces found the old cannon lying half imbedded in the earth, near the foot of Byrd Street. It was resurrected, christened 'Lady Baxter,' made ready for use, and was placed in position in the rear of the Metropolitan Hotel, on the corner of Main and Markham streets, to prevent the loading of boats coming up the river with men or supplies for Brooks. The only time the gun was discharged after its resurrection was in the salute fired in honor of Governor Baxter's return to the capitol on May 19, 1874. Subsequently, 'Lady Baxter' was mounted in the old capitol grounds, where it still stands as a mute reminder of reconstruction days."

Outside of its angles of partisan contentiousness, which at last had appeasement in presidential judgment, Baxter potency and justice can be read in historical interpretation of the turbulent time. Governor Baxter's accepted fairness stimulated such respect among those of the opposing party that although he served as a Republican governor, the Democrats nominated him for the same office at the party's State convention held on September 8, 1874. He declined the nomination, believing such action to be "for the public good."

Returning to old scenes of northeast Arkansas at the expiration of the Baxter term, the family lived on a plantation near Batesville, now known as Glennwood. Years later, after their children had reached adulthood and moved to homes of their own, Governor Baxter and Mrs. Baxter again resided in Batesville, where they passed their remaining years. Variouslly identified with commercial works in the subsequent years, as political absorption subsided, Governor Baxter engaged extensively in agricultural pursuits.

There is a Baxter military record bearing its weight with the Northern side, for before answering State executive call Elisha Baxter served as colonel of the Fourth Arkansas Mounted Infantry. He was a lawyer and once held for several years the office of circuit judge. Reducing to written bits preserved conceptions of Mrs. Baxter, it is logical and pleasant to portray her as meeting crucial tests in a way "consistent with the true and noble things." The stormy and the quieter days, a tear here, a laugh there, the record confers credit to her part in marital partnership.

In quotation again from a descendant, the former first lady, as age overtook, is seen in a final, soft home light: "Grandmother Baxter never left her home except to visit a sick neighbor or friend. In fact, I think she had not gone shopping in the last twenty-five years of her life, those things being attended to by her daughters and grandchildren."

At their home in Batesville the governor of acute Reconstruction association and his wife died at the change of centuries, each having reached approximately three score years and ten. Governor Baxter's death occurred in 1899, Mrs. Baxter's soon afterward. They are buried in the region where so long ago they had adjusted themselves to the separation from North Carolinian ties.

Fifty years before, the spirit of adventure whispering into eager ears, had guided their steps toward a restive section set with personal material prosperity and with graphic political involvement that would give historical permanence to their names.

Dr. Edward A. Baxter of Melbourne, Arkansas, has outlived his sisters and brothers.

Children of Governor Elisha Baxter and Mrs. Baxter were:

Milliard Patton Baxter
Edward Adolphus Baxter
Katherine Miller (Alexander)

Harriet Ora Baxter
George E. Baxter
Fannie Baxter

Grandchildren:

Walter Rushing Baxter
Edward Baxter
Ariella Irene Baxter
Hattie Mildred Baxter
(Mrs. Ed Billingsley)
Alfred Baxter
Fay Fannie Baxter
William Elisha Baxter
Milliard Cecil Baxter
Juanita Katherine Baxter

Jerry Taylor Baxter
Beulah Esther Alexander
(McConnell)
Norma Morse Alexander
Thruston Baxter Alexander
Harriett Newton Alexander
(Grammer)
Aurab Wallace Alexander
(Stokes)
Gordon Lee Alexander

Great-grandchildren:

Anna Elizabeth Baxter
Virginia Marie Baxter
Billie Doris Baxter
Lawrence Edward Baxter
Baxter Alexander
Oris R. Case, Jr.

George Baxter Case
James Edward Case
Norman Grammer
Billie Grammer
Kathryn Stokes
"Sonny" Stokes

*Mrs. Augustus Hill
Garland*

TO WRITE OF a segment of southern Arkansas, timed from early in the 1830's to the past century's end, is to write with emphasis of the Sanders-Garland-Hubbard alliance, families whose united force carried to the height of fame and success. It was a force that helped to shape and, in a very grave day, to reshape the destiny of the State and bringing, later, a wealth of national rewards not only to the public served but to the enlarging group of whom one, in particular, gained them.

A trinity also of communities, Spring Hill, Columbus, Washington, in Hempstead County, were focal points of action for the linked names marked for historical listing.

Like numerous other early Arkansas families, Virginian influences lineally outline two of these three. Of Old Dominion ancestry were Mr. and Mrs. Simon T. Sanders, and Augustus Hill Garland's father, Rufus Garland. His mother was born in North Carolina, Franklin County.

Earliest claim to biographical attention of the name here paramount is inscribed in a time-stained ledger-book, preserved at Columbus. An entry made by Simon T. Sanders in June, 1835, charged to his personal account the cost of a bottle of infantile remedy. On March 28 previously, a baby had been ushered into the Sanders home, christened Sarah Virginia. So, for the first time naively is seen the character, while cradled, upon whom in time the sunlight of eminence would beat down, clear and warm.

A tall man of dignity, garbed in long, black cloth coat, wear-

ing the gentleman's headgear of his day—a "stovepipe" hat—a man surprisingly vigorous and tenacious even when nearing the old age line; protracted office holder whose only inducement ever for vote-getting was the proffer of a "chew" of Virginia tobacco; a man greatly beloved in the county which has ancestral place among Arkansas counties, is the revealed picture of Captain Simon T. Sanders whose daughter of early medicinal note was to pass happily to adulthood, progressively from one associate honor to another, and finally to utmost place in the eleventh State administration. Simon T. Sanders was distinguished as secretary of the last territorial legislature. The town of Washington has a special interest in his career.

A personal key to a set of conditions bearing closely on Mrs. Augustus Hill Garland's idyllic girlhood is contained in quoted data below. In it is the value of interest and fortuitous application to her review.

Mr. Robert Crittenden Stuart, lifelong resident of Columbus, who himself though only lightly touched the era and people considered, recites from a fund of personal incidents told to him by his mother, a contemporary of the robustly allied Garland families, and a first cousin of Virginia Sanders Garland. With a sprightly touch of reality, kaleidoscopic bright glints are reproduced from Mr. Stuart's comment:

"There were four Meredith girls in Madison County, Virginia, and they married as follows: Salome married Albert L. Simms, a teacher of young men. He lived at Culpeper, Virginia. Zenobia married Simon T. Sanders. Isabelle, married James H. Walker, a West Pointer of New York and a Doctor of Medicine. Sarah, married Ephraim Myrick, a New Englander."

Now to get them to Arkansas!

The records of the United States Government show that Simon T. Sanders in 1834 was postmaster at Columbus, and was also a bookkeeper for Myrick and Moss, two early traders at this point. In 1836 he had moved to Washington, Arkansas,

and soon after was elected County and Circuit Clerk, and served Hempstead County for thirty years.

In 1851 Captain Sanders decided that his two daughters, Virginia and Zenobia, aged about sixteen and fourteen, should see some of the outside world. They took the stage coach at Washington, heading for the East. They went first to his old Virginia home visiting Mrs. Sanders' sister, Mrs. Salome Meredith Simms. He persuaded her to let her daughter Zenobia go East with his daughters. On returning to Culpeper, Virginia, after touring the prominent towns of the East, he asked that Zenobia Simms go on to Arkansas with him and his daughters. The request being granted, they arrived at Washington, Arkansas, in December, 1851."

Dr. James H. Walker, whose wife, Isabelle Meredith, died young, also had moved from Virginia with his six children, to Columbus, Arkansas, in 1830. (Isabelle Meredith Walker had been the mother of three children, Isabelle, Caroline, and James H. Jr. There were two sons and a daughter by a former marriage of Dr. Walker's.)

The original Meredith sisters all eventually had representation in Arkansas, Mrs. Walker having been the only one of the four not to reach the State.

The return of Mr. Sanders, his daughters and niece paved the way for an early impressive show of romance, according to the local historian, as continuing the story in personal retrospect: "The next day after arrival home, the young ladies started for Dr. Walker's home at Columbus, nine miles from Washington.

"Now the round of pleasures began, a troop of first cousins approximately the same age, visiting together in the Walker home—so it was fox hunting, horseback riding, and dancing.

"By February, 1852, a double wedding was on for Zenobia Simms and Robert Donnell Walker (Dr. Walker's son by his first wife), and Isabelle Walker to Rufus K. Garland, a brother of A. H. Garland, with the Sanders girls as attendants."

Delightedly imagination can filter into the exciting atmos-

phere of an early-day house party glowing with romance that would add, in benefits, to State history.

But what, matrimonially, of Virginia Sanders, member of the carefree coterie, whose niche in history already was in preparation? Not either unheard by her was the compelling call of sentiment, for into her life the next year walked Augustus Hill Garland whose extreme youth, aged rumor whispers, made necessary the legal consent of his mother to the marriage.

At this point in gubernatorial flashes, she, Barbara Garland Hubbard, is directly deserving of introduction.

Intimate revelations reflect her as a forward looking woman, fascination and capability being qualities she possessed in an unusual degree. A graduate of a Tennessee Female Seminary, at Lebanon, she indeed stands in a colorful light, when later in Arkansas residence, to have been solicited, as family inklings give, to enter a contest for State governor—in her mid-nineteenth century day, when the democratic doctrine of political equality had not loosed its man-made restrictions, and a woman might improve herself usefully only in the domestic realm, the “place God had set her.”

It is noted that beyond attending well her household affairs, Mrs. Hubbard's intellectual force carried her out of her way “into such things as are proper for men whose minds are stronger,” quoting a Puritan rebuke over seventeenth-century similarities. Mrs. Hubbard is central in any investigation of her influential family, two sons becoming figures of progressive and great import. Born Barbara Hill, in the year 1811, as a young matron she came to Arkansas. In Tennessee, State to which she went in childhood with her parents, she and Rufus Garland were married in 1827, at Lexington. The benefits of inherited culture were hers and, enabled by parental prosperity, educationally she ran the gamut of the era's advantages for women.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Garland, after marriage having located in Tipton County, Tennessee, the year before their departure for Arkansas to them there was born, in 1832, the son Au-

gustus, destined to bring much triumph to the name. The husband and father, Rufus Garland, of excellent family, has a brief place in Arkansas history. He died not long after coming to Arkansas, leaving three sons, John, Rufus, Augustus, and a daughter Elizabeth, settled with their mother in Lafayette County (now Miller), at a village location since bearing the name Garland. Later Mrs. Garland established a new home, thirty miles distant from the Red River farm, bringing the family to a higher altitude, the settlement location known thereafter as Spring Hill. Sometime afterward, Rufus Garland's widow married Major Thomas Hubbard, of Arkansas arrival from Connecticut in 1831; he became a lawyer of prominence at Washington, and had a helpful part in the upbringing of the Garland children. Elizabeth Garland in time married Robert T. Cook. Their descendants have enlarged Arkansas' professional, business and musical borders. John Garland died in his early youth. Major Hubbard's public success, of germane note here, commanded the attention of the State to the point of himself once receiving the nomination for governor, his proffered honor written on the Whig political slate.

In the varied manifestations of existence incident to those peopling the wilderness, as Arkansas in the 1830's could be so described, there is evidence that Barbara Hill-Garland-Hubbard gave freely of cultural production to their chosen corner. Considered simply as a wife and mother, her work in the task of homemaking leaves her name sturdily bolstered.

In her children's youth their ambition was no less stanch than hers, and never permitting herself to neglect the means of making their worldly success sure, it was a wistful march of fate that placed her, after her distinguished daughter-in-law's death, at the head of her son's household in Washington during his United States senatorial service and at the time when he won for Arkansas an unprecedented honor which has not been duplicated, a presidential cabinet post.

She died in 1893. Wrote Josiah Shinn, Arkansas historian: "This magnificent woman, the mother of a most magnificent man, sleeping in one of the leading cemeteries of the world,

awaits that trumpet which shall unite her to the son she loved." By a descendant, revering her memory, is she styled "a veritable old Roman."

It is in Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington, D. C., where Mrs. Thomas Hubbard's interment was made.

Picking up the sketch's original thread, the permission sought in 1853 being granted by this forthright mother, the wedding of "Gus" Garland and "Jenny" Sanders took place at the girl-bride's home in Washington, Arkansas, that year.

A scrapbook owned by Miss Rosa Wallace of Washington lends revealing notes on south Arkansas' early social status and, among people of great influence in the village, on the chiefly-noted factor of this sketch. Quoting from a pasted article: "The society of old Washington was possibly the most cultivated of the day, and Captain Sanders' daughter was one of its leaders."

Already to young Garland's credit was a record of scholastic accomplishment and of a legal start. At seventeen years of age he had been graduated with honors from college, having been a student at St. Joseph's and Bardstown Academy, Kentucky. In association with his equally brilliant brother, Rufus King Garland, there was not a time in youth when they were not intellectually directed. Augustus Garland after graduation taught school for a year in Sevier County, and filled the office of deputy clerk (under his prospective father-in-law) in Hempstead County. Studying law in local offices, among them his step-father's, the same year he was married, his license to practice law was granted, and wedded life begun at Washington.

Maybe the youthful twain dreamed of the paths in the world they would walk!

These noted Arkansans bear fullest light in a survey of their lives that were built on a cornerstone of mutual devotion; unitedly they knew the turmoil of war and chaotic days of hard-won peace; of tremendous political responsibilities and their richly resultant honors.

An oil painting of Mr. and Mrs. Garland hanging in the History Commission offices at the State Capitol and painted,

it is believed, about 1856, gives proof of their strength of faith and purpose. It is not the surface of canvas to be seen only, but "a profound inner content and implication" in likenesses of vigorous personalities, ready to fulfill high place in the universe.

In three years after their marriage the Garlands made a move, not uncommon then as now among political and professional aspirants, to the State capital.

It cannot be estimated how far the fortune of that move shortened the struggle period of his career. It is not without reason to assume that the change accomplished was the result designed when the final account of their rapid progress is reviewed.

A house bought from Major John D. Adams, son of the former acting-governor, Samuel Adams, became the first home of the Garland family in Little Rock. Situated on East Markham, it stood between Sherman and Ferry streets, enabling a view of the Arkansas River.

Best remembered in domestic connection is the large, two-storied, veranda-fringed residence built by Mr. and Mrs. Garland at 14th and Scott streets. Through this channel of home environment flowed and has flowed on such a stream of public and private human affairs there is a romance that attaches to the very house itself.

Conjure, for instance, a picture more gripping than that of Mrs. Garland, her husband having returned home one evening with the news of Governor Baxter's ouster from office, with lamp in hand, opening the door at midnight to a delegation of men bringing the momentous word to the family head, a Baxter adviser, that Little Rock was on the brink of internal war. Swiftly the storm struck, the bellicose Brooks-Baxter affair when lo, one governor and then another gained the ascendancy! Certainly as the wife of a man remarkable in forty years of more or less critical history, Mrs. Garland's inevitably would have been a part in his vast experience "vital with courage and vibrant with inspiration."

Virginia Sanders Garland, described from a childish recollection or inherited opinion by a relative, Mrs. T. O. Owen, was a "somewhat frail and retiring woman, but very pretty."

A strong sense of domesticity has followed her in tradition, yet giving every evidence of pleasure and sympathy in her husband's substantial promotions.

He became a great lawyer.

It was in war days that his first official outlines were drawn, steadily enlarging as public approval placed his feet on the political escalator which carried him upward to illuminating objectives. His name draws attention from his service as a delegate to the Confederate Congress held at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1861, where also served Rufus K. Garland, his famous brother. Originally opposed to disunity of the nation, when the cleavage came Augustus Garland walked in the loyal paths of the South. In "A Life of Mr. Garland" by Farrar Newberry is shown the way in which Garland statesmanship and fellowship stimulated emergency conditions in the swiftly changing pattern of sectional events. Both brothers had part in army conflict. Quoting pertinent bits from Mr. Newberry's studious and thorough biography of A. H. Garland: "Mr. Garland was a man of very strong family relations, and the center of all his thoughts was the domestic hearthstone. . . . He was called from service in the Army to hold a seat in the lower House of the Confederate Congress. . . . When the Confederate Capital was moved from Montgomery to Richmond, Va., Garland carried his family with him to that place."

Hominy Hill long has been a familiar site associated with the Garland family. In a form yet exists the rural place which with its twelve thousand acres, a few miles southwest of Little Rock, was bought in 1870 by A. H. Garland. In that then remote farming section, he delighted to spend part of his time, overseeing the great farm's cultivation, reading, entertaining his friends, finding perhaps a psychical relief from the tempestuous days already spent—with yet more ahead—in devoted company with a forthcoming first lady. Mrs. Garland was a

true representative of what is termed old-southern aristocracy, all her history avouches.

Governor Garland's was the first administration subject to an elective two-year term as promulgated by the State Constitution of 1874. He served from that year until January, 1877, the time of his election to the United States Senate. The Garland gubernatorial sojourn was memorable.

The process of reconstruction gave also dramatic emphasis to Mrs. Garland's part of feminine leadership. There is warrant enough for belief it was a high triumph in tactfulness, as in an exciting, tense atmosphere she carried on to an extent wholly admirable her role as a governor's wife. The hand of political preferment gestured her way to Washington next, to assume a wider social station in partnership with a now national character. She was in sight of enormous public social attention, easily ready to claim the honor due a renowned man's wife.

Not all the way in his career was she to go. When Christmas was at hand in 1877, Senator Garland returned from Washington to spend the holidays at home. He had experienced even greater homage than before and doubtless as the center of news interest, as well as of great affection, it was a homecoming of mutual anticipation.

The "State Gazette" of December 31 that year, gave publication as follows: "Died on Christmas Eve at 10:40 P.M. at her home in Little Rock, Sarah Virginia Garland, wife of Senator A. H. Garland and daughter of Simon T. Sanders and the late Zenobia Sanders, being survived by her aged father, her husband, and five children." The records of the Garland family disclose that eight children had been born, four dying in infancy.

Not long following his wife's death the Garland trusts and honors drew up about the White House for their public climax, when President Cleveland, in his first administration, invited Senator Garland to a place in his Cabinet, extending him the portfolio of attorney general.

A warmth of remembrance which has never been discarded by a visitor to the Garland distinguished Cabinet quarters, and lends tribute of another kind than of intellectuality alone, is the picture there gained of the remarkable man's high spiritual concepts. A Bible in prominent place on the dignitary's office table confirmed his oft-given word that daily it was a source of frequent reference for him, and of solid satisfaction.

A significant notation of this dominant figure's history worth the retelling is the deep devotion borne throughout life for the memory of his father. Regularly visiting Rufus Garland's grave near the original farm home, there came a day of crucial sadness to the loyal son when an overflow of southern Arkansas waters had obliterated the burying ground.

Though Mrs. Garland died while her husband was in the meridian of life, he never remarried, cherishing her memory in such a degree he banned thereafter any and all formal entertainment proffered him.

In 1878 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crittenden Stuart, the parents of Mr. Stuart earlier mentioned, had bought the old Walker home at Columbus, a large house which has become, in changes through which it has passed, faithfully colonial in appearance. Senator Garland in company with Dr. John A. Broaddus was visiting some time in 1884 Mr. and Mrs. Stuart. Walking one evening in the historic yard with Mrs. Stuart and her young son, the man then who was in the prime of official service, leader of honor and prestige, reached from the height of his professional and political acquirements to the golden hours of his youth. Addressing young Stuart, contributor to this article, Senator Garland said: "Boy, this yard is holy. My wife sat under this tree and talked to me. She gave me a rose from this bush, and by that right hand column of the front porch she sat when she promised to marry me. It will some day be yours. Never do a thing to mar it."

The former governor, United States senator, Cabinet member, whose memory stays as a wise chapter in Arkansas history, his political picture finished, established himself in the late

1880's at Washington, D. C., to return actively to the profession he had begun as a mere youth and when marriage bells were about to ring.

There on January 26, 1899, his death occurred suddenly. Release from the deep current of life came to silence an argument being made by him, of long and honorable public association, before the United States Supreme Court.

His remains were brought to Little Rock. A monument erected in popular pride by people of the State to the great man stands over his and Mrs. Garland's graves in Mount Holly Cemetery. Daisy Garland, a daughter, is buried nearby.

The first four children, it is believed, were the ones Mr. and Mrs. Garland lost in infancy. There were four others that survived to adulthood: Sanders (Shannie), Rufus Cummins, Daisy, William Allen.

Sanders Garland married twice, (1) Annie N. Hening of Washington, D. C. (2) Sarah J. Mack of Newark, New Jersey, by each wife having a son. They were: Augustus and Walter Raleigh Garland. That branch made its home in the eastern part of the United States, believed to be at Washington, D. C. Sanders Garland died many years ago.

Rufus Cummins Garland married Miss Henri Hobson. She was the daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. Hobson; Captain Hobson was from Campbell County, Virginia, and Mrs. Hobson was from Danville, Pittsylvania County, Virginia.

Daisy Garland survived her mother and died unmarried, at Washington, D. C., 1893.

William Allen Garland married Miss Cora McPherson of Benton, Arkansas. He died in Little Rock several years ago. He left surviving him his wife and one son whose name also was Rufus. The latter died a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Cummins Garland had two children, Rufus Cummins Garland, Jr., and Jane Garland. The former, a lawyer of Las Cruces, New Mexico, married Virginia Hawthorne, of Waldron, Arkansas. They have two children, Virginia and Augustus H.

Jane (Garland) Isaacks lives in Washington, D. C. She has three children.

Rufus Cummins Garland, second son of Honorable and Mrs. A. H. Garland, died in March, 1900, at Wort Worth, Texas, and is buried at Denison, Texas. His widow resides in Washington, D. C.

To their son, Honorable Rufus Cummins Garland, the sketch compiler is indebted for much personal data relative to his honored grandparents.

Mrs. William Read Miller

A PROVISION FOR Mrs. Miller's befitting role as the wife of a man long successively in official prominence took its origin in a lengthy category of ancestral personages. Investigative attention gives disclosure that greater weight than hers of genealogical soundness is unsupported in Arkansas annals.

She was born Susan Elizabeth Bevens, June 20, 1829, taking her natal place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bevens, at Morganton, North Carolina. Her father, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, was descended from English blood, some of his forebears being among South Carolina's earliest population of that nationality. Catherine Elizabeth McGuire was her mother's maiden name. She was of Scotch-Irish descent in the direct line from William Sharpe, member of the Continental Congress, and from David Reese whose name among signers of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence linked Mrs. Miller's maternal blood stream with the issue classed in history "one of the most memorable events in the annals of the United States." North Carolina was the mother's birth State.

At Morganton and at Greenville, South Carolina, Susan Elizabeth Bevens' early childhood was spent, her father having engaged in the mercantile business at the latter place, turning for a time from the law profession for which he had prepared.

In 1838 the Bevens family moved to southern Texas. It was not yet a State. Not the Stars and Stripes but a Lone Star, the symbol of a republic, flew proudly on vast plains and deep tropical forests when this biography's subject with her family

journeyed along southwestern trails, touching near the Gulf of Mexico. The spark of the Texas revolution had only two years before leaped into a flame of convenient spread as to sever the vise-like yoke of Mexico and from the conflagration's warm ashes to set in immortal motion names and acts.

In the new home reached by the Bevens family they heard endless recital of the honor roll of heroes, Houston, Fannin, Lamar, Bowie, Austin, Crockett and many, many more, enduringly to be known.

No matter the promise held out by the wide open spaces being rapidly filled as colonization's ideas and ideals took form, the family did not locate permanently in that republic. William C. Bevens engaged in more than one livelihood endeavor, among them school teaching; continuing concurrently the study of law, in 1843 he was admitted to the bar at Houston, Texas. Remaining through the stirring activities that in 1845 eventuated in Texas statehood, to a special niche in Arkansas the Bevens family were drawn a little later. Seeking quieter, and higher climatic conditions they found a desirable home realm at Batesville in 1846. Significant events centered for many decades around the Carolinians settling in the north-eastern corner of this State.

In the same surroundings that emphasized the Bevens' name resided the family of John Miller who even earlier had gained a substantial footing in the section. His had been among the first families to locate in the neighborhood. Going ahead particularly was a son, William Read Miller, a bearer while young of local trusts and responsibilities that were opening roles toward later great public success.

Susan Elizabeth Bevens was educated to a classical degree, largely under the supervision of her scholarly father.

Her sketch, among official feminine associates, comes about from the fact of her marriage, at twenty years of age, to "Billy" Read Miller, twenty-six—a marriage that proved to be one of the most happy and bright of gubernatorial history. Its date was January 27, 1849, occurring at Batesville, where Mr. and Mrs. Miller established and maintained a home many years.

Early in State history, as until now, Batesville had its full quota of educational givers and seekers, nursing from the outset the germ of learning that would be transmitted to an extensive scholastic sphere and which fired the ambition and gained the support of such pioneer intellectual builders as Mr. and Mrs. William Read Miller.

Intimately connected with the rise and progress of the State as her husband's increasing influence led to higher brackets of public service, the careers of both meet the test of review, Mrs. Miller's as the inspiring influence of a devotedly loyal wife and mother that carried as a symbol and standard of emulation into the full extent of her life.

She had familiarity with public life over an uncommonly long period, her husband holding the State auditorship numerous terms before his election as governor, and again taking over the post following his retirement as chief executive. His first auditorial appointment, in 1854, was made by Governor Elias Conway.

Mrs. Miller was in a position to know fully, too, the unexpected and urgent needs that war might engender to plague a State's people and offices. Unable to continue with assured safety at Little Rock, the remarkable matter of a State Capitol in hegira laid upon William R. Miller the work of transporting the records that characterized the State auditor's office to Chalybeate Springs and to Hot Springs, during the 1861-1865 period of warfare, the latter town gaining for a short time a claim to State capitalship.

To Mrs. Miller, with an infant and an older child, the war, as with many other families, was not without its incident of refugeeing. That would seem to be enough for a young mother, the sundering of home ties. But she was greeted on her return to Little Rock at the war's expiration with the dreadful fact that her home had been seized and sold, the grounds allotted to market booths; her beloved domestic premises in the hands of hucksters. This family home had occupied a block of ground on Scott Street between Fourth and Fifth streets. Eventually the property was regained.

William Read Miller, first native governor, the second inducted into office after the downfall of Reconstruction, was inaugurated as Arkansas' twelfth ruler on January 11, 1877.

From a background of cultivation and wide experience emerged a first lady well suited in matters of public and private taste.

A son's estimate devotedly set forth several years ago, clearly and readily presents a recast of the personality under view: "Her mind was stored with learning rather in advance of the average pioneer woman of her time, and her intellectual powers were roundly developed. It was her ambition to exercise for good and to train for higher usefulness every gift and talent that had been bestowed upon her, and thus she was fitted to adorn the highest station and to extend her gentle sway over the hearts of all with whom she was associated. She did not aspire to leadership; her noble qualities of head and heart marked her as one whom it would be safe to follow, and thus she led. Her life was the active home life of the old-fashioned Southern woman and with rare discretion and gentle firmness she managed the affairs of her household."

Of her spiritual side, continues the account of the one whose relationship enabled him to appraise in terms of concrete, perceptive facts: "She was a devoted Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was a zealous worker in the various enterprises of the Church, especially in the Sunday School. She was a close student of the Bible, and had the gift of teaching and she was the instrument in God's hands of winning many lives for her Lord and Master. She strove to obey Him in all things, great and small. In every relation of life she sought to fulfill her duty, not as in duty bound but as constrained by love, and so she excelled as wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend."

The home later occupied in the capital city was located at Third and Arch streets, southwest corner. This was the governor's mansion from 1877 to 1881, the scene where properly trained and equipped Mrs. Miller made her journey along fate's distinguished way.

Governors' families probably are concerned for the most part with the administrative record, but not often has an administration been without its contributing social side. Governor and Mrs. Miller seem to have known how to deal successfully with both phases; their departure for Batesville at the end of his second term was invested with great personal popularity which arose in the course of formative, varied contacts incident to official life.

Returning to their first home, they were of the persuasion to reestablish residence amid old scenes, when within five years he was again elected State auditor. He could not probably persuade his own heart to allow private existence to triumph over an experienced sphere of action the whole emphasis of which was in his State services. Behind him lay wartime and peacetime chapters of history when death came to Governor Miller in 1887.

There is full record of intelligent, constructive and sympathetic action on Governor Miller's part toward those chapters. It was in the range of his experience to be the second chief executive after the hazards of reconstruction were tempered by the return of State democracy. The fields of legislation in which Governor Miller labored while the State was under his guidance were numerous and distant-reaching. The whole of Arkansas appeared in the picture of his sponsored program of bolstering progressive movements. After all who so well knows a man as his children? Of him wrote a son: "He was a man of pure character, lofty patriotism, and conspicuous ability."

Governor Miller is buried in Mount Holly Cemetery, Little Rock.

The Miller Batesville spacious home is now in ownership of Mr. and Mrs. Mack H. Long, of Little Rock.

Next in Mrs. Miller's horizon of residence came Richmond, Virginia, where she joined her married children and many of her years in widowhood were spent. Although advanced in age at the time of removal, a large circle of friendship was drawn as her interests and abilities were extended there.

Stimulation to its religious and cultural life was given in the same way as in the State and communities where she had lived most of her life.

At the request of her children, Mrs. Miller late in life wrote a story of its eventfulness, an informative chronicle which had its climax in the end of the war that provided rude experiences to many a gentle soul as herself.

Family references present her in declining years as taking a lively interest in world affairs, with a basic concern and sympathy with "her children, friends and neighbors in their plans and pursuits."

The first lady who ably shared the first native-born chief ruler's office, and with a true sense of its obligations, died at Richmond, August 10, 1905, and had interment there.

"Gentle-Gifted-Good," epitomized a son when he undertook a prose tribute to one whose existence was regarded by herself as a sacred trust.

Governor and Mrs. Miller were the parents of seven children, four of whom, Louisa, Effie, William Read, and Hugh, lived to maturity.

Louisa married William J. Joblin. She died in 1924 in Richmond, Virginia. They had one son, Miller Joblin, who married Rilla Dickinson of Batesville, Arkansas. They have one daughter, Patsy Joblin, a student in college at Richmond, Virginia, where her mother has lived since the death of Miller Joblin in Constantinople in 1923.

Effie married John Edwin Williams and lived in Little Rock. She died in June, 1900. They had two sons, Edwin Marshall and Lawrence Miller Williams. Edwin married Kathleen Bruffy of Richmond, Virginia, and had one son, John Edwin, and one daughter, Alice Lewis, both students at college in New York City. Lawrence married Dorothy Funston and lives in Chicago, with three children, Lawrence, Betty and Donald.

William Read married Effie Kennedy in Batesville, Arkansas, on April 17, 1889. They had one son, Leland L. and lived

in Richmond, Virginia. Leland married Emma Bouknight of Edgefield County, South Carolina, and they have one son, William Read Miller, III, and live in Richmond, Virginia. William Read Miller, II, died in Richmond, Virginia, on October 29, 1936.

Hugh Miller married Christie Poppenheim of Charleston, South Carolina, and had three children, Mary, Christopher, and Hugh Miller, Jr. Mary married a physician, Manfred Call, III, and they have three children, Martha Christie, Mary Miller, and Manfred Call, IV. Christopher married Rhoda Baynard of Charleston, South Carolina, and lives in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Hugh Miller, Jr., is unmarried and lives in Richmond, Virginia, at the home of his father. Mary also lives in Richmond.

*Mrs. Thomas James
Churchill*

IN TAKING UP Mrs. Churchill's rich story, a first lady of exceptional background comes to view. Illuminated from various lineal angles, it stands out in a heritage of historic memories bequeathed to Arkansas as an enlivening personal narrative whose original enthusiasm and charm have kept high afloat the wave of time.

Her established ancestry bridges many eras, geographically reaching from the shores of southwestern Europe. Echoes of King Henry of Navarre penetrated the ranges of embryonic Arkansas in ancient lineage of the French-Huguenot expatriates from whom she was descended. Forebears had hopefully fled to this country in the eighteenth century in escape from persecution in their own land. In its native days her family bore the patronymic of "Xavier." Somewhere along its progressive way the original name was Anglicized and it is as the picturesque "Sevier" family that it became prominent in this country.

Bearing immediately on this sketch, and of first consideration, is Ambrose Hundley Sevier, Mrs. Thomas James Churchill's father. A native of Tennessee of which state his great-uncle, John Sevier, had been governor, he chose as his field of ambitious adventure the developing land to the west, facing as a youth trials and doubtful consequences in territorial Arkansas. His instant and enduring popularity is indicated in important passages of State history. Accentuated by vivid action and made memorable by his resourceful contributions, he

wrote his name clear on the formulas of local and national thought. Representing Arkansas Territory in Congress, Ambrose H. Sevier introduced in the lower house the measure that culminated in Arkansas statehood. A conspicuous honor was his appointment by President Polk to participate in the program of treaty-making toward peace at the end of the United States war with Mexico. This he did with distinction. He was once offered the ambassadorship to France. He declined. His wife having but previously died, a sense of double responsibility toward their three children—one a first lady in the making—impelled his refusal of the presidential invitation to high diplomatic service.

In Little Rock, Ambrose H. Sevier and Juliette Johnson were married in 1827. The bridegroom was twenty-six, the bride but fifteen. Her father, Judge Benjamin Johnson, was the first federal judge of Arkansas Territory, continuing in service until his death, a period of thirty years. His brother, Richard M. Johnson, was Vice-President of the United States at the time of Martin Van Buren's presidency.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sevier a daughter was born March 12, 1830. Anne Maria Sevier opened her infant eyes in a home of culture and prosperity. From the beginning her future was bright in promise. She passed young girlhood in Little Rock, obtaining elementary schooling there. The realization in her childhood of her father's successful efforts to gain for Arkansas a status of independence was a life long reminiscence, particularly in her recollection of the homemade tallow candles set in "turnip" holders which, the first night after the news of State attainment was received, were placed in scattered window sills all over the village of Little Rock, and at the ringing of a bell they were lighted, in glowing celebration! In an hour the bell rang again and all candles were put out.

At the age of twelve Anne was sent to Georgetown, District of Columbia, to enter Miss English's School for Girls. The journey was made by stage coach, boat and primitive railroad. She remained away from Little Rock six years. During the long interval she had, however, opportunities frequently of seeing

her parents in nearby Washington, as Senator Sevier at the time was serving in the upper house of Congress.

Qualities that were to stand forth admiringly in public notice later seem to have been demonstrated that early. Inherited impressions disclosed by a daughter introduce her as of "a brilliant mind, most studious, excelling in her classes, achieving distinction in Literature, French, History, Art, and Science." Scholastic discipline of the strictest order was maintained, typical of the pioneering schools for girls.

Happily strung together with the ponderous educational atmosphere, though, were uncommonly lively opportunities provided from another source for the little boarding school student of the 1840's.

A strong friendship existed between Senator Sevier and President Polk, and as a result twice a month for some time a White House carry-all would be sent to the school to convey Anne and her chosen girl companions to the executive mansion, and the historic halls given over to juvenile entertainment. To Anne each time was extended the delectable courtesy of choosing a dessert, which, it has come down in family history, invariably was ice cream!

It was at the senatorial support of Honorable James Buchanan that the measure was introduced in the United States Senate, providing statehood for Arkansas. Striking a glamorous note is long ago gossip's word that Senator Buchanan's affectionate regard for the child, Anne Sevier, later on grew into a sentimental attachment. By way of a sidelight of credence, after her marriage, on the personal appeal of the matron for President Buchanan's influence in behalf of her husband's application for the postmastership at Little Rock, General Churchill, among several applicants, received the coveted place.

Her transition to young womanhood in the years at Georgetown swept cultivated Anne Maria Sevier into a central place of official Washington's society. Among her intimate friends were Dolly Madison and the second Mrs. Jefferson Davis. To the latter's piano playing Anne's joined with other "highborn"

feet in dancing polkas, minuets, waltzes, formal quadrilles of the day.

Visiting in Louisville, Kentucky, she made her debut at a ball there and met Lieutenant Thomas J. Churchill, a Kentuckian and young army officer, just returned from the Mexican War. Romance blossomed very quickly. In a short time young Churchill wooed and won the visiting Southern belle. A few weeks later she was summoned to the bedside of her father in Little Rock. The young lieutenant accompanied his fiancée home. The slow means of travel of almost a century ago deprived her of a final meeting with her famous father. Senator Sevier had passed away before her arrival. His death occurred the last day of December, 1848.

Six months later in the stately Johnson home, the couple of a rich young past and a brilliant future took the vows of matrimony.

At this point reference is not untimely to the imposing residence where the marriage occurred, of mention in the Crittenden sketch. Judge Benjamin Johnson about 1833 had bought the estate from Governor Crittenden, enlarging and embellishing the best known early Little Rock domicile. With occupation by the Johnson family, concentration for the second time turned on the tremendously vital domestic enclosure. Brick and finished lumber were dispatched from Kentucky as renewal and expansion of the house proceeded. In the manner of that day's fine building and as had prevailed in the original constructiveness, no nails were used, planking and timbers, hand-hewn, were held together by hand-fashioned pins or pegs.

There were flower and vegetable gardens, an orchard, an avenue of cedars leading from the front gate (near where the Albert Pike Hotel and Second Baptist Church now stand) to the mansion's colonial front door. Hands of family history open the premises as a field of floriculture, a fusion of crepe myrtle, Moses-in-the-burning-bush, flowering almond, althea, eglantine, cabbage rose!

Broad hospitality brought as guests under the famous Johnson roof many an early day name. Sandy Faulkner—of Arkan-

sas Traveler identification—was a welcome visitor often, lavishly “paying for his supper” with his entertaining fiddle playing and song.

The first domestic piping for gas illumination in Little Rock was in the Johnson house. Among family anecdotal tidbits is an incident of an elderly visitor's first view of the revolutionary means of lighting, about 1859. Amazingly, at sight of the gas-lit rooms, she wondered how possibly could be made wicks long enough to extend from the street to the ceilings!

The bride and groom of July 31, 1849, departing from the historically distinguished marriage altar, began a two days' carriage journey on a trip to Hot Springs, with a night's stop at Malvern. The selected honeymoon spot was primitive and undeveloped, as yet, the hot springs running uncovered down the mountain side.

Land located on the Arkansas River, seven miles from Little Rock, that was acquired by Spanish grant—and has remained over a century a family possession—became the first home of the young Churchills, of which plantation he was the manager. At “Blenheim” they remained until his appointment in 1857 as Little Rock postmaster. Following four years' service—and soon after their return to the rural home—at Arkansas' secession the former lieutenant of Mexican war fame answered the call to arms, sweeping into Southern soldiery.

He became colonel of the first regiment of Arkansas mounted riflemen which had been raised by his efforts. Mrs. Churchill abandoned the plantation home, bringing her china, silver, household linens, and portraits to her former home at Little Rock, and then began for her a life of tremendous military import.

Her husband's army record has been memorialized; in Little Rock a chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy bears his name. Of her life during his notable army career that engaged him in many highly important encounters and in the course of which he was subjected to Federal imprisonment, Mrs. Churchill is shown, in family chronicles, a courageous wife following the fortunes of war. She traveled in a hunting wagon when

possible, joining her husband at times in winter quarters. She, with other visiting officers' wives, was an eyewitness to the battle of Arkansas Post. Hastily placed on a boat on arrival of the hostile Vicksburg fleet, cannon of the enemy, directed at the women-laden vessel, missed the probable slaughter of a first-lady-to-be only by the boat's conquering speed.

A military career fraught with adventure and climaxed in his attainment of a major generalship created no prouder one among General and Mrs. Churchill's large store of enlivening memories than his service as a pallbearer at the funeral of General Stonewall Jackson.

In 1865, their home destroyed by fire, the plantation confiscated, with heroism of another kind when the war was over, the Churchill family turned to the task of restoration. The success of its performance is summed up, historically, in the bearer years later of the Arkansas governorship, and in the wife magnificently at his side. General Churchill took the governor's oath January 13, 1881. Little Rock had about 13,000 residents.

It was a grim coincidence that a residence used as a hospital during the hostilities of 1861-1865 became the family abode when state leadership was conferred on Thomas J. Churchill. It was located at the corner of Sixth and Arch streets, a large house of colonial pattern; its description bears repeating as the memory of a Churchill daughter gives: "There were colonial front and side porches. On the first floor were parlor, library, large dining room. The second floor had three large bedrooms, opening into a wide hall which, extending the entire length of the house, had a spiral staircase at one end. It was heated by fireplaces. The kitchen was at some distance from the house. The grounds comprised half a block, with magnolia, oaks and persimmon trees. Cedars in a mound were covered with blue flowering periwinkle vines. There were a pomegranate bush, golden yellow buttercups, gleaming snowdrops."

The proverbial carriage house and stable stood to the rear. The house was owned by Dr. Jennings. Quoting further from the filial informant: "Dr. Jennings was descended from Sarah

Jennings (Duchess of Marlborough) and Governor Churchill from the Duke of Marlborough, so the two men addressed each other as Duke and Duchess." Mrs. Churchill was an official chatelaine for two years, the length of her husband's service.

The place was ideally suited to a first lady of cultivated tastes, of beauty and graces—an illustration of a lifetime of gentle living and with a sincere appreciation of her responsibilities in personal and official capacities.

Contemporarily with Governor Churchill and Mrs. Churchill was featured an output of history that makes some of the best historical reading of this time. Sounded in terms of achievement, the Thomas J. Churchill name rings clear if heard in tones of military, civic, or official concentration. He served as state treasurer three terms before his public scale was extended to the magistracy of State. Connected with his administration as governor is the story of a pronounciation. With the idea of showing how "Arkansas" should be called, and that would settle the matter of syllables, a resolution was passed by the twenty-third legislature, and bearing Churchill signature, that armored the State in a serious way against its name's subjection to indiscriminate mis-calling, as Arkan'sas.

Thomas James Churchill was a son of Samuel and Abigail (Oldham) Churchill. As a great nephew of Judith Armistead Carter (great-grandmother of Robert E. Lee) there was a lineal connection between him and Mrs. George Izard, early noted holder of the title of feminine rank. In the close study of Churchill-Sevier history, both families' representatives presented within these pages may be seen to "promenade under well-cultivated ancestral trees."

Gently remembered in 1900's first years is the lovable, dark-eyed, daintily-garbed elderly woman, an usual accessory being a bit of old lace held at her throat with a cameo pin; the effect of the romantic and adventurous experiences that were Mrs. Churchill's to be observed as translations into tolerance, benevolence, toward young and old. Harboring in a strong mind brave memories, there gained for her conversation an

unusual amount of attention. She enjoyed fictional literature. It may have helped her forget dramatic incidents connected with war. Or in imaginative glittering scenes and situations may have been read by her the bright record of her own life. So stands before newer generations an Arkansas heroine, beautiful, poetic, charming, in old age as in the sunrise of youth.

February 20, 1917, Anne Maria Sevier Churchill's eventful life ended, she having lived twelve years after her husband's death. Both are buried in Mount Holly Cemetery.

There were six children born to Governor Churchill and Mrs. Churchill. Mrs. M. M. Hankins, the one contributing to this sketch, bears her honored grandmother's name.

Abbie Churchill

Samuel Churchill

Ambrose Hundley Churchill

Juliette Johnson Churchill (Mrs. M. M. Hankins)

Emily St. Aubert Churchill (Mrs. John Calef)

Mattie Churchill (Mrs. Edward Langhorne)

The family line has been perpetuated in eight grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren.

*Mrs. James Henderson
Berry*

THE STORY OF Mrs. James Henderson Berry adds a sparkling sentimental aspect to its sincere general interest. It is that of a fine, frank, outspoken woman, the personification of self-mastery, whose youthful stout heart nevertheless heeded the call of a romance that had in it the elements of true melodrama.

To the pen of a fictionist belong phases of her life narrative, encircling a joyous ante-bellum girlhood, the ardor of a courtship withstanding formidable opposition, her elopement—in parental defiance—with a war officer dismembered of a limb in battle, and final triumph in long eminent position by right of her husband's attainment of Arkansas' premier political awards.

Belligerency between the states was just over, in the hearts of the Southern people lodged the momentous matter of spiritual readjustment, in their hands the undaunted task of economic revival, when lively, lovely Lizzie Quaile Berry rode away—on horseback—from home and family favor, with her young lame husband. In the eyes of her parents, prospects of future security were not assured for their eldest daughter in wedded life with a man physically handicapped and as yet without monetary accumulation. What happened is a long-familiar story, the willing risk taken under uncondoning eyes by James Henderson Berry and Elizabeth Quaile—wagering all on the peace and safety and confidence of their mutual affection.

The date of her birth was September 29, 1848. She was the first of eight children born to Frederick Quaile and his wife, Frances, who was a member of the famous Quisenberry family, the latter's father being William Minor Quisenberry. In the early annals of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, as well as Arkansas, names of that family are prominent.

A Quisenberry descendant, probing almost uncountable generations, places the family first in Germany, not later, he says, than 1380. The original name was Questenberg, meaning "a crested mountain."

In 1467, Heinrich Questenberg, quoting from the published Kentucky history relative to the name, married an English woman, in his violation of certain allied restrictions bringing anathema upon himself in Germany, whereupon he settled in England. The name was Anglicized as Questenbery, the "t" being finally dropped. It is from Thomas Quesenbery, emigrant to America in 1608 and who married in Virginia when he was only sixteen, that the name, variously spelled, finally reached Arkansas, to be perpetuated in Mrs. James H. Berry's family branch as Quisenberry. The name of note was borne by Arkansas' early-day celebrated cartoonist, "Bill Cush," who was a cousin of Mrs. Berry's.

Frederick Quaile, her father, was a native of France. He was born in 1815, the son of George and Catherine Quaile, the mother dying before her son emigrated as a lad to America in 1824. He located at Louisville, Kentucky, remaining there until 1833, when with the Justin Beneaux family—tobacco merchants—he moved to Crawford County, Arkansas. Removing again in 1841, he established himself permanently at Ozark, Franklin County, where four years later marriage between the successful French emigrant and Frances Quisenberry occurred. He engaged in general merchandising, a business in that era conducive of rich profits. During the states' war his large, affluent establishment was burned. He rebuilt, continuing in business until 1881.

James Henderson Berry in 1862 received an honorable discharge from the Confederate army after the amputation of a

leg, severed at the battle of Corinth, Mississippi. A native of Bellefonte, Jackson County, Alabama, he had moved as a boy with his parents, James M. and Isabella Orr Berry, to Carrollton, in northwest Arkansas, Carroll County. The town of Berryville memorializes in its name the early Berry settlers.

Seeking rehabilitation when his war service irretrievably was interrupted, young Berry located at Ozark, obtaining employment as a school instructor. He found time as well for the study of law, and beyond those given over to studious pursuits manifestly were spare hours that he devoted to the profoundly deep urges of romance, for on October 31, 1865, his marriage to Lizzie Quaile was solemnized, clandestinely, at the home of the bride's sister at Ozark.

With their departure went no articulate paternal blessing. A chasm in the family heart remained unclosed almost twenty years, until the time of Honorable James H. Berry's inauguration as governor, when the incoming first lady's parental family made an affectionate approach to the self-willed couple of two decades earlier.

Following stages of progress in the elopers' experiences, they lived at first in Carroll County, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam W. Peel, the latter a sister of the dauntless bridegroom. Scarcity of room in the small log house occupied by the Peel family necessitated the use of a nearby "well house" as sleeping quarters for the future governor and his bride.

Public responsibilities began within a year when Mr. Berry was elected as a representative from Carroll County in the State legislature.

In a few years, 1869, transferring their residence to Bentonville, Benton County, they established a definite home, where their six children were born. A large white frame house was the Berry domicile, the scene of a closely-knit family's setting. From the beautiful Ozark foothills a road led them past many local elevations to the mountaintop of Arkansas' political of-

A seat in the General Assembly again was won by James H. Berry, he representing Benton and Washington counties,

and during the time advancing in 1874 to the House speakership. He served as circuit judge, 1878-1882.

As the fourteenth governor's wife, Mrs. Berry's reign as such lasted only two years. Their residence in Little Rock was at a "boarding house" located, it is believed, at Louisiana and Fourth or Fifth streets.

Mrs. Berry was of the maternal school that cherishes the privilege of personal care of one's children. Hers were young ones and doubtless, in truth, motherly qualifications took precedence in her interests over the essential demands of public social duties. Yet, generalized, her clear, common understanding would have given those duties due significance and her bright response have created a place of high womanly regard.

Governor Berry's policies as chief executive offered conscientious, industrious, forceful leadership, of which the State approved, and earned for him the soubriquet "Honest Jim."

His election in 1885 to the United States Senate opened a door to a long official stay in the national capital. The same mind "of her own" that she showed when she married her choice, regardless, was Mrs. Berry's distinctive attribute in the center of national life. Artificiality touched no angle of her natural trends. Kindly at all times, yet neither political nor social situation provided sufficient excuse for readjusting her opinions if the change lacked support in the justice of her conscience. Hers were standards that outsoared the hour's expediency.

1885 to 1907 represented a national segment, historic analogies show, outlined in heavy and significant parentheses. Senator and Mrs. Berry appeared in the company for over twenty years of people firmly grounded in high affairs, domestic and foreign, as they themselves came to occupy a major position.

In the wide field of senatorial privilege, firmness, prudence, sagacity, early fixed as they were in the Berry legislative horoscope, gained for the former governor the respectful attention of a national audience.

In Washington the Berry family lived at the Metropolitan Hotel, which place tradition set aside at an early day with Southern emphasis. It became famous for official forces gathering from below the Mason and Dixon line.

Mrs. Berry was of medium height, dressed neatly without pretense of show; long, brown hair drawn severely back from a beaming countenance was arranged uniformly in a flat coil at the crown of her head.

A son's estimate best illuminates, and gives an insight, to Arkansas' native first lady of the period 1883-1885.

"I hardly know," he wrote when solicited for personal data, "what to tell you about mother. To me she was always perfect in every way. She devoted her life to father and the children. She was always happy, and I never knew her to be out of humor, in spite of the fact that she suffered all her life with terrible headaches. When we were children she sometimes threatened to bring the dire weight of a 'peach tree switch' upon us, but it never happened. She spent a great deal of her time trying to help the poor and not once did she fail to feed or clothe anyone who came to her door for help. Her chief characteristics were kindness, serenity, good humor and efficiency."

The problem of a husband on crutches is a point of immense importance in this biography, for in that tender sphere Mrs. Berry maintained supreme solicitude. Her watchfulness over the man for whom she had braved her father's displeasure in youth was a self-imposed mandate uppermost at all times with this energetic, capable wife and mother. Always when possible, she was near at hand—on guard—to forestall a hazard of her beloved "Jim's" handicap.

Of Berry children there were four daughters and two sons. Late in life a grandson and granddaughter, at the death of their mother, Mrs. Nellie Frank Berry Hyatt, came under the protectorate of their influential grandparents, remaining with them until adulthood.

Forty-eight years after the fulfillment of their gallant romance, Lizzie Quaile Berry was denied the companionship of

her husband. The one who had kept her face resolutely to the light through the long, inescapable vicissitudes of political forces, passed away twenty years later at the home of her elder son in Bentonville. She had maintained her own home until two years before her death which occurred January 30, 1933.

To Mrs. James Henderson Berry the wheel of life brought challenge. She met it in the spirit of a warm-hearted Spartan. She is buried by her husband's side in the Bentonville Cemetery, tree-shaded ground that, once seen, is well remembered by passers-by. Of her might well be said in epitaph: A good wife, a good mother, a good citizen. That which was right was the polar star which guided her course.

Children of James H. and Lizzie Q. Berry:

Nellie Frank Berry, married W. H. Hyatt of Monticello, Arkansas (both dead). Two children: Berry Hyatt Norton, Los Angeles, California, and W. H. Hyatt, Jr., Fort Worth, Texas.

Albert Josephine Berry, married E. O. Lefors, of Bentonville, Arkansas. Three children: Alfred Lefors, lives in Florida, Martha Lefors Snyder, of Bentonville, Arkansas, and Berry Lefors South, of Bentonville, Arkansas.

Jennie Blackburn Berry, married Alfred Smartt, of Bentonville. Two children: Berry Smart, a son, lives at Bentonville; Nell Smartt, now dead.

Bessie Berry, died when about 6 years old.

Elliott R. Berry, married Ruth Dickinson of Calhoun County, Arkansas. Two children: Ruth Berry Mulhollan, of Fort Smith, Arkansas; and Mary Berry, of Bentonville.

Fred H. Berry, Bentonville, married Mabel Bryan, of Bentonville, Arkansas. Two children: James H. Berry, of El Paso, Texas, and Joelle Berry of Bentonville.

Great-grandchildren:

Jim Henry Norton; Quail Norton, Billie Norton, Mary Jean
Norton

Nell Ann Hyatt and Beth Hyatt

Jerry Lefors Neil

Alfred Smartt and Emily Smartt

Paige Elliott Mulhollan

Mrs. Simon P. Hughes

THANKS TO A daughter's careful perspective, a personal note threading through this life review sheds definite and delightful rays on the principal feminine figure of the State's fifteenth administration.

An understanding maternal study first is offered in introducing Mrs. Simon P. Hughes—one of the most gentle among assembled biographical subjects. When close family revelations were sought these that follow were gained: "In my most cherished memories of my mother I recall her as a real personage. In her manner there was that rare serenity which a writer has described as the 'last lesson in culture.' Her mind was imaginative and creative and there was also firmness and independence of thought combined with a deep appreciation of the finer things of life.

"Her high ideals and the standards by which she, herself, lived were an influence upon her children even greater than her faithful guidance of them throughout the years. Her literary inclinations embraced a wide field. She was familiar not only with classical literature but was always well informed along more modern trends and upon current events. It pleases me to think that whatever musical inheritance may have been passed on to me is in reality an extension of my mother's musical gift. I remember the lovely old songs she used to sing with verses by Thomas Moore, Burns and other poets, and I feel that I have only deepened its original channel."

To have been the directing light in a large family plus the

related duties which accompany a public outlook and part, and so tenderly and brightly to shine in its reflection long afterwards, is complete tribute in itself.

Ann Blakemore shared the birth year of the State of Arkansas, beginning her existence November 30, 1836. The event of much moment occurred at Clarendon, Arkansas. She was the daughter of Lucinda Maddox Blakemore of Kentucky ancestry, and of George Blakemore, who was a descendant of Major George Blakemore, high ranking officer of the American Revolution.

The temptation is strong in each subject retrospectively surveyed to point—as viewed in relation to linked lives—to what already has been committed to history pages, the full force of effort and accomplishment attached to the husbands of the First Ladies of Arkansas. The rise to power is interesting in each governor's case. Practically all of them have had to fend against early domestic problems of frugality. The results of a vast variety of forces working under different forms of personal and political development submit a testimony of facts important and significant.

Like so many others who assumed the State's highest seat, the essential character of Governor Simon P. Hughes' public promotions was built by a program of youthful struggle. The ultimate winner in the struggle, early is he seen weathering winds of mobility, with opportunity shown working as a shuttle in constant change to weave expedients of education and economic experience. He was a Tennessean by birth, son of Simon P. Hughes and Mary Hubbard Hughes, natives of Virginia. An early move to Arkansas as a farm assistant, a return to Tennessee for continuance of his schooling and a later space of youthful years devoted to farming in Monroe County, Arkansas, mapped the Hughes' brisk course—interrupted, but taking such solid shape that were left no doubts about his eventual assured useful and prominent hold. Seeds of finer scholarship, and, more important, of moral forces, are not to be found than were sowed for him by resolute ancestors.

Profoundly pertaining to this biographical outline was the

marriage in 1856 of Simon P. Hughes and Ann Blakemore, at Clarendon. A marriage license was obtained about the same time Mr. Hughes was declared ready for admission to the bar. A study of law had been pursued by him while he held the office of Sheriff of Monroe County, popularity of the governor-to-be having shown in his election, two years earlier, to that office.

A home was made at Clarendon and in not a great many years after marriage, Mrs. Hughes saw her husband depart for war. She was the mother of four small children by then, Lucinda, Ann, Simon P., Jr., and William B. Hughes. Five more born in later years were Sarah, Robert C., Lillian, George and John. Three of the children died in infancy. John, when eight years of age passed away, shortly after his father was elected governor. Incorporated into the demands that so fully enter public life was the profundity of family bereavement, a blow bravely borne by the first citizens of 1884-1888.

Simon P. Hughes, actively following the Confederate flag, attained in close succession the rank of captain and of lieutenant colonel. The battle of Corinth was one among many in which he took part, crucial field that bid for valiant service of more than one hero destined, as was himself, for the Arkansas governorship. An incident of family record has the combined tender touch of supreme wifely ministration and patriotic aid rendered by Mrs. Hughes at an urgent point during the war.

Colonel Hughes at one time was badly in need of a new uniform. His wife obtained the heavy Confederate-gray material and made the suit for him with her own hands, complete in every detail. Quoting again her daughter: "I marvel at this because her slender hands, beautifully formed, seemed too delicate for such a task."

A Texas modern historian wrote in deep and tender feelings: "The Alamo still stands as a monument to remind this generation that men can die bravely in a holy cause, but the women among that little group of pioneers known as the old Three Hundred who were the first to brave the wilds with Stephen F. Austin suffered more for Texas than many a soldier wounded

on the battlefield." Historian Herndon, similarly impelled, rose to conceptions deserving of companionate quotation when, writing of the Confederate women of Arkansas, he said: "While the men of Arkansas were in the field for principles, the women of the State nobly lent them aid in every possible way . . . They organized sewing societies for making clothes for the soldiers. Aristocratic fingers, unused to work, were taught by heroic resolution to handle the needle, knit socks, card wool, and even use the handloom in weaving cloth . . . It was no doubt due to the heroic labors and sacrifices of the women that the South was able to hold out as long as it did. On the State grounds in Little Rock stands a monument dedicated in 1912 'To the Mothers of Arkansas' for the part they took in these labors and sacrifices."

Mrs. Hughes, a remarkable example, stands among those greatly worthy of perpetual renewal in Arkansas' symbolic heart expression. The era when men fought frantically for what, on both sides, was thought to be right, besides the command for reversal of life held its time of heartbreak for women and children at home. For the Hughes family was the grateful return in 1865 of husband and father unscathed, though afterward Colonel Hughes was heard to repeat that many times cannon balls whistled close over his head and cut the limbs of trees under which he was riding.

Clarendon remained the family home several years after the war. Removal to Little Rock in 1875 was occasioned when Mr. Hughes became Arkansas' first attorney-general under the new Constitution. He had been a member of the 1874 Convention which turned the question of State progress and, restoring balance to an uncertain structure, the State awakened to a resuscitated viability. Once again the rainbow of promise appeared in the political heavens, doubts were dissipated and a new era that augured better things was on its way. The Hughes banner, rising professionally and politically, ascended in 1885 to the governorship and Mrs. Hughes took her place in the galaxy of official womanhood.

The family home during this regime was the house on the

southeast corner of Sixth and Arch streets. The large place had been used for similar service of dignity in Governor Churchill's administration and, as taken account of in the Churchill sketch, was as faithful a model of earlier Southern home effects as the handiwork of an old-fashioned day created. Again an entertainingly-cultivated hostess was at the same time a first lady, and many distinguished people fitted into a program of social graciousness at the dispensation of Mrs. Hughes. The people and the period of the 1880's made it plain to history that they stepped forward in elegance! Bearded men and pompadoured women had a way, after all, of enjoyment of life in spite of their earlier date of living and the lack of present day conveniences and offerings. It is not ours to know the multiplicity of interesting things occurring from time to time as official reigns work out their scheme of public living. Under the official influence of Governor Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, cultured, educated, faithful to their trust, would have walked a long and gracious line, unequivocally, of people well traveled on highways of Arkansas history. "His policy has been wise and conservative and is endorsed by the people," a writer summed up what is adequately worth knowing of one who gained the strength of leadership. Attached to the Hughes administration remains the fame of legislative action that lifted the shadow of unjust debt from Arkansas, in the enactment of the "Fishback Amendment."

In 1880's last year Governor Hughes, his two terms over, and having to his credit further measures to better shape the State's course, changed to judicial robes, being made an associate justice of the Supreme Court. He served in the position sixteen years. He left behind him a record of opinions, the erudition of which was manifested in every line of them, and has ever been copiously referred to by the bar of the State. All his opinions bear the impress of one profoundly versed in the science of jurisprudence.

To Ann Blakemore Hughes the transformation from one lofty sphere to another presented only another series of official events, enlisting a furtherance of the blended home and

outer pattern into the construction of which pattern had gone forty years of devoted application. In all the arts of home making she excelled, women of her day aptly making this an art. Mrs. Hughes was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Arkansas has long felt the benefits of the Simon P. Hughes' family standards and teachings, in professional, business, and artistic fields explored by their children. The late Dr. William B. Hughes served his community as a profound and beloved physician, having prepared himself for his profession by years of study in the principal medical schools of America, London and Vienna.

Miss Lillian Hughes' career of musical composer and pianist has related her to the present day as an artist brilliant and proficient. Business engaged some of the Hughes' sons. The career and unchallenged position of honored forebears lend weight to numerous descendants. In September 1912 Mrs. Hughes passed away, six years following Governor Hughes' death. They are buried in Mount Holly Cemetery, Little Rock.

Their grandchildren are:

Mrs. Joseph H. Stanley (Blossom Hughes)
Robert C., and William B. Hughes
Mrs. William E. Gott (Lillian Hughes)
Mrs. Marshall Coffman (Alice Ann Hughes)
Simon P. Hughes, and Charles Hughes
All children of Robert C. Hughes and Alice (Chapline)
Hughes

Great-grandchildren:

Joseph H. Stanley, Jr.
Alice Louise Stanley (Mrs. Gilbert Savage Maxson)
Fredrick Gott
Simon P. Hughes, Jr.

Mrs. James Philip Eagle

BRINGING OUT MANY first ladies, reviewing stories created concerning them by the vagaries of fortune, circumstance, contemporaneous time, none inspires more compelling reason for recital than that of Mrs. James Philip Eagle. Her husband's precedence coinciding with the early part of the period that has come to be known as the "Gay Nineties," opened the way in an engaging time for the sixteenth first lady's significant dominance. Reflections of her life then and later are seen at this distant date in many phases of State import.

Two generations, one with a heritage of war echoes, the other that was paying attention to the future—concerned with a blending of the old and the new South, with science, invention, woman suffrage, dress reform, international situations—figure in the gubernatorially ascendant period of James Philip and Mary Kavanaugh Oldham Eagle.

The infant that was marked for official sovereignty among Arkansas women, from 1889 to 1893, began her life routine near Speedwell, a village in Kentucky, Madison County. Her father was William Kavanaugh Oldham, her mother, Jacintha Katherine Brown Oldham, early Virginian in ancestry. Mary Kavanaugh, the name conferred on the wee Oldham member of arrival February 4, 1854, denoted honor to a paternal aunt. It bore, perhaps, a talisman that lent its sound, in a rich maturity, to another State's social, official, and religious feminine annals.

In the course of a normal young girlhood, spent in her parental home of much material comfort, the processes of her elementary education were in the careful hands of governesses and private tutors, with attendance at some local schools. Science Hill, a seminary for girls at Shelbyville, Kentucky, had as a student this future outstanding woman. Established by Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, the institution was famous in its day. Mary Kavanaugh Oldham's graduation from the well-known halls in 1872 carried a cumulative scholastic record of thoroughness and distinction.

From an intimate personal estimate it is gained that as a girl she was "of attractive appearance, possessing a very bright mind, and gifted with a social grace."

Aristocrat by birth and environment, around a wide circle of sociability went her path, but a more serious side led her into the profession of teaching. To that she devoted several years, until her course was turned toward Arkansas with her marriage.

It was an odd quirk of fate that directed Tennessee-born Colonel James P. Eagle to the Kentucky home of the Oldhams, in 1866. He had lived in Arkansas since childhood, moving from Tennessee with his family in 1839. Instantly touching with sparkle his visit to former old friends was the challenging charm of the young daughter of the household, Mary.

Ask at the fount of romance why Cupid's clear, incisive darts should have been pointed toward a man of twenty-nine years, doubtless experienced in matters of the heart, a war-spent soldier, and incline him to the charms of a girl of twelve casual years! Be the answer or not, it became fixed in his mind that her youthful attractions would make him content to wait until she could grow up, in the ardent hope that he could finally win her for his wife. For many years he repeated his Kentucky visits. True to his strength of purpose, after a protracted courtship a happy culmination was reached in their marriage, January 3, 1882.

To a home on the Eagle plantation came the patient colonel

and his long-sought bride. At Richwoods, nine miles south of Lonoke, Arkansas, stood "Eyrie," their suburban residence whose hospitality at the hands of its affable owners bore the stamp of reversion to the best of ante-bellum traditions. Ample means provided a way of domestic life wide and happy in range.

The head of the house, successful in business, gradually became active in politics. Looking behind the scenes is seen Mrs. Eagle's powerful personality, co-operating, advising, inspiring. She gave her personal attention to the bookkeeping of his extensive commercial activities. Beyond its mercantile meaning, the word "partnership" connoted with the Eagle couple complete merging of interests and objectives.

As political life for the husband took form, Mary Oldham Eagle's was a familiar face in his campaigns. There were several years of service in the State Legislature, at one session he was chosen speaker of the House. In a contest with five candidates in 1888 when he sought the governorship, she is credited with having assisted materially in securing the nomination for him.

A news item of June 3, 1889, informs that "Governor and Mrs. Eagle have taken rooms for the summer at the residence of Mrs. Galvin on East Seventh Street. This is the property Governor Eagle recently purchased and will obtain possession in the fall." Again the magic touch of history descended on the residence of Crittenden and Johnson early fame. For the third time, from the ancient walls were echoed intimate affairs of state as Governor Eagle and Mrs. Eagle lavishly administered to the official-social side of the commonwealth. A governor's mansion in fact!

If a signboard of record pointed the manner in which women pass through the experience of public leading parts Mrs. Eagle, sorted by the standards of her judicious reputation, would have done, as first lady, even exceeding her own share, "countenancing neither dereliction of duty nor lack of alertness on responsibilities in her defined code of duty perform-

ance." The Eagle couple, four years in their strong public position, continuously made valued returns in legislative and social credits. The history of their years abounds in striking accomplishments.

Before the expiration of the second term of office, to Mrs. James Philip Eagle came such an opportunity for brilliant service in another way that in its distinction alone could be vested her right to State eminence. By appointive choice the honor fell upon her of serving as one of the two "Lady Managers" from Arkansas at the Columbian Exposition held at Chicago in 1893. Mrs. R. A. Edgerton, whose husband was at the time postmaster of Little Rock, shared the resplendent place from Arkansas.

Mrs. Eagle gained note as the most skilled parliamentarian on the Board of Managers, which was so stated in the national press, and it was said that more than to any other member was due her the credit for harmony created and maintained among the Board's membership, tintured as it was with mixed political beliefs and coloring of widely various geographical foci.

In her famous home at Little Rock Mrs. Eagle entertained as house guests officers of the Exposition, Mrs. Potter Palmer and other notables, honoring them with a royal reception which brought together much of Arkansas' official and social leadership.

A further prerogative of renown for Mrs. Eagle was her assignment to a place on a committee of seven to arrange for a variety of Congresses to be held in the Woman's Building during the Fair. She was one of two appointees to supervise the execution of an order for placing a portrait of the Woman's Board president, Bertha Honore Palmer, in the Assembly Hall of the Woman's Building, Mrs. Eagle being one of the speakers at the unveiling.

It is not of wonder that she, one of Arkansas' "uncrowned queens" spoke in part thus: "We covet not titles of rank in this land of ours, where every woman may be a queen."

Two illustrated volumes, interpreting the Woman's Con-

gresses, and bearing her editorial signature, add luster as compiler and intensive student to Mary Oldham Eagle's already well-known name.

To such a degree local atmosphere mingled with homage paid America's discoverer, it is not below the point of pertinence to place its revival here. In a room of the Arsenal building, dedicated as a place of meeting for the Aesthetic Club, hangs a framed synopsis of an acquisition of Exposition memory. At closing of the gigantic illustration of Western world discoveries, so tells the story hanging back of the Club president's desk, articles bought and placed in the Arkansas building at Chicago, which purchases had been accomplished largely through the efforts of a Columbian Club organized at Little Rock (that being the Club's main purpose), were returned. They were placed in the hands of a "Columbian Commission," composed of seven women elected from the Columbian Club and who were deputized to hold in trust, and place in a proper repository, the property that had been sent back to the Club. Due to the assiduous and loyal interest of Mrs. Frederick Hanger, one of the Commission members and, in historic analogy, who years later herself served as secretary to the Board of Lady Managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the walls of one of the State's oldest literary organizations bear decorations which hung in the building where Mrs. Eagle and Mrs. Edgerton lent dignity and personality to the huge symbolic spectacle.

A formula of religious work figured ever increasingly in Mrs. Eagle's widely-branched activities. A long-time member herself—since childhood—of the Baptist church, she came into that phase of her husband's life with the same harmony that marked the congenial companionship in so many other ways.

Along his course of conspicuous Confederate army service, of farming on a large scale pattern, and of attainment of the Arkansas governorship, inclination found the time to lead him also to the altar of ministerial service. Ordained as a Baptist preacher, the advancing years made place for all-im-

portant religious work aside from the thorough business, political and military experiences he knew. James P. Eagle's basic moral stand led to the presidency for him of the Southern Baptist Convention. He served a quarter of a century at the head of the State Baptist Convention. His was the distinction of being an ordained minister elected as governor of Arkansas. His habit in later life was to carry the Gospel into the rural sections where poverty would deny the employment of a regular pastor. Mrs. Eagle went without hesitation, eagerly, under any and all circumstances where spiritually was need of the aid of a good man and his wife.

There must be omitted posterity's place in this sketch, for the claim of children was denied them. In their place were included, in the life of this wholesome pair of former first State persons nieces, nephews, distant kinsmen or friends, young folks who are among today's mature successful people because of the faith and forceful helpfulness of Eagle thought. It carried into church and charity needs. Mrs. Eagle had two brothers who came to live, and write their names high, in Arkansas.

In her Little Rock home, February 15, 1903, Mrs. James Philip Eagle's life ended.

Long public applause, power of political prestige, magnificence of social achievements, deep as they were, offer less in tribute than the affectionate summary of two who had long association with this sketch's subject. "She was one of the grandest characters I have ever known." Mrs. John J. Pettus, formerly Mrs. Oldham, author of the above tribute, is a sister-in-law who, herself (by birth she is a granddaughter of former Governor John J. Pettus of Mississippi), has had more than a normal share of public experiences.

Arkansas' well-known flag designer, Miss Willie Hocker, was a double first cousin and intimate friend of Mrs. Eagle.

A sought appraisal brought from her an intelligent, sympathetic presentation of most desirable personal light: "Mrs. Eagle was of slightly more than average size, slender and of symmetrical build. Her movements were alert and very graceful. Her complexion was fair with a pinkish tint, eyes a deep

blue-gray, hair mousey-brown and always arranged with artistic precision, teeth even and white. Her voice was clear and well modulated and 'carried well' when speaking in public. In private conversation she was rather merry and witty.

Mrs. Eagle was a wonderful executor and possessed unbounded energy. She could accomplish more physical and mental work than the average—far more. She was an excellent, methodical housekeeper and always had a well appointed table. She dressed carefully, tastefully, handsomely."

The Eagle library was full and choice. After his wife's death Governor Eagle was to add to it from his own inspiration; in a book he wrote commemorative of Mrs. Eagle's special talents and graces, the individual interested in a personal life with related official meaning, will enter, through its pages, into one having paramount richness and variety.

Governor Eagle survived his wife less than two years, his life coming to its close in December, 1904.

A tall marble shaft stands at the place of their interment in Mount Holly Cemetery, Little Rock, burying ground that, in its dedication to famous people of the State, not inaptly might bear the honored calling of "Westminster Abbey" of Arkansas.

Mrs. William Meade Fishback

THE INTEREST IN Mrs. William Meade Fishback centers in a life that was dramatically brief; her swiftly elapsing maternal role as the wife of a man successful professionally, and prominent as a government functionary, is a span wreathed nevertheless in special appeal.

In its reconstruction more than half a century later, from a store of family memories, is viewed one whose early passing deprived her native State of an adorning feminine element in its seventeenth governor's regime.

Adelaide Miller Fishback's birthplace was Fort Smith, Arkansas. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Miller, who having spent the early years of their wedded life where their marriage occurred, in Louisville, Kentucky, moved in 1842 to Fort Smith, the daughter being born two years later.

The Miller family came when Fort Smith was a three-year-old project in corporate existence. There was no lack of military history in the immediate region, for since 1817 it had set a high mark as a fort, featuring many notable army attaches. It was, however, in pacific spirit that Joseph Miller explored, to ally himself and family with its alluring possibilities. Establishing a home and a prosperous business, there was reasonable expectation of continued valuable contribution by him to that section's upbuilding. Joseph Miller's tragic ending when the subject of this biography was four years old left unfinished an important chapter in the State's development.

He was of Teutonic parentage, coming to America upon com-

pletion of his education in Germany. An estate in the Black Forest was his inheritance, the supervision of which property made necessary his return there every year. Into a corner that had been selected by the wealthy German native for his permanent residence was brought annually a large stipend of German marks, which, converted into American currency, gave financial impetus to developing stages of northwest Arkansas. Joseph Miller's final business trip to Germany and return to America occurred in 1848 when, wearing in a belt around his waist the collected annual income of thirty thousand dollars, it led to his murderous end. He had stopped on the last lap of the long journey at New Orleans, to purchase a wholesale stock of goods for his large mercantile establishment at Fort Smith. With this accomplished, he took passage on the side-wheeler, Sacramento, to complete his travels to Fort Smith. Steamboat navigation was in its heyday on the Mississippi River, its banks popularly crowded at landing ports with spectators as paddle-wheeled craft, churning up the powerful stream, passed regularly. Passengers could well afford friendly approach with fellow travelers as they met and talked in the old-style vessel's restricted quarters. When the steamer from New Orleans on which Joseph Miller sailed was about seven miles below Baton Rouge, he was invited by two men to visit the engine room; without suspicion of treacherous motive he accepted their invitation, and was killed by them, the sum of money stolen, and his body thrown into the vessel's wheelhouse. Floating down the Mississippi River, eventually the body was recovered and taken to New Orleans. His identity was established by a former Arkansas friend, the wealthy and well known cotton buyer of early days, Moses Greenwood. The slain man's burial was in his old home city, Louisville, beside two of his children.

A large red brick house built by Mr. Miller for his family in Fort Smith is the present site of a public school which perpetuates the name Belle Grove, borne by the original residence.

William Meade Fishback, a native of Culpepper County,

Virginia, later followed, too, the southwestern trail, locating in Fort Smith for the practice of law. A long, eventful career, culminating in highest public trusts, failed to furnish probably a single incident more cherished than his meeting during a few months interim in Springfield, Illinois, en route to Arkansas, with Abraham Lincoln, who, vicariously, became the Virginia barrister's first client. The case involved examination of titles to certain Illinois lands.

Arriving at Fort Smith in 1858, young Fishback remained a short time, having residence later in Greenwood, and in Little Rock, and living awhile in the north. He returned to Fort Smith after the War Between the States and settled permanently. His connection with this biography auspiciously begins with the marriage April 4, 1867, of Miss Adelaide Miller and William Meade Fishback.

Childhood recollections of a daughter, next eldest of an early orphaned group, contribute tremendously interesting lights in a family portrait view, and especially of Mrs. Fishback. From her bright recollections: "One of the sweetest memories I have of my mother is the Sunday School class she taught from the time I could toddle, until she died. I was a member of the class which was always referred to by the superintendent as the 'Perfect Seven Class.' We were all ambitious to sustain the reputation we had acquired. We always knew the lesson, the collect for the day, and the golden text. At an early age we knew the commandments, our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbor. She took great pride and pains with us.

My father was called on frequently to make speeches and he was often away from home, especially during presidential campaigns when he would expound democracy in the doubtful States. She was always interested in his doing this and kept in close touch with him while he was away. I remember the lovely gifts he would bring her and us children when he returned."

Mrs. Fishback's abbreviated life was a remarkably full one.

The fond care of a large family and devoted attention to her husband's steadily advancing career allowed time, as well, for broad church, cultural, and civic activities. She was among the first interested in a movement for the establishment of a public library in Fort Smith. As a result, a small library was organized and maintained for a time in Adelaide Hall, a building belonging to her husband and bearing her name. She was a member of the Episcopal church. To the promotion of spiritual work she gave of her heart and energy liberally. The cause of charity found in this "most highly esteemed woman of scintillating social prominence a readiness consistently to meet and serve its realistic needs. Far-seeing calculation toward family comfort and future financial benefits was in the four-acre home estate of the Fishback family. At Little Rock Avenue and Greenwood Road, a three storied residence was the place where the family lived and Mrs. Fishback delighted Fort Smith as a hostess. (The town in comparatively recent years derived in the land's subdivision and sale an advantageous residential section known as Fishback Addition.)

In the childhood of her growing family, the happy-hearted, adored mother of inherent nobility passed on. Of her at the time was editorially expressed what is quoted in revealing excerpts: "Fort Smith has lost another of the great forces that have contributed to the upbuilding of the city . . . when the news of her demise reached the city a dark pall of unutterable sorrow at once filled the hearts of her many friends . . . Mrs. Fishback was a member of one of our oldest and most esteemed families and throughout her life she occupied an enviable prominence in the social and civic affairs of the community . . . Always responded with willing hands and cheerful heart to minister at the bedside of the sick and afflicted." Mrs. Fishback had interment at Fort Smith.

Possibly the most parentally burdened of the Arkansas governors was William Meade Fishback when was bravely undertaken by him the management of a houseful of young children. He never married again. Mr. Fishback was recurrently

in political prominence, sitting often at the table of State councilmen a long time after his wife's days had elapsed. His political career had angles of perplexity even more than the average Southern man of the day, caught as at times he was in the web of frank and honest views, holding a nonconformity to the wisdom of the War Between the States, and beleaguered with the latter's penalizing aftermath.

Extended by the Murphy legislature in 1864 a United States senatorship, the national policy of barring officers elected under Arkansas' new Constitution (which used the word "white" as a voting qualification) seemed in the senator-elect's eyes a tinkering with a State system which he regarded unfavorably and which prompted his declination as a national statesman. He served several terms in the State senate.

Of greatest historic listing in an extended professional category was his place as a part of defense counsel in the trial of David Dodd.

A grateful and lasting recognition of Honorable William Meade Fishback's legislative career is in the form of a measure introduced by him in the legislature of 1879 which later became a State constitutional amendment. Designated the "Fishback Amendment" the act loosed fetters of indebtedness that long and severely had shackled the State. This amendment was a deliverance from carpet-bag rule and was hailed with thanksgiving by the people from every portion of the State.

A permanent honor in the Fishback official promotions was his influence as a delegate to the Constitutional convention of 1874. But the highest hour which might have had beside him the inspiration of his younger manhood came in 1892 when, though, along the path of governorhood he was called to walk alone.

Governor Fishback was in supreme position two years. The sum of various measures adopted under his administration is large. Many of them are still operative and reflect a leader of force working in collaboration with the legislative body twenty-ninth in number.

In the scope of his experience and knowledge Governor William M. Fishback merited the pedestal of public acclaim. Not large in stature, he was a man of impressiveness, erect, and with an aristocracy of bearing. Well remembered is his mode of impeccable attire.

The circumstances of one of his daughters having married and moved to another State by the time of his accession to the Governor's chair and of the other daughter's youth denying her the honor to function as State hostess, the portrait of a predominating woman from 1892 to 1894 is not to be shown.

Governor Fishback lived at a hotel in Little Rock. His young children visited him there.

The vital importance of courageous opinion was expressed in a leading part taken by former Governor Fishback in public defenses of "Free Silver," after the authority that is vested in a governor was no longer his. He continued his public interests. He appeared on widely diverse platforms to safeguard the William Jennings Bryan doctrine that roused the country to the white heat of controversy in 1896. As governor he had, however, been listed among "conservative" Democrats.

In his latter life the younger daughter, of high and robust spirits, became inheritor of the responsibilities and satisfactions of a successful parent's demesne, harvesting happiness, congeniality, and comfort for the beloved father who had made valuable contribution to Arkansas gubernatorial enterprise in domestic solitude.

On February 9, 1903, Governor Fishback died, 21 years after life had ceased for Mrs. Fishback.

Introduced, finally, as another delightful maternal glimpse from filial golden memories, is that which shows a charming lighter side of a potential first lady whose sympathetic wifely aid advanced a distinguished official future she was denied to share. "I think my mother's favorite sport was horseback riding, as she went for a ride every day when the weather was favorable. She had a spirited horse, and she rode him like a veteran. I always think of her in her green riding habit with the long skirt blowing in the breeze, and the top hat with a

veil around it that billowed behind her like soft clouds in playful pursuit."

Six Fishback children were born; five survived to maturity, one son passing on in the finest light of young manhood.

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF
MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM MEADE FISHBACK

Louis Frederick Fishback (married Jessamine Swain). Three children born to them:

Louis Frederick Fishback, Jr.
William Meade Fishback
Louise Fishback

Bertha Ward Fishback (married Joseph Sydney Wheless).

Four children born to them:
Adelaide Wheless
William Meade Wheless
Joseph Sydney Wheless, Jr.
Randolph Frederick Wheless

William Meade Fishback, Jr. (married Carolyn Buchanan).

Two children born to them:
William Meade Fishback, Jr.
Herbert Yates Fishback

Mary Adelaide Fishback (married Dr. Guy Howard Reed).

Two children born to them:
Elizabeth Gatewood Reed
Adelaide Reed (Mrs. Wm. J. Conner)

Great-grandchildren:

George Howard Bollman, Jr.
John Meredith Bollman
Mary Wheless
Betty Ward Wheless
Alice Locket Wheless
William Wheless Bollman
William Meade Wheless, Jr.
Barbara Jean Wheless
Randolph Frederick Wheless, Jr.
Caroline Fishback

Mrs. James P. Clarke

TO MISSISSIPPI is given the honor of birthplace of both the chief executive and the first lady of Arkansas in the eighteenth administration.

Fortunately for this State, the claim to fame of Governor James P. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke rests west of the Mississippi River and the utmost their native State might hope to share in these who wrote their names in a neighboring one's roll of best known citizens is that of basic background.

It is fascinating to trace the personal events of one of the eminent ladies exemplifying the best of contiguous, yet vastly different, periods. In her birthdate of 1856, January 28, and her earthly passing in 1923, July 22, two lines of code—in views social, intellectual, economic—ran parallel with her span of life. Schooled in the reservations of a Victorian generation, and touching upon in her later days the better productions of modern femininity, Mrs. James P. Clarke's splendid place in her wide circles of activity may be taken as a symbol of merged standards sincerely helpful, not alone to her own day but with continuing influence.

The spirit of "doing and performing the right thing" colors the sympathetic work accredited to Mrs. Clarke and which eventuated in church, civic, and school recognized action.

At Moon Lake, Mississippi, on her grandfather's plantation, Sallie Moore drew her first breath. Her paternal grandparents were Mr. and Mrs. William F. Moore. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Marion Moore. In foregleams she is

shown educationally directed in attendance at Logan Female College, Russellville, Kentucky. An art interest, typical of her throughout life, first had expression in pencil and brush during her days of schooling. Creditable canvases were done in her youthful years.

A good part of her girlhood was spent in Helena, Arkansas, where she was a member of the household of an uncle, Mr. Bob Moore. There an early marriage was contracted between her and Alonzo Wooten. They lived in Helena, having one son. The husband died within a few years.

A woman of great beauty, as a young widow Sallie Moore Wooten came in the emotional perspective of James P. Clarke, a native of Yazoo City, Mississippi, who chose Helena as an opening field for a career. A shining example of the legal profession, his name was one to be shaped before their lives were over into a brilliant illustration of Southern statesmanship; the letters that compose it to be chiseled into the marble of a statue and placed beside that of another illustrious adopted son of Arkansas, Judge U. M. Rose, in the Hall of Fame at Washington—to give indication to the nation's ceaseless view of two great public characters. The day came early in the 1880's that the thoughtful Helena couple harkened to the voice of romance.

Inference inclines to an onward and upward courtship pressed by a thorough-going, resourceful man who in all walks had an unswerving continuity of purpose until success was his. Marriage between Mrs. Wooten and James P. Clarke occurred at Helena, November 15, 1883. Ten years later the Clarke family moved to Little Rock. Three children had been born in Helena.

At 1312 Scott Street a home was established, an outstanding one of its day which, among other distinguishing features, had location on Little Rock's first paved residential street.

A roll of the people gathering from time to time in the Clarke menage would reflect names that fitted in many spheres of human activity. It was a place of interesting living, managed by a matron of stamina and energy and affection, a woman of

true and fine worth married to a man whose path was leading through nearer political position and trusts to wide fame for himself and his family. Through all his advancing activities, Mrs. Clarke preferred the subdued rays of the limelight into which her husband straightforwardly walked, this amiable wife and mother finding greater pleasure, so informs a daughter, in the meticulous care and administration of their home, and in her local connections. The latter were many and varied.

The wife of a man who was so directly concerned with public affairs, while deeply sympathetic and inspiring to her husband, never wavered in her service to the community whose early faith and appreciation gave impetus to his ambitions and achievements.

There was much to do of growing in Little Rock from 1893 to 1923. The ways of a smaller population yielded to the principles and privileges of a city program, and, with it, the system of organized welfare work came to the front. Researches disclose what remarkable manner of woman was Mrs. James P. Clarke as, allied with useful works, long-established and new, she gave no pause to rounds of service.

The Working Woman's Home, of whose board of management once Mrs. Clarke was president, was one of her personal concerns, and she was deeply and actively interested in the needs of underprivileged children.

A member of the First Methodist Church, the long-perpetuated religious corner at Eighth and Center streets profited by Mrs. Clarke's devout contribution to its ordinances, one of especial note being her supervision over a lengthened period of the communion rites.

A brilliant spot in the picture of one whose social place destiny shaped to highest State prominence in the 1890's, and in which she richly deserves to be accoladed, was her devotion to the requisites of the schools and to demonstration of the principle of friendship and unity and co-ordination among teachers, pupils and parents. Because a small band of women, of whom Mrs. Clarke was one, saw the practical need for

group work in local schools, the Arkansas Parent-Teacher Association, a compelling force in educational and moral circles, came into existence.

The meeting held in 1908 at the home of Mrs. T. P. Murray probably fixed in the heart of none of the enthusiasts a promise of "the vast, surging, hopeful army of workers" to be brought about as a consequence of the unassuming Little Rock School Improvement Association organized as such that day. Popularly shortened to "S.I.A.," the organization's rapid and progressive enlargement toward a great force sincerely gave and gives meaning to the letters' interpretation as advanced by one early day friendly individual: "Sunshine in Arkansas."

The movement's quick expansion confirmatively spoke the public mind. Serving at the organizational meeting and subsequently as secretary, Miss Eva Reichardt, later Mrs. Brose Massengill, became Arkansas' pilot of S.I.A. organization work. The project gained an initial interest of public educational forces, who placed the matter of State familiarization and extension in Miss Reichardt's hands. General interest eagerly grew, and Mrs. Clio Harper's services as co-organizer were obtained. The two set in motion numerous mobilized groups of teachers and parents welcoming a studied method for mutual benefit. Echoes from the organization's beginning in Arkansas are brought from the memory of a leading charter member, Mrs. Carroll D. Wood, wife of Arkansas' retired eminent jurist: "None doubts that the simple movement has done much to bring the teacher and the parent closer together, to gain a more sympathetic understanding of each other, and helped to smooth out many difficulties. The present school cafeteria is the outgrowth of the early efforts of the members to see that undernourished children had milk or a bowl of soup at noon. The group of women installed sanitary drinking fountains in the schools, looked after the grounds and buildings, seeing they were clean and attractive."

The S.I.A. creed was simple, the experiment confidently directed toward the confining walls of the schoolroom and immediate surroundings, with no dream on the part of those first

women of the great power being set in motion, according to Mrs. Wood, and who offers concerning directly the subject of review: "Mrs. Clarke was always a liberal, interested supporter of the Association and had a sustained enthusiasm for the work."

As chairman of the Statuary Committee of the first group, identified as Central S.I.A., Mrs. Clarke was largely instrumental in placing in the Little Rock High School, then located at 14th and Scott streets, a copy of Houdon's "Statue of Washington from Life."

Associated in the early project of high and splendid character is a sizable scroll of Little Rock women whose careers still have the profound direction of forceful civic service. Death has wrested many from the current of human activity.

Meantime the flow of Clarke public life deepened. In 1894, Honorable James P. Clarke became governor. The political move, carrying attendant feminine distinction, cited Mrs. Clarke to a highly important place in which she was called on to put forth efforts beyond the normal condition. But her preparation was benign, which gives sincerity of belief that the social responsibility vested in her was adequately expressed. For two years in the midst of the 1890's, firstliness in official womanhood belonged to her.

Governor Clarke's later move to the dynamics of a national career forms a commanding section of the State's history, he being one most generally accepted as an influence in American life of superiority in mind and action. His life has been made the subject of rich and appropriate eulogy.

The last years lived by the outstanding wife of a remarkable public man brought deepest sorrow. Within a comparatively short time Mrs. Clarke's two sons and her husband died, the latter on October 1, 1916.

A Congressional colleague's tribute at the time of Senator James P. Clarke's death publicly extolling the great statesman, laid at the same time before his wife ripely earned laudation. It is quoted in part: "No man was ever regarded by his own family more as the prince of all men than was Senator Clarke.

On one occasion while a guest in his home an opportunity was afforded to judge his life from this angle. I shall never forget the beautiful scene of domestic happiness that was mine to enjoy while there. His home seemed to be the center of his affection and the fountain of mutual joy. In the sitting room, at the dining table, he was the embodiment of all those refinements that were chivalrous and tender and which go to make the home the universe for those that dwell within it. In a mood brimful of merriment and repartee he was the suitor and courtier to the mother of his children, a cavalier in conduct toward his gracious daughters, while every word addressed to the son that bore his name, and every lineament of the senator's face, proved the extent of that great love which he bore his only boy, . . . there will forever linger with me a picture of domestic happiness that is beautiful to contemplate."

A homemaker above all, Mrs. James P. Clarke's life was well planned, and executed with wisdom and grace. By right of her own cultivated accomplishments, her cordiality, and studious trend, hers was a place of safe anchorage in polite social and intellectual activities. The curtain was up on a lady of quality. Personal history denotes she was fond of travel, and with her daughters visited widely between American shores. She was a member of the Aesthetic Club, which interest has family continuance.

Mrs. Clarke's life came to an end seven years after the death of her husband, statesman-extraordinary. Both had interment at Oakland Cemetery, Little Rock.

SURVIVING CHILDREN

Mrs. Joseph Warren House
Mrs. Robert Monroe Williams

GRANDCHILDREN

Mrs. James D. Simpson
Miss Frances Williams

GREAT-GRANDCHILD

James D. Simpson, Jr.

Mrs. Daniel Webster Jones

IN THIS CHARACTERFUL summary Tennessee, faithful furnisher of material in men and women for Arkansas' civic earliness, is seen again, Tipton County being the birthplace, February 11, 1845, of the personality who enters current outlines nineteenth in classification.

Two previously accented families, Garland and Nash, attracted by the call of Arkansas, had come from that county to the State's southerly area as likewise did, about the middle of the nineteenth century, James and Hannah Holmes Hadley. In their group of seven children were twin daughters, Margaret (Maggie) Parkin Hadley and Molly Hadley. The latter died at the age of fifteen, the former stands out in the offerings of Arkansas annals as due a biographical wreath in her graceful extension of first lady routine.

A location made at Hamburg resolved into conditions of living contentment that gave the Hadley family fixity in Ashley County. Margaret Hadley, a small child on arrival, spent there her girlhood until a romance, beautiful and intensive, laid a glowing path to Washington, Arkansas. Reconstructing momentous moves to the latter influential corner, as given attention in other south Arkansas sketches Washington again can be seen as an official wheel hub in determining a future family's position of major proportions. Among numerous residents pondering a desire, early, for career furtherance none was in closer compact with destiny than Daniel Webster Jones. He

was a Texan by birth, the son of Dr. Isaac and Elizabeth (Littlejohn) Jones.

The independent country, Texas, was fresh with the accounts of Goliad, San Jacinto and the Alamo, the Republic in time to become the kingpin among States of the Union but an infantile—albeit lusty—province of sparsely peopled plains and plateaus when Daniel Webster Jones' birth date was entered in the family Bible as of December 15, 1838. So, for an Arkansas statesman life was begun in a land seething with its tragedies, a vast land grateful for its heroes and glories, a southwestern section unique in history and destiny.

The comparative values of zealous ancestry can ask at the hand of fate no fuller interpretation than shows in the detail of his life, peculiarly colorful from the beginning. Daniel Jones, paternal grandsire, coming from Scotland to North Carolina as the song of American independence was pitched, became a continental soldier. He served under General George Washington. His son, Isaac N. Jones, of professional training in medicine, emigrating from North Carolina to Texas, made his name enduringly familiar to Southern history as a member of Congress of the Republic of Texas. Eventually, following the notable contribution, Dr. Jones with his family moved to Arkansas. Although the transplantation took place in his son's childhood and with new location established not far from Hadley domestic holdings, there was not provided a romance between Daniel W. Jones and his future wife, Margaret Hadley, until both were of years totaling early adulthood and war partitioned the nation.

There is a sincerity of interest clinging to a story of sentiment so absolute and persuasive that the marriage of the nineteen year old girl and dashing young army officer would follow a courtship of two weeks! It took little time for hearts to adapt themselves to war conditions which exercise their own command; a soldier's hours were crowded full, and Daniel W. Jones made his way quickly along a love adventure. On February 9, 1864, began their matrimonial march. Dr. Isaac Jones

having died several years before, at the time of the son's entry into war service, he, an only child, had resided with his mother, and it was to her home at Washington that he took his bride. The last-named fact has left its appeal in Jones treasured tradition of a deep affection and uninterrupted congeniality between the young wife and her mother-in-law. Many years in harmony they shared domestic shelter.

Daniel W. Jones, product of parents bespeaking character and culture, had found in Washington Academy a sound scholastic basis before the war. At the height of his professional preparation, commenced by study in the law office at Washington of Honorable John R. Eakin, he faced relinquishment of his ambition and plans and went into mobilization in 1861. He participated with vigor and loyalty in defense of the South's issues, although but a stripling when he entered army service. Severe wounding and imprisonment in an enemy camp obtruded in a fighting career marked by many encounters. It was at Corinth that a shot pierced his body. Captured when he fell, he was held long as a prisoner but after recovery from wounds was returned in an exchange of prisoners to his side of allegiance. From gallantry at Corinth, scene of baptismal fire of several other future Arkansas governors, came bestowal of a colonelcy for the remarkable defender when he was twenty-three years of age.

The greatest expectation returning military men may have, it is written, is a rediscovery of hope. At the conflict's close Colonel "Dan" Jones returned to Washington where awaited his war bride—and a future of broad extended interests, to be realized only though at the cost of industrious effort and judicious cultivation. Distant as Southern security might be, confidently Mr. and Mrs. Jones, united at last, began as fast as possible to build their joint life in accordance with high and ambitious principles, with the result it soon was in a state of preparedness toward positive success.

He resumed the study of law. His admission to practice and a promising professional start mingled with a liking he developed for politics. Both fields had a large amount of produc-

tivity. Local political trusts led to the seal of wider sanction given with his election to the State attorney generalship. It brought the Jones family to Little Rock in 1885. The orbits of his political ambition swinging further, in 1897 the governorship was won.

The nineteenth administration coincided with a sort of hybrid era. Eighteen hundred's work was done, 1900's in the flush of its beginnings when Governor Daniel Webster Jones and Mrs. Jones filled highest places. The result is an official-social story wise and entertaining.

The end-of-the-century leader, it is accounted, fortified the State's interests; a considerable matter of public appeal was the promotion of the new Capitol building, the foundation of which was built in the Jones administrative era, an appropriation of \$50,000 being made for the work by the Thirty-second Legislature. The first Capitol commission was appointed, of which Governor Jones was a member. Six others, representative of each congressional district, made up the original building board. Selection of an architect was made, Mr. George Mann being chosen. Through his offices the building was completed years later. Governor Jones, in a four-year regime, addressed himself to agriculture's needs, to educational and institutional improvements, and to railroad matters as they affected Arkansas.

It is repaying to become better acquainted with and, by the light of their daughter's memories, to consider characteristics of the official woman first at the time when centuries met and merged. Picking up the words of one well qualified of her to speak: "My mother, a devoted wife and mother, a loyal friend, possessed a lovable personality, and was beloved by all who knew her. She enjoyed good literature and spent many hours with the classics. She was pre-eminently a homemaker, was an excellent cook, and her recipes were much sought after. Nothing gave her more pleasure than to have her family and her friends around her. It was a rare occasion when some welcome guest was not enjoying her hospitality. From her Scotch-Irish ancestry she inherited a keen sense of humor—liking espe-

cially Irish jokes. She belonged to the old South, always loyal to its traditions. She attended many Confederate reunions with my father while he was Governor, and these trips were always a source of much pleasure to her. They attended a reunion of the Blue and the Gray, and she came home thoroughly convinced that the 'Yanks' were not altogether bad!"

Mrs. Jones delighted in viewing, as an honored guest, the launching of the monitor, Arkansas, when in 1900 at the christening hands of her daughter, Miss Bobby Jones, the war vessel, built at Newport News, took its curtesy and moved forward toward a substantial part on the sea.

Mrs. Jones had membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy, contributing from a wealth of close experiences to its purposes—experience that lay in stored-up memories of early wedded days while the man in whom was entrusted her happiness was linked on battlefields with tragedy and pain and sacrifice. Hers was a close-range knowledge to give of the tenseness of existence in the harried Confederate capital through echoing episodes of conflict, and as the shattering tidings of Southern surrender sounded.

Religiously, Mrs. Jones was of the Episcopal faith and was a conscientious student of the Bible.

The site of residence for the Jones family before and after executive engrossment was 1100 Louisiana Street, retreat of happiness where a governor could go to those nearest to him, not to seek the answer to the shifting centuries' public problems, but to shut out for a time the excitements and orders of State objectiveness. None of his contemporaries and advisers had such a deep concern in his activities as resided sympathetically under the family roof, the companion lovingly selected when the tumult of war rumbled and her heart was conquered in the ardency of militant appeal.

Mrs. Daniel Webster Jones, wife and mother of affectionate solicitude, was a public hostess who proceeded wisely, assuredly, conscientiously. She had long seen the cavalcade of public procession swing by. That now she was the woman first in official implication produced, in her ample view, only con-

tinuance of the chance to press friendly ways. The total value of an experienced, warm-hearted public hostess cannot be calculated in both the effectiveness of its personal practice and the extent of public response. It is given of Mrs. Jones that she was always greatly devoted to children, so derived much pleasure not only from her own but from her grandchildren in later life.

Governor Jones, passing the obligation of executive leadership to another, in 1901 returned to the practice of law. He came back to public service in 1915, Pulaski County winning the distinction of having a former governor as its representative in the State legislature.

Mrs. Jones lived many years after she held first place. The close of her life was of date February 10, 1914, at her home in Little Rock. Governor Jones departed on Christmas day, 1918. His Confederate uniform, bearing a small American flag that by himself had been pinned to it but a few days before his death, enshrouded him. The old feud between the North and the South had surrendered the last remnants of sectionalism.

The dominant couple of a new century had interment in Oakland Cemetery, Little Rock.

The Jones banner has been kept upright in contributions of sons and daughters in widely diverse fields. The late Dr. Daniel W. Jones, reverting to the profession of his grandfather, Dr. Isaac Jones, took a place in the medical profession; others in professional, business and domestic lines. A grandson and namesake of the quondam governor is allied with the United States Army. A great-grandson moves toward military service in national defense training.

GOVERNOR JONES' AND MRS. JONES' DESCENDANTS

Children:

Claudius (married Gabriella Beauchamp)
Elizabeth Wilson (married Edgar W. Holman, died 1934)
Belle (died in infancy)
Bobbie Newton

Josephine (died in infancy)
Daniel Webster (died in 1925)
Howard Hadley (died in 1902)

Claudius and his wife had five children: Virginia Hadley, Claudia, who died at the age of six, Daniel Webster, Gabriella, and Gloria who died in 1919.

Virginia Jones married Luther Leach. To them were born three children, Gabie Lee, Virginia (died in infancy), and Jerry.

Gabriella Jones married E. Ray Thompson. They have two children, Virginia and Gloria.

Mrs. Jeff Davis I

IN THE BALANCED blending of political and domestic biography nowhere is there to be found a story more engaging than the real life story of Mrs. Jeff Davis I.

Realization of great love, a full meed of fame, she found in her lifetime of private and public affiliations.

Although a native Arkansan, her advent into the world connected directly with another continent, for in Edinburgh, Scotland, had been born, reared, and educated, her father. Born into a land of established culture, the light of classical education fell upon Duncan G. L. McKinzie. A familiarity with the Greek and Latin tongues was a part of his superb mental equipment. In early manhood he came to the United States where ordination as a minister in the Methodist Church was conferred. Here he was united in marriage with Janie Norment. Their only child, Ina—elevated at thirty-eight years of age to the stature of First Lady of the State—was born near Monticello, Arkansas. The plantation home of her aunt, Mrs. John Kimbrough, was her place of nativity, the date October 6, 1862. When she was three months old, her father's death occurred.

Coinciding in time with the tragedy of her infancy was the bitterness of warfare flinging withering blows at the South's heart.

Five months to the day prior to her birth, in another Arkansas home a son had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W. Davis, the hamlet of his birth being Rocky Comfort, later

Foreman, in the county known since its creation in 1867 as Little River. They honored him with the Christian name of the brilliant leader under whom the infant's father was bearing arms, the President of the Confederacy—Jefferson Davis.

The unerring hand of destiny which already had marked them for her own and which in little more than two decades would merge the lives of the young girl and boy, cruelly furnished for their earliest awareness the storms of war driving across a national range.

The years immediately following her father's ill-timed passing were spent by little Ina McKinzie at her birthplace, with maternal relatives. The mother, her life sadly interrupted at the loss of her young husband, began a reconstruction of it in preparing herself as a school teacher. In the course of her profession, which was devoted largely to rural teaching, at one time she was associated with Arkansas Female College, a Little Rock institution of the past century's last quarter.

The eventual closing of the college led to a radical change for the mother and daughter in the establishment of a permanent home at Russellville, Arkansas. Later, Mrs. McKinzie contracted a second marriage with a young army officer, Captain Frank Thach. Of this union there were four children, Sam, Janie, Lucille, Frank.

The years of girlhood carried with credit this subject of biography through Russellville schools. After completion of high school she entered the University of Arkansas, a lusty institution at her matriculation in its eleventh year of history.

At the same time another Russellville student, Jefferson Davis, now called by his preference "Jeff," was on the university's enrollment scroll. His residence early also had been transferred to Russellville by the removal of his family.

Both Pope County students were bent upon educational paths; obviously, though, in the hearts of these two intellectual aspirants of the Eighties was a place for the warmth of sentiment, too. In campus association, not surprisingly, the genesis of romance made development that led to an enduring alliance of the future high officialites. Not before, though, the

earnest half-Scotch, half-American foremost lady-to-be had prepared by study at Peabody Normal School, Nashville, Tennessee, for a career in teaching. However, her pedagogical experience was limited to the short cycle of a year when, finding their interests wholly in common, twenty-year-old Ina McKinzie linked her life with the lawyer definite in promise, of equal years. The scene of ceremony was the Methodist Church at Russellville, the uniting minister the well known, revered Dr. Augustus Winfield, who was the bride's maternal uncle by marriage.

Represented by the bridal pair was the coincidence resting in early-life dedication of both of their fathers to the Christian ministry. Young Davis' father had been ordained a Baptist preacher, he having recognition also in the legal profession. The bridegroom of a splendid future was a licensed lawyer at nineteen years of age, practicing under the firm name of Davis and Davis.

Many years passed with happiness as a guest at the Davis home in Russellville. The beginning of a public career was Mr. Davis' election as prosecuting attorney. Up and further up the young husband went on the ladder of professional and political advancement, with his wife, personal history tells, giving happily, richly, proudly, of inspiration and aid. Honorable Jeff Davis, going forth in the late Nineties into State political service as attorney general, which required his immediate presence in the capital, the Davis family moved to Little Rock. It had in reality become a family, twelve children—among them two sets of twins—widening the fireside circle.

From one of the number fascinating flashes of introduction are gained to the twentieth governor's wife whose political interests, perceptive as they were, were never as great, a daughter declares, as her deep interest in her home. With filial pride-fulness she discloses: "My mother was light hearted, gay, industrious, a devoted mother and wife, loved and admired by her friends and those of her husband. In her home abided the essence of true Southern hospitality."

Further inklings of that home life portray Mrs. Davis at her

piano, charming a beloved and adoring audience—her children—as she would play and sing in her clear soprano voice endeared songs popular in the South, “Annie Laurie,” “Lady Elgin,” “Last Rose of Summer.”

It is given from the same affectionate source that a facile hand with the artist’s brush matched her musical talent. Though little time was allotted in her superlatively busy life for the study of painting, in her home hung many canvases to which her mature children point with justifiable and loving pride. Mrs. Davis was gifted also in the designing of dresses and costumes.

In Little Rock the Davis home was established at the northeast corner of Fifteenth Street and Broadway, a commodious frame residence which is still in family ownership and occupancy. Here the two so intimately associated with affairs of state, particularly in the unprecedented distinction Governor Davis had of serving thrice as the State’s head, dispensed the friendliness of a large, devotedly-bound family group.

Lines of action and accomplishment are written under the Davis official name. His gubernatorial service brought creation and promotion of a number of advantageous public interests. The Arkansas Historical Association was massed into vital form; the Boys’ Industrial School was established in 1905, and Arkansas, in an aesthetic mood, chose its emblematic flower, apple blossom, during Davis regency.

Governor Davis’ pardoning record was rivaled only by Governor Donaghey’s, later, these two administrations giving freedom, notably, to large numbers of convicts. Governor Jeff Davis, serving from 1901 to 1907, reveled in his titling, “man of the people.” Virtually from the outset of his life he showed proletarian leanings, and among the governors none made more clear his democratic strengths than the early twentieth-century one. The chief executive unfliningly was concerned in domestic affairs and, laying aside for the nonce public battles to wage, public prizes to win, often performed the chore of milking the Davis family cow.

His favorite recreation in the field of sport was in company with his gun and bird dog.

The conceivable possessiveness of an active band of growing sons and daughters gave, notwithstanding, ample opportunity for this official mother's devotion to Christian works outside the demands of her family. Her broad plan of life would not permit pleasant preoccupation with home affairs and endless needs to meet to exclude good works and usefulness beyond household borders.

In physical appearance, it is said Mrs. Davis grew remarkably in the image of her father and likewise was an inheritor of his studious nature and superior mind. She was well informed; a contributor of discerning and valued advice in her husband's campaigns, yet never losing her perspective of the beauty and greater importance of her own happy fireside.

The privilege of supplementing and rounding out a career steadily widening, to stand by the side of her husband as he grew more famous, was cut short by the messenger with the inverted torch.

Two years after Governor Davis' elevation to the United States Senate which followed almost immediately his retirement from the governor's seat, Mrs. Davis died, April 11, 1909.

In January, 1913, the death of Senator Davis occurred. Memorial addresses in the United States Senate and House of Representatives eulogistic of the picturesque Arkansan of long, distinguished public service, presented as well tender tributes to his domestic life. Senator James P. Clarke, referring to the fortunate circumstances that had united the destiny of forceful Jeff Davis and Ina McKinzie Davis, in an all-coverage epigram paints the picture of the woman who was paramount throughout the days of their happy married life as follows:

"I enjoyed abundant opportunities for knowing personally that she was a woman of masterful mind, strong convictions, and of gentle and powerful personality. She was the only person I ever knew who could influence Senator Davis against what appeared to be his settled and fixed whims or purposes.

With a woman's intuition she knew exactly what he ought to do, and where her judgment conflicted with his she generally found means to cause her views and wishes to be respected. She was not an unsexed woman who ruled by force of command, but she employed in her conquest womanly qualities only. These she possessed without limit, and by the exertion of them was able to control in such a way as to be in fact the helpmate of her husband, and to become the head of a family of children whose habits, character and demeanor testify to the fact that while she was familiar with the controversies and methods of affairs outside of the home circle, above all she was at her best in her home."

Mount Holly Cemetery at Little Rock is the burial place of the two native Arkansans of great heart and rich fruitfulness, whose contributing part is written in State history's massive array of facts. The Davis name lives on through sons and daughters armed with ambition. It is identified with business, law, letters and music.

Davis Children:

Lewis and Gilbert (Twins, deceased)
Wallace
Bessie (Mrs. Josef Rosenberg)
Lynah
Janie (Mrs. Oren D. Tucker, Jr.)
Jeff
Polly (Mrs. Austin B. Taylor)
Lewis and Lucille (Twins, deceased)
Two other children died in infancy

Grandchildren:

Austin B. Taylor, Jr.
Jeff Davis, Jr.
Diane Davis.



APPLE BLOSSOM, STATE FLOWER BY LEGISLATIVE FIAT.

Mrs. Jeff Davis II

MRS. JEFF DAVIS II was not the wife of a governor, but her marriage ties, severe in brevity, carried her to Washington to stand under a blaze of light shed from national rays.

Marriage contracted between Leila Carter and United States Senator Jeff Davis had the duration of only a year, but it was a rich manifestation of public experience—vivid reminiscences to follow in the wake of it.

Former Governor Davis, a widower three years, for his second wife again invaded a family field influenced by culture flowing from interesting and significant currents.

That new mate's life span, bringing in it a quick transition from bridehood to widowhood, is written largely in the steep, rocky cliffs that break away from the Ozark mountains and fringe the town named Ozark, county seat of Franklin County, Arkansas. Once before the place of rolling beauty, bordered on one side by the Arkansas River, sent a native daughter to official heights.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallace A. Carter were the parents of Mrs. Davis II. A Mississippian professionally trained, Dr. Carter became a resident of Arkansas, with location at Ozark, about 1850. Thereto had come the progenitor of a family to bear a forceful, gallant part in the section's life.

A light of desirable ancestry thrown on the Carter family is its descent from the original Carter who settled in the 1600's in America, and deriving historical note as a member of the House of Burgesses in 1649. The name John Carter appears in

successive generations, one by the name and Sarah Ludlowe Carter becoming the parents of the celebrated Robert Carter. As presented in a sketch of Mrs. George Izard, who the same as Mrs. Davis carried Carter blood strains, Robert Carter's wealth and lavish community spirit stirred colonial Virginia to such an extent that he gained the title "King." He is delineated as a man of practical piety, building and supporting churches. Anent that phase of the remarkable character, a writer says: "Tradition has it that the congregation (of Christ Church), which doubtless consisted chiefly of his dependents, did not enter the church on Sunday until the arrival of his coach, when all followed his family and him into it." Varied activities of the man who was mourned at his death as a "lost comforter to the uphappy, a lost protector to the widows, a lost father to the orphans," fit prominently in Virginia annals.

Robert Carter was the father of ten children, "his daughters were married to the first men in Virginia, his sons to the first ladies in Virginia," it is of publication.

An estate in Charles County, on the James River, was the home seat of Mrs. Davis' renowned forebears. The royal command which required colonists of large land grants to devote space to gardens and orchards would not have been overlooked (nor surpassed) by one accustomed to a lordly manner of living as "King" Carter; and, grasping the hand of fancy, one sees surrounding a palatial manor-house with a bountiful quota of supplementary domestic shelters and auxiliaries, fine gardens in pageantry of seasonal bloom, profuse plantings of vegetables and fruit trees of every kind tolerable in tidewater soils.

From ancestors whose lives meant the greatest possible degree of generous living that the new country would allow derived Mrs. Davis' paternal grandfather, John Charles Carter, also Virginia born. But it is to her father, Dr. Wallace A. Carter, built solidly upon the foundations of Arkansas human service, that attention deservedly turns.

A long, honored career dates from his acquirement of the degree of doctor of medicine. His birth occurred in 1829. From

the public, as well as the private, standpoint it is of great and particular importance that Doctor Carter appeared in larger and yet larger usefulness to a wide sweep of population as his practice grew into prolongation of sixty years.

The country doctor—who needs to be zealous and intelligent in his professional work, but in an exalted civic position must he have also surpassing patience and understanding of human nature and who is called to spare no labor of community service!

There will be no immediate elimination, if ever, from the Ozark section's memory of that physician, the subject's father, who because of his sharp acquaintance with life assumed a major position. Not altogether as an insurance against physical pain his special offices were sought, but as a source of advice and suggestion in the multitudinous affairs of the neighboring hills and valleys. Dr. Carter left a record of walking in the highroad of duty, through wilderness or established borders, and distinguished by contributing physical, intellectual and moral influence.

Leila Carter's early scale of living was fashioned by high standards which only can exist in a home coming from the deep springs of congeniality. Also blood inheritance she had was an Aldridge strain.

Seven children, a son and six daughters, comprised the Carter family. All were born and reared at Ozark, the band of sisters and brother being yet unbroken.

The daughter who was to have an inspiring interlude of Washington life in wedded association with an Arkansas statesman obtained private schooling under the supervision of a governess, an aunt resident in the Carter home, and whose careful educational direction doubtless went to extremes in a personal sense of pridefulness.

Marriage in 1912 placed Leila Carter Davis in her new home at Little Rock. It was a household abounding in step-children. An enormous amount of responsibility confronted and concerned a young wife chosen by an affectionate father for a mission of widespread domesticity. What has become in con-

sequence of her marital alliance an impetus of interest to these pages was an experience sadly limited. The year 1913 was in its lusty beginning when Senator Davis' sudden death came, January 2. Its swift approach instantly sank the sun of happiness for young wife, aged mother, orphaned children.

The unexpected summons has been termed "a consummate tragedy which overtook Senator Davis in the prime of his life and the full flower of his career."

One of the respectful customs following the earthly passing of a United States Senator or member of the House of Representatives brings together in a memorial service, held in the national Capitol, tributes of Congressional colleagues. Addresses focused on the stilled Arkansas personality were delivered by Senators Clarke of Arkansas, Bryan of Florida, Ashurst of Arizona, Martine of New Jersey, Kavanaugh of Arkansas, and by Representatives Floyd, Oldfield, Taylor, Jacoway, Goodwin of Arkansas, Russell of Missouri, Cullop of Indiana, Sisson of Mississippi.

Not inappropriate for reproduction among sincere proffers of sympathy to the Davis family is an extract from one speaker who proceeds vividly in presenting Senator Jeff Davis' important work and its comfortless staying, as follows: "That he was loved by those whose trust he had, whose leader he was, the great concourse of people, 15,000 strong, who stood at his open grave, testifies. From the home of his boyhood they came, from the field and the forum, near and far. Among them stood a coterie of the nation's most distinguished statesmen, the emissaries of his Government, who had journeyed thousands of miles to do him honor . . . The love and esteem in which he was held was intensified and deepened and broadened in his own home where he ruled as a sovereign, a friend, and a comrade in one; a kind, a devoted and indulgent father, and a loving husband. Out beneath the stars in Mount Holly Cemetery at Little Rock he sleeps beside the Christian wife and devoted mother who went before him into the great beyond, while in the hushed home, with heartache and heart-break, the lovely wife prostrated with grief, the aged and

gentle mother who gave him birth, the stalwart sons and the womanly daughters he left, mourn his untimely death."

A long record of vivid, interesting, original action which lifted him high among figures of power was sounded in the official oratory in the national House of Representatives.

"A tower of strength . . . One of the finest trial lawyers I have ever known . . . His feelings and sympathies were always intensely human . . . He was looked to as the champion of the weak against the strong"—the salient strains of affectionate esteem are gathered from the funeral address delivered by Judge Jephtha Evans, at Little Rock.

The map of life was to be made anew for the young widow, creating a reversal to frequented scenes. Mrs. Leila Carter Davis returned to Ozark, peopled by lifelong friends and remaining family members, to reside with her sister, Mrs. J. S. Haynes. It has continued to be her home.

Follows the list of her near relatives:

Brother

Mr. Champe Carter

Sisters

Mrs. Jim King

Mrs. Edgar E. Dowell

Mrs. J. S. Haynes

Mrs. Virgil Bourland

Nieces

Mrs. Ben Burns

Geraldine Carter (deceased)

Mrs. Ronnie Wilson

Mrs. Robert Schulman

Mrs. Claude Ganner

Mrs. Theron Agee

Mrs. Walter Maxey

Mrs. Winston Cornish

Mrs. Frank Murta

Mrs. H. C. Dorsey

Anna Marr Bourland (deceased)

Nephews

Jim King, Jr.
Carter B. King
John Haynes
Edgar Dowell
Sam Cornish
Wallace Bourland
Virgil Bourland, Jr.

Mrs. Davis is but one of the many women included in this group with an interesting view of the nation at its workshop, and to have had coveted entree to national social life which, since John and Abigail Adams set up the first housekeeping at the White House, has made Washington a magnet of social interest.

Mrs. Xenophon Overton Pindall

GOVERNORS AND THEIR wives unable through various circumstances to assume responsibilities, direct and associate, of the supreme office to which they have been called, as more than once written of before have had opened the way to service and prestige for substitute governors and first ladies.

As a notable case in point, again consider the famous Crittenden couple, earliest recipients of gubernatorial benefits, and which came about with the experiment of an "acting" methodology. The precedent established in territorial beginnings, at a far later date, by a critical turn of public affairs tendered Honorable and Mrs. Xenophon Overton Pindall foremost roles to enact.

The hazards of the spotlight and prominence suddenly turned upon them showed solid, sympathetic persons equal to the emergency, prepared for public service.

Few political cycles have had a faster growing succession of reigning forces than the disrupted twenty-first administration.

1907's newly elected governor, Honorable John Sebastian Little, had a long and fruitful congressional experience to his credit. He had turned his back upon life in the national center and had good reason for self-congratulation when the State threw the mantle of leadership across his shoulders. It was not too much for the electorate to have predicted wise and highly beneficial results from his official direction.

Three days after Governor Little's inauguration a dread fate

of infirmity seized him that assumed the aspects of a major tragedy, suddenly staying his administrative hand.

Thirty years earlier to the inaugural month, the marriage of John S. Little and Elizabeth J. Irwin had taken place in Paris, Arkansas, the home of both.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pleasant Irwin, conditions had favored her in good birth and domestic environment. Mr. Little was a native of Sebastian County. A bright day dawned for the Logan County lawyer and his bride and security of happiness marked their union from the first. Progressively the white light of success shone on the Little banner and, reaching higher and higher, a large field of activity had development.

Elected a member of Congress when "Gold" and "Free Silver" doctrines were strident in the American political air, Mr. Little's family, with him, came in the 1890's under the influence of Washington, they spending the greater part of ten years in the heart of nationaldom.

In the belief of Arkansas, an exceptionally well equipped family was about to take over its connectional part when physical misfortune struck, robbing the State of an elected governor's service and of an influential family's official participation. There were five children in the Little family.

The contemporary president of the State senate, at the request of Governor Little, served in his place three months, thereby adding the esteemed name John Ike Moore to the sizable list of men who for short periods have served as acting governors and establishing, by the circumstances, Mrs. John Ike Moore as outstanding official woman for a time. Before her marriage she was Maie Davidson, and her birthplace was Oxford, Mississippi. She was a distinguished woman in her own right. To organizational work, especially as it bore cultural development to women, Mrs. Moore contributed a special study and leadership. Appropriately her name is made more impressive by her serious and successful efforts for preservation of the old Capitol building at the time authorization was sought in 1911 for its sale.

At just mentioned turning points in State-rulership history,

by election Honorable X. O. Pindall became the Moore successor as Senate president and by that advancement succeeded to the head of administrative affairs for two years. A new link was added to the chain of ranking women with Mr. Pindall's grasp of the State helm.

Unobtrusively, efficiently, Mrs. Xenophon Overton Pindall began what could be no less than an exciting life, closely intermingled with timely public affairs as was hers.

Mrs. Pindall, a native of Arkansas, was born in the town of Pendleton. Her father, Maurice William Quilling, was a planter and merchant there.

A Southern attribute which has most stubbornly resisted eradication is the influence that clings from plantation environments. Although the day of the great landed estate has slipped into shadows, its glamour and romance remain in hearts that once have known its satisfactions. The economic and industrial factors that discourage the present day intactness of sweeping acres in cultivation are powerless to dim the glory of their past as passes in story from generation to generation plantation lore and legend.

In a golden groove of rustic advantages was lived Mae Quilling's girlhood. She has never lost sight of the many sorts of interest and important contributions made by the spacious ground on which she passed early youth. Her parents, three sons, another daughter, and herself, composed the family circle.

In voice, manner and accent there is ample proof of her Southern persuasion. Paternal great-grandparents of this sketched subject were N. B. and Elizabeth Quilling who lived near Louisville, Kentucky, residing in an old manor noted for its beauty and sequestered charm. Their son, Mrs. Pindall's grandfather, Daniel King Quilling, of birth date 1821, met and greatly loved Mary Goza of New Orleans, a student of Rosalea Institute, Shelbyville, Kentucky. She was seven years the younger. They were married, and lived in New Orleans where Daniel King Quilling became a leading physician, and there a son was born, Maurice William Quilling, January 14, 1846.

During the yellow fever epidemic that struck with depopulating fury the South in the middle of the nineteenth century, Dr. Quilling sent his family to the plantation home of his wife's brother Aaron Goza, of Bunch's Bend, Louisiana, while he remained in New Orleans, valiantly laboring to save the lives of his patients. Finally he became infected himself and died of the terrible scourge.

His wife and sons remained on the plantation of Aaron Goza who was reputed to be the largest cotton planter in the world prior to the War Between the States. At a time during the war when the cotton in and around New Orleans was being seized by Federal forces, Major Goza stepped into a place unique in patriotic heroism. General Beauregard, rather than see the South suffer the indignity of having its bountiful fleecy product in subjection to war-time pillage and thereby to give aid to the enemy, dispatched a request to Major Goza to destroy his multiplied bales. The universal esteem in which the affluent planter was held, in the judgment of General Beauregard would serve as an example, if one to wrench, for emulation. A story of public print detailed, at the time of Major Goza's death, the unusual action. In part it follows: "The major was out in the field directing his hands at work when a courier from Beauregard handed him the message. With that courage and decision of character for which he was noted, he hesitated not a moment, but turning to the courier he said, 'Go back and tell your General his order is obeyed,' and immediately he directed his slaves to roll out 3500 bales of cotton from the sheds and with his own hand applied the torch."

Mrs. Pindall's father enlisted for Confederate service when sixteen years of age, with enrollment in Company F, Wood's Regiment, C.S.A. He married June 24, 1874, Betty Ann Dollahite. She was the daughter of Cornelius Camack Dollahite and Marcella Thomas Caple Dollahite of Person County, North Carolina. She had moved with her parents to Paris, Henry County, Tennessee, and later, in 1872, to Dumas, Arkansas. Mrs. Maurice William Quilling, born in 1855, is still living.

Cornelius Dollahite also served in the Southern cause. Definitely steeped in the South's best traditions, descended from Confederate soldiers on both sides of her family, moreover, bridged in Mrs. Pindall's established ancestry are component periods of the nation's very being.

She was educated at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, in the Annunciation Academy, a Catholic school, and later attended Columbia Female College at Columbia, Tennessee.

At an early age Mae Quilling and Xenophon Overton Pindall were married. A native of Monroe County, Missouri, he was the son of Colonel Libbeus A. Pindall and Mrs. Pindall whose maiden name was Nora Snell. Their marriage had joined families profuse in ancestral assets. Graduate of a Boonville, Missouri, private school in 1857, Mrs. Libbeus Pindall was of Kentucky descent that held equally well with the Pindall name of English origin and often marked on the route of national history. Two sons were born to Colonel and Mrs. Pindall, Libbeus Ashby and Xenophon Overton. Their marriage in Missouri had been of date 1868. Colonel Pindall's war record is of high distinction, he having commanded a battalion of Price's division of the Confederate army.

The Pindall family moved to Desha County, Arkansas, a wide law practice engaging the household head numbered among ex-soldiers returning to their normal labors. Among numerous examples of his civic forwardness was a term of State legislative service, to be repeated years later by his younger son. Honorable Libbeus A. Pindall died in 1884, his wife and sons thereupon returning to Mexico, Missouri, to live.

With completion of college education in Missouri, X. O. Pindall studied law at the University of Arkansas (Law Department in Little Rock). Taking the valedictory of his graduating class in 1896, Mr. Pindall opened an office at Arkansas City and in a few years entered political service. It was in his blood for he had sprung from forebears directed to the legal profession, and of political turn as well.

The notably brilliant young lawyer was a member of the Arkansas legislature at the time of his marriage in December, 1902.

After a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Pindall came to Little Rock to make their home, where in official surroundings started natural preparations for future supremacy of their name. He rose rapidly in affairs of state. It could not have been counted other than a tender of the governorship when at the time of stress and confusion incident to Governor Little's unfortunate collapse Mr. Pindall was chosen speaker of the senate on whom, as his election gave portent, could hinge with competency direction of official pending problems. The responsibility of acting governor fell on him, May 5, 1907.

During the Pindall period the Marion Hotel was the official residence, Governor and Mrs. Pindall selecting it as their living quarters. Later they built a beautiful home at 2000 Arch Street, Little Rock.

Incorporated in nearly two years were interesting events in a first lady's quickly launched career. Deep in Mrs. Pindall's personal and official memories are courtesies that came from many sources. Travel with her husband carried her to Governors' conferences and she, with him, was received by President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House.

An honor noteworthy in scope was conferred when she was elected vice-president of the Women's National Rivers and Harbors Congress, and afterward she presided at the meeting of this far-reaching Congress in Washington. Mrs. Pindall remembers with particular pleasure her visits to many parts of the country, and to Mexico.

Although as always with a governor's wife official influences in a personal sense wane with completion of incumbency, with Mrs. Pindall there has been no loss of interest in significant public questions. She is a member of Little Rock Unit of Arkansas' Women's Democratic Club and of the Women's Division of the Democratic Party Organization. She is a former member of the Federation of College Women.

Many active organizations have the support of her member-

ship. As an affiliate of Churchill Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Pindall in this way pays tribute to her ancestral claim, the related men and women who furthered the cause of Southern rights.

It is of remarkable interest that General Robert E. Lee's birthday was declared a legal holiday in Arkansas in the dawning administration of a man whose ancestors, the same as his wife's, were related with loyalty to the stubborn and gallant struggle for Southern victory under Lee leadership.

Mrs. Pindall is a devotee of painting. It is one of her greatest cultural interests. She paints in oil and has done much china painting.

Her religious affiliation is with Trinity Episcopal Cathedral at Little Rock.

On January 11, 1909, the Pindall reign, begun under the mischance of an emergency but meeting the requirements of sound operation, reached a terminus. Arkansas came under the influence for three days of acting Governor Jess M. Martin of Pope County in his election as president of the Senate, and which gave momentary predominance to another thoughtful, competent Arkansas couple.

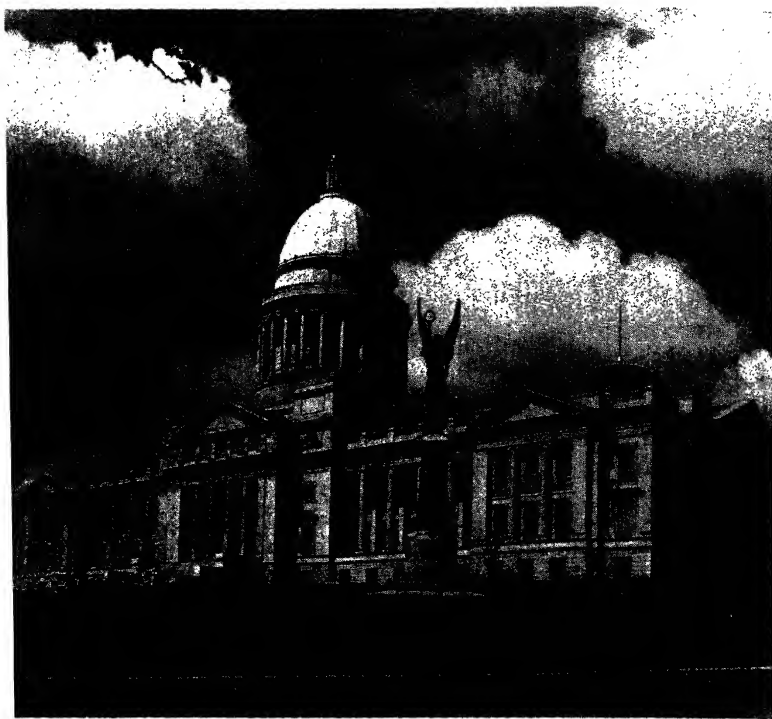
Russellville's second contribution to central social place, and the fourth to represent the feminine phase of the twenty-first administration, was not given long to deal in connected gubernatorial practice. Through Molly Ferguson Martin, with a longer time the State would have turned another bright leaf in the associated control of one who combined personal attractiveness and wit and would have made no mistake about the importance of the womanly side in public life.

Against a time-background of two years stands a quartette of women marked in State historical expediency, who found themselves placed near the table over which variously State negotiations were made from 1907 to 1909. Death has taken away two of them, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Martin. All four of the men connected as governing heads in the period have passed away.

Mrs. Little resides in Greenwood, Arkansas.

Mrs. Pindall's life continues to revolve around Little Rock. It is directed to strongly marked friendships.

A delightful hostess, a good conversationalist, enjoying contacts with many people, the State's foremost official woman of thirty-odd years ago records in the memory of experiences a legion of stimulating public stories.



PRESENT CAPITOL OF ARKANSAS. FIRST USED IN 1911

Mrs. George Washington Donaghey

AS A TRIBUTE Mrs. Donaghey asks no greater than her husband's all-sufficient acknowledgment, in his autobiographical volume, of the contribution she had made in his life. Nor could any woman crave richer characterization and hold to her heart with more intensity than such comprehending expression:

"TO LOUVENIA"

"The sweetheart of my youth,
The helpmate of my young manhood,
The partner of my maturer years,
The companion who smooths the path of age

This Biography
Is affectionately dedicated by—
Geo. W. Donaghey."

Their story is a familiar one to Arkansas, the self-sacrificing loyal early years together that reached a golden harvest in highest public and private spheres. To write of the one as apart from the other almost restrains the pen, so closely walked side by side the twenty-second gubernatorial pair and well known benefactors.

Of her part in a distinguished husband's progressive march, Mrs. Donaghey in modesty says, "During my married life I was content with the efforts and achievements of my husband, and, therefore, made no attempt for my own personal glory. My highest aim in life was to do what I could for his comfort and to assist and encourage him in every way I could."

It is not surprising that the kindly, self-effacing former first lady would write so, carrying as she does a heritage of more than half a century spent in congenial association with a stalwart, protective companion. Nevertheless, through many years Mrs. Donaghey has been a beloved individual figure, and the events of her own life are invested with appeal and warm interest.

In Darlington, South Carolina, Louvenia Wallace was born in 1862. Soft accents and a gentle manner readily confirm the deep South as her background. In the refining charms of the Palmetto State was passed in the home of her parents, J. G. and Eunice Wallace, a girlhood as blithe as the stress of national warfare and its sacrificial aftermath would grant.

Came then, in 1879, a move to Arkansas. In the wisdom of her elders, turning away from lifelong South Carolinian associations, the Wallace family started westward, their ultimate destination being Old Austin, in Lonoke County, this State.

Similar episodes of removal to the challenging Southwest in the middle and last quarter of the nineteenth century were repeated by uncounted families. The lonely lives, subdued aspirations, unsolved problems conceivably consequent in many cases, have not of themselves reached history's pages. In the realm of domestic adaptation that era constituted perhaps one of the most significant marches American development annals contain. The old South's westward-ho transition!

In the Arkansas migration, however, of the Wallace family, for the seventeen-year-old daughter at least was opened a way of life rosy in promise, rich in fulfillment. Foreshadowed with her arrival were offers of personal happiness and opportunities that would swing her into deepest currents of consequence. In less than four years George Washington Donaghey, ambitious young man of many trades—farmer, carpenter, school-teacher—had led her to the marriage altar.

The time was September 20, 1883. Chronicled a scribe: "The lady of George Donaghey's phantom love, now animate with tender emotions, is Miss Louvenia Wallace, a South Carolina

belle, of exquisite voice, irresistible beauty, and personality."

Ruminating fifty years afterward the long ago benedict, in his recently published autobiography, affords a pleasing sartorial glimpse of the connubial occasion: "The dress of my bride was typical of those thrifty days when a wedding dress was made to serve for many post-wedding occasions. It was of rich oxblood satin, made in the fashion of the day, with hoops and bustle." There is disclosed of his bridal attire the conventional formal suit of the era, the coat of "Prince Albert" cut.

Young Donaghey was a native of Louisiana; his birth occurred near the Arkansas-Louisiana boundary line, which gave him quasi-natal claim on the State he long later was chosen to govern. Most of his youth had been spent in Arkansas, with an interlude of Texas adventure.

In simple beginnings, at Conway the couple set up house-keeping, that town having become a Donaghey point of permanence after a nomadic young manhood.

The value of a keenly discerning woman, an unwavering helpmate, is epitomized in Louvenia Wallace Donaghey's important place in the ensuing years. Her qualifications as a "poor man's" wife, an uncommon courage during the difficult period of family struggle for material foothold, serve to throw in full light her strengthening aid as their early bright dreams and visions had eventual consummation in dominant success.

In the heyday of their marital youth, obstacles of pecuniary considerations, of domestic needs to be met with economies thought out from every angle, punctuated their days. In the wise eyes, the loving heart and able hand of the ripening first lady, there was only joy in the fulfilling of her vows, of moving step by step with a young companion possessed of ambition, putting forth energies and well-formed plans that were laying the foundation for the comfort and satisfactions of their later days.

A lingering story of Mrs. Donaghey's frugality and care shows the youthful matron not only in the light of preparing

with her own hands the future prominent husband's meals, but of carrying daily on her arm to his place of manual labor a lunch pail to sustain the hard-working State potentate-to-be.

Life for the Donagheys from the beginning had a deeper meaning than to drift through casual years; their victories, for a long time small and not easy, consistently gave fixity to united ambition and resolution. Conway continued to be their home for twenty-five years. It was a sojourn of quiet, forward living.

The Donaghey name is linked closely during that time and until now, with the business, moral, and cultural progress of the "Athens of mid-Arkansas."

In December of 1908, the year of Mr. Donaghey's election as governor, they removed to Little Rock, establishing their residence at 314 Gaines Street where they lived during two terms of official tenure.

More than specialized training in governmental policies was brought by the new governor to the office. His steadily rising star shone on an established career as a builder and contractor. An angle of Governor Donaghey's business acumen and experience is historically outlined in the direction of his deep, personal interest for a long time before being governor toward construction of the State Capitol building. Although he was not privileged to conduct the early part of his administration in the marble edifice he had labored to have materialize, it was at a stage sufficiently habitable to have installed in it his private office prior to the meeting of the 38th Legislature, the first Assembly to hold its sessions there.

January 9th, 1911, a new tone in official housing sounded. The old Capitol, of particular pride in its history founded in a raw country, would rest on what had been done in the past, bow to the honorable estate of decrepitude, for it had come face to face with the finish of its legislative course. Of it Governor John Pope had said when accepting, on January 4, 1833, a deed to the State House: "It is a commanding situation on the river with a street on every side, and the view from the river or the town can never be obscured by other buildings."

Years after Governor Donaghey's inauguration he saw acceptably completed the new State Capitol that ranks well among commonwealth government seats. "None have invested more time and trouble in the enterprise (building of new Capitol) than his excellency, George W. Donaghey, a practical builder and a man of the people" was a newspaper tribute of the Capitol transition period.

From 1909 to 1913, as the wife of a man predominant in State affairs, Mrs. Donaghey serenely but adequately lived in the midst of her husband's wide official domain. He and her home were her prime interests, she preferring to furnish a stable domestic background where the bearer of responsible honors in harmony and comfort could detach himself from the inevitable complexities of statecraft.

Nearby she sat as the germs of legislation grew under their roof that mark with notability his years in office, on the roll of foremost benign Donaghey legislation being the establishment of the State Tuberculosis Sanitorium at Booneville.

In view of the generous educational policies actively long practiced by Governor Donaghey and Mrs. Donaghey, it is of meritorious consideration here that the four agricultural colleges of Arkansas were created during his administration.

Not in a better way can be described her prideful place, as greater honors and wider usefulness fastened upon the family name than by reproduction of a contemporary news article: "With Governor Donaghey always, whether in his executive office or on the hustings talking earnestly to the voters to stand loyal to the cause of good government, is the smiling and cheering face of Mrs. Donaghey while her uplifted hands strengthen him in his great battle for right against wrong."

The journey of life together having led as well to the bright terminal of financial ease, at the close of his second executive term the Donaghey twain commenced to widen their already large field of human services. Their interests centered on a way of adding to the State's educational facilities.

On his seventy-third birthday, the large office structures, known as the "old" and the "new" Donaghey buildings, were

deeded by the former governor and his wife, that pair of early financial limitations, to the continuing benefits of Little Rock Junior College. Later more property was donated. With a valuation of over a million dollars, the exceptional gift has identification as the Donaghey Trust Foundation, and is administered by a Board of Trustees.

"Donaghey Week," a period giving emphasis to the sources of its benefactions, is observed annually at Junior College. At its inauguration in 1932, *College Chatter*—mouthpiece of the liberally endowed institution—bore a message of appreciation appropriate here for quotation, in part:

"Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Donaghey, who by their benevolent interest and unselfish generosity have promoted the welfare of the College . . . we owe them a great debt of gratitude . . . as the years go on, we shall come again to this week to pay homage to these citizens who having vision, dreamed, and who having dreamed, accomplished great things."

Provided in the expansive educational gift are ten scholarships, for the use of students unable to finance themselves. The aid given this way and in other ways to unnumbered boys and girls seeking education bespeaks alone the life and labors of these benefactors, who, without children of their own, enrich the lives of those of others. The Donaghey spirit roamed with the eyes of clarity and sympathetic vision that prompted donations for hospitals and public buildings, and relieved the financial worries of thousands.

Toward the betterment of the State, religiously, Governor Donaghey and Mrs. Donaghey have directed their tendencies and contributions. Both have had long membership in the Methodist Church.

Other colleges of the State enjoy the reward of Donaghey gratuities, Hendrix College and State Teachers College at Conway, particularly—institutions Governor Donaghey helped to establish there.

Mrs. Donaghey resides in their residence at 2109 Gaines Street, Little Rock, where Governor Donaghey's sudden pass-

ing, December 15, 1937, brought desolating severance of over half a century's union. His interment was made at Roselawn Memorial Cemetery.

In direct touch with her vast business interests and with the rich flow of their joint educational munificences, the widow, of former first lady ranking, must often in reminiscence travel again a merged road, not always smooth, that presented hills to climb, but had a royal lining.

Mrs. Donaghey had a sister and two brothers as follows: Mrs. Maggie Wallace Heffner; John B. Wallace, James H. Wallace, who at present makes his home with Mrs. Donaghey. Miss Johnnie Wallace, a niece, is a teacher in Little Rock's public schools.

On the southeast corner of Markham and Main streets in Little Rock stands the Wallace office building, the inspiration of whose naming, in the devoted heart of the erector—George W. Donaghey—was a means of keeping alive the cherished maiden name that was exchanged for his. Not as concrete or enduring this mammoth architectural mass of brick as the sympathy, kindness, and helpfulness perpetuated in Mr. and Mrs. Donaghey's lives as they engaged in vocations and activities that provided humanitarianism in wide, rich sweep.

“Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give help,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Who gives not is not living,
The more we give, the more we live.”

Mrs. Joseph Taylor Robinson

THE LOCUS OF her goings and comings has been the world! Journeys taken to near and far corners of the earth, in company with her renowned husband, aline Mrs. Joseph Taylor Robinson in place as a globe-girdler among women identified with the governorship.

A graphic periphery of privilege and experience encircles Arkansas' twenty-third, brief-time first lady. Fortunate situations as hers have fallen to the lot of few other women in American public life.

It was a pleasant prelude when a family cradle in Lonoke, Arkansas, held as its diminutive occupant, many years ago, a girl child. Perhaps by heredity the blue-eyed infant, as she grew older was possessed of talents and aspirations uncommonly ardent. Her upbringing in association with two brothers was in the hands of parents who gave in cherished and minutest interest a direction of wise, careful living.

Nucleus of the Miller loyal-knit unit is traceable to the marriage of Sarah Evelyn Grady and Jesse Miller, in 1873. Both were natives of Tennessee. Long before becoming the head of a family, service had been rendered by young Mr. Miller in the Confederate army. While a student at Jackson, Tennessee, with the ominous foundation barely laid for the country's prolonged clash of arms, on May 24, 1861, he had enlisted in the North Tennessee infantry, serving under command of Colonels H. L. Douglass and R. W. McTavock until the war's close. Stripes of

his Southern patriotism were worn thereon in wounds inflicted at the battles of Shiloh and Atlanta.

He came to Lonoke in 1872. Establishing a mercantile business, Mr. Miller continued forty years in commercial activities, until his retirement in 1912.

The Miller family in its local environment was one of a town group bound together by ties of early economic effort, warm neighborliness, concerted attention to the community's development. To a younger member of the group, a small girl of loveliness and charm—Ewilda Gertrude Miller—by example was extended a torch of refinement and culture that would be carried by her, in not so many years, farther than even might herself have dreamed.

As time went on, unrivaled opportunities came for such light in her hands to be cast on government centers, state and national; it was her glamorous part to carry its reflecting rays to the Court of St. James. France, Denmark, the Near East, South America, these and famous other journeyings brought to her delighted view often, as an active participant in world affairs, the Lonoke lawyer—her choice early made as a life companion.

From out of an exceedingly large family he had sprung; youngest of ten children, this son of Dr. James Robinson and Matilda Jane Robinson of Lonoke, early woke to the potentialities of ambition, lived to know the joy of public success and acclaim.

In affectionate interest the Lonoke community had watched the courtship of a favorite young man and maiden, and registered its approval at the nuptials, December 15, 1896, of "Joe" Robinson, University of Arkansas alumnus, already of local legalistic fame, and golden-haired "Willie" Miller, a town belle. As the newly-wed couple undertook the great matter of establishing a home center, living quietly, simply, in superb happiness, not getting so much in the public print then, the successes that exalted their maturity doubtlessly had incipency there.

Young Mrs. Joe Robinson, those who know declare, was a "born" homemaker. She set the keynote of her household on a pattern of prideful efficiency, with the hospitality of the Robinson couple expressed in terms of open-heartedness that yet arouses appreciative comment.

The fate, destiny, lucky chance, or mental organization that weaves political lives victoriously focused, believably, on Ewilda Miller Robinson as a prophetic supporter of her husband's ambitions, for from the earliest local call of statesmanship to fall on his ears until a scope of public connections widened the world over, she was an unshakable, untiring champion. In his campaigns she was potentially very important; unobtrusive, but forceful, according to her independent judgment often momentous moves were made.

For so long, directly or remotely, Mrs. Robinson has touched the life of Arkansas, portrayal of all the facets of her vast experience requires a deeply penetrative pen.

In 1902, Washington received her as a new Congressman's wife. On a calendar of personally eventful epochs, underlining of that date best might define the beginning of this remarkable official life span.

Political residents of Washington at the century's turn met people and were a part of events that supply present time lengthy columns of national history, as the William McKinley administration threw open White House doors, to be tragically closed, then reopened by the dynamic Theodore Roosevelt regime.

Quiet, dignified Ewilda Robinson was an eager partaker at the capital city's ever running fount of official and social offerings, but beyond that she found it to be a place of opportunity, the same as Lonoke, for her to continue her methods of wifely assistance while the Sixth Arkansas district's representative in Congress began to handle his stewardship carefully, wisely, successfully.

Young Robinson, it soon was commonly predicted, was a "coming" man, marked for big political recognition. Sensible, capable, attractive, surpassingly sympathetic with her hus-

band's ambitions, was the contemporary estimate given of his wife.

In such a pleasant situation of political security they remained until his great ambition beckoned him to other and different public activities.

His election to the Arkansas gubernatorial post changed their scene of officiality, but hardly had the ink dried on his inaugural address of January 16, 1913, before an even riper distinction loomed, and that would demand retracement of their steps to Washington. The sudden death of United States Senator Jeff Davis the same month Governor Robinson was delegated to the State ruling chair started the latter toward a never surpassed senatorial career. Given election by the legislature on January 28, he became Senator Davis' successor.

In a proximity of dates, unique history was created when within fourteen days' time was borne successively by Mr. Robinson the title of congressman, governor, and senator-elect. On March 10, the recipient of the State's bountiful political awards entered upon the multiplied and important duties of a United States senator.

Two months of first-ladying, with an engaging past, a bright, privileged present, a still brighter and more privileged future!

Entry into State-bound service placed the red brick house located at 1900 Marshall Street in the light of a governor's mansion. The impressive Robinson home, with its trained chatelaine, became a magnet of happy interest as was contributed without stint a wholesomeness of feminine entertainment to many a guest. In this was inspiration, both from an innate, deep sense of hospitality and as a mark of appreciation and esteem for an unmeasurable roll of their mutual friends. There was limited time for legislative statutes bearing Robinson signature. The State flag, beautiful symbol designed by Miss Willie Hocker, was adopted in the Robinson administration.

The family honor of achieving a United States senatorship brought to the transient first lady, with all its compensating rewards, an awareness of its accompanying exactions, pointing to the increasing need of her sympathetic companionship and

consideration. She was never a "career" woman. In the nation's social and cultural hub where prominence for her was easily secure and she was greatly sought, she deemed as of most importance on her part the rewarding matter of keeping house for her husband, to be in touch with his welfare, unconsciously by constant care thus helping to shape a career to which the world would pay tribute. Abigail Adams, second first lady of the land, similarly synchronizing her interest in affairs of statecraft with domestic obligations, to a friend long ago wrote: "A well ordered home is my chief delight, and the affectionate, domestic wife, with the relative duties which accompany that character, my highest ambition." So ran the faithful creed of Ewilda Miller Robinson.

An unswerving devotion emphasized Mrs. Robinson's filial responsibilities. In their older days, her parents made their home with the nationally known daughter and son-in-law. The father passed away in 1921, the mother in 1934.

"To her family, as well as to his own family," in tribute said a colleague after Senator Robinson's death, "his devotion was very beautiful." Another senator expressed in the following words what, besides, was evident to all intimately acquainted with Senator and Mrs. Robinson: "Having no children of their own, the senator lavished his affections upon the boys and girls of his relatives and friends. He was never too busy to think of some kindness to the young people he knew."

Mrs. Robinson's sympathetic interest equally was pledged. Many a season has been brightened for a brother, niece, nephew, distant relative or young friend as she opened ways—by sharing Washington's golden opportunities, her home, and her chaperonage—for valued social or educational advantages.

The auguries cast up by his earlier years in time gave senatorial shape of dimensions to win for the Robinson name international luster—and to make more memorable Mrs. Robinson's already teeming destiny. The most meaningful phases at that point were the occasions and experiences of their foreign travel.

Like a world tour it reads, the biographically-sought yield from Mrs. Robinson's store of historical items: "We made many

trips abroad, some for pleasure and rest alone, others when Mr. Robinson was sent on different missions for the Government. We spent four months in London where he was a delegate to the London Naval Peace Conference. While there we were kept busy in the social world as were all delegates. We were entertained at Buckingham Palace several times. King George and Queen Mary, of course, were reigning at that time. We met the present King and Queen also. The Duke of Windsor was away, but we met him in Washington several years ago. Mr. Dawes was our ambassador while we were in London, he and Mrs. Dawes being old time friends of ours. Many countries were represented at this conference, and their delegates were outstanding men."

To Paris, Copenhagen, Istanbul, Rio de Janeiro, to Uruguay, Argentina, Chile and Peru went the celebrated travelers on governmental business bent. Learned of beyond British, Continental, Asiatic, and South American impressions are colorful ones Mrs. Robinson gained in other distant sojourn; "We made two trips to the Hawaiian Islands, a trip to Alaska, and in 1935, with Vice-President Garner's party, to the Philippines—at the time the Islands became a commonwealth, and Manuel Quezon was inaugurated as the first President. One summer we spent at an old castle near Aberdeen, Scotland, where my husband shot grouse. Another summer we were in Czechoslovakia for the shooting season. We made many trips to Panama where he enjoyed deep sea fishing."

A zestful narration of excursions into cosmopolitanism by people of such democratic solidarity that they never lost the common touch! Arkansas remained the beloved favorite in their amazing collection of widely scattered places visited and closely viewed.

Residential permanence in Little Rock was established for Mrs. Robinson, when sudden death came to the long-time legislator who had carried state and national banners far afield.

"Faithful and chivalrous servant of the Republic," aptly he has been characterized—who as courageously as a loyal soldier in the thick of fight, fell at his colossal post.

Not great is the distance that separates his grave in Rose-lawn Cemetery from the family home at 2122 Broadway, Little Rock, which Mrs. Robinson continues to occupy.

Her present life offers contrast to the pictures of her valuable past. A gentlewoman, Arkansas-born, rich in adventure, romantic in story, by presidential appointment she was transplanted to a field of great personal responsibility and practicality—the postmastership of Little Rock.

In the governmental building her husband had a conspicuous part in establishing, with stability and resourcefulness the one long known by the general public as a national statesman's wife, dedicates her time to the greatness of the federal postal service.

Born and brought up in the same congenial Arkansas atmosphere, the Robinson tremendous story, replete with many sorts of sensation and experience, is a saga of achievement this State regards pridefully.

Arkansas gives expression of its unfading interest in the Robinson name by identifying with it many public projects. Bearing tributary nomenclature are: Joseph T. Robinson Training Camp, Little Rock's Auditorium, a public highway, and a large public school in Little Rock's suburbs.

Ever lies before this subject of noted name recognized assurance of the career of service to democracy in which her part of womanly assistance is well known to have been a comprehensive and valuable asset.

Mrs. Robinson's near blood relatives are brothers, nieces and nephews. Her brothers are:

Charles A. Miller, who married Gertrude England and H. Grady Miller, who married Emily Sturges.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Miller are the parents of Mrs. W. E. Marshall and Charles A. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Grady Miller have two children, Emily Robinson and Henry Grady Miller, Jr.

There are two great-nieces, Ethel and Meredith Miller, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Miller, the latter formerly Apsie Bransford.

Mrs. George Washington Hays

FOR THE BEGINNING of this biography the scene is projected from Ireland and Scotland, countries from which Mrs. Hays' ancestors emigrated to America, and it is interesting to follow their pioneering steps on the stage of this country. James Yarborough, Irish emigrant, arrived early enough to have a part as fifer in the American Revolution. He married and settled in Montgomery County, North Carolina. There in 1797, a son, William S. Yarborough, was born. Jephtha Morris, a native of Scotland, as an orphaned boy was brought to America by a colony of his countrymen. North Carolina became his home and which state was given by him service, too, in the Revolutionary war. In 1815 William Yarborough and Jephtha Morris' daughter, Lydia, were married. Grandparenthood on the paternal side was established for Mrs. Hays by that union.

The Yarborough family by slow degrees reached Arkansas. They had remained in North Carolina until 1820, moving that year, in a one-horse wagon, to Tennessee and to a county of the same name they had left in North Carolina, Montgomery.

Arriving in this State in 1849, a location for Yarborough settlement was chosen in Ouachita County, ten miles south of Camden on a pioneer overland route familiar to history. The Indians, in trails through tangled vines and overgrowth, had supplied an aboriginal way that would one day determine the course of settlers. In other respects it was a roadway designed for local historical notice, serving in a later day as a stage-coach route, and marking a course for equipment of wire and

posts when the innovation of telegraphy, not long as yet operating in Arkansas, turned to the southern portion. It was known therefrom widely as the "wire road." William Yarborough became a prosperous farmer, having ownership of a large tract of land alongside the historic road and thereabout. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist church. There were nine children in the family, one being Elbert S. Yarborough.

Veering at this point in Mrs. Hays' line of descent, through maternal ancestry it reaches into Kentucky's stirring early days. Israel Ross, her mother's father, was a Kentucky farmer, a large slave owner and pursuing at times the hazardous business of trading with Indians. Her mother's mother was born in Russell County, Kentucky. The maiden name was Barger. She was a first cousin of Daniel Boone, a closeness of relationship that gives her descendants the right to share collateral connection with a man of such historical stature that he is classed by some historians as next to George Washington in early American domination and noted by a detailer of the history of Frankfort, Kentucky, Cemetery, thus: "The grave which visitors most frequently request to see is that of Daniel Boone."

A year before Arkansas became a State, the advent of Israel and Hannah Barger Ross in this locality occurred, and Oucahita County also was their selection as a new home site. A daughter was born to them in 1841. That era's custom of appealing to the moral virtues for a suitable given name resulted for the Ross infant in the discriminating one of Prudence.

In that section she grew up, and at eighteen Prudence Winfrey Ross became the bride of the fellow countian, Elbert S. Yarborough. With their marriage were merged—in the southern corner of Arkansas—Irish-Scotch-early American blood strains that became the nucleus of a well known State family. Camden was the first home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert S. Yarborough. In truth, it was to "Ecore Fabre" they went, the French name having not as yet given way to "Camden."

From the time of his arrival at nineteen years of age with his father's family, Elbert Yarborough gave enthusiastic support to the State of their adoption; to him belongs credit for a

potent part in the development of a section of Arkansas. He held the office of bailiff of Marion township from 1854 to 1856, and in the latter year was appointed deputy sheriff, serving six years.

On account of ill health he was unable to give active service in the War Between the States, but contributed assistance in the necessary work of shoe-making for the soldiers and rendering other practical aid, circumstances frequently providing in lieu of the bearing of arms such compensating patriotic endeavors.

A few years after the war he bought a farm near Buena Vista. The old log house in which the Yarborough family lived is still in a state of good repair. In addition to farming interests, Mr. Yarborough was the owner and operator of a general merchandise business, and served for a time as postmaster at Buena Vista.

In civic and church affairs he was active. The Democratic party had his allegiance in political belief.

Three children were born in the Elbert Yarborough family, Ida Virginia being the one who merits attention in the biographical series. Other children were Annie Evalyn and Asa Edward. August 24, 1873, the future subject of this sketch began her life at Buena Vista.

A question as to the events of her young life, directed toward her, details facts that childhood, girlhood, and young womanhood were passed in her native town. She completed her high school education, and served for a time as assistant postmaster. She was a helper awhile to her father in his mercantile establishment.

A romantic interest superseding all else early came into her life, and from her own prideful confession is quoted: "I gave up my plans for a college education to marry George Washington Hays on February 26, 1895." Mr. Hays, a young lawyer, native of Ouachita County, Arkansas, was a graduate of Washington and Lee University.

Quite conceivably, association in her husband's steadily up-building career, in his professional and long public service that

culminated in the governorship, offered to the young wife more useful branches of learning than possible of inclusion in a college degree alone.

The family home was established at Camden and maintained nearly twenty years. Their children, two sons, George Grady and William Francis, were born there.

In the environments of respected ancestors, Mrs. Hays built her family's lives on specifications of well turned example.

Camden was named at an early day to a place in southern Arkansas' bouquet of culture. Its history captivates interest—the long-held position of importance as an inland waterway and its central place as one of the most extensive timber "harvests" in the State. It has its military history and pioneer particulars. Camden adopted desirable attitudes toward life in the beginning which have held with changing generations.

The Hays family is conspicuously connected there, with ancestors in the vanguard and themselves, touched with ambition, devising a policy of strong family and community living. Outside the town, as well as inside, Mr. Hays in an extended practice of law, moved onward and nearer the climax of his well-directed career.

Clothed in successive honors of County and Circuit judge-ships, it was in 1913 that the family environs widened to Arkansas' extreme official boundaries, as Judge Hays' advancement to the governorship by special election following Governor Robinson's resignation, moved the new first family to Little Rock in January 1914, and into the Robinson home at 1900 Marshall Street, which they occupied several years.

It was Governor Hays' privilege to be among early officials to administer in the new capitol building.

Presiding over her home and family was Mrs. Hays' real occupation, devoting time and interest always to her husband's work, along with domestic and increasing public demands as the pace of foreign war grew rapid and, cutting deeper and deeper westward, neared America. It would be inevitable that Ida Hays' memory cradles actions of vital importance that

were brought to the attention of the governor in office almost until the time the United States took its overseas' step.

Social service activity—long before it became standardized and governmentally controlled—had a definite place with Mrs. Hays. The conditions of the State prison especially was a form of welfare work appealing to her sympathies, giving considerable attention to penal practices. She was known and loved by the unfortunates doomed to penitentiary walls, often visiting and cheering the imprisoned inmates.

Many distinguished visitors were entertained in the official home of Governor Hays and Mrs. Hays. One of the most charming recalled was a daughter of President Woodrow Wilson, visiting Little Rock in the course of national war-aid activities.

During the years that were slipping into a niche of history as the Hays' regime, there were events to be translated to a heritage of recollections that click articulately in the mind and heart of the twenty-fourth first lady. The winds of opportunity blew favorably at home and elsewhere for the family of ruling relationship.

Among official journeys taken by Governor Hays and Mrs. Hays an outstanding one carried them to San Francisco, California, in June, 1914, for the purpose of selecting the site of the Arkansas Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The trip was made in the private car of General Superintendent J. W. Dean of the Iron Mountain Railroad, who with Mrs. Dean and about twenty other guests comprised the distinguished group. While in California the governor and his wife were honored with numerous tributary courtesies, among them a dinner party given in their honor by the Arkansas Society of San Francisco.

Among beneficial legislation enacted during the Hays' administration was the passage of the wage-hour Act as affecting women in gainful employment; another giving married women certain legal rights as to individual property ownership and the personal handling of it, as also the right to make contracts. At that time of service legislatively was provided establishment

of a municipal court in towns of not less than forty-five thousand inhabitants.

Preserved by the History Commission at the State Capitol is the pen used by Governor Hays when he signed the state-wide prohibition bill. During part of his legislative supremacy, his son, George Grady Hays served as his private secretary.

When Governor Hays' second term of office ended in 1917, and he resumed the practice of law, he bought a house at 1856 Battery Street, a home from which a later governor would come forth. After two years' residence, the newly-built home at 2001 West Seventeenth Street received the family, and which continues as Mrs. Hays' place of residence. It was there Arkansas' twenty-fourth governor died, September 15, 1927.

Of minute data relative to Mrs. Hays, she is a member of the Baptist church, of the Arkansas Pioneer Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Due in great measure, doubtless, to an all-masculine family, among her personal interests is an enthusiasm for all outdoor sports.

She takes great pride in a well-kept home, and devotes studied attention to flower culture. Extensive travel has been her portion; she greatly enjoys the rewarding pastime of reading.

The premature death of her elder son, in 1938, occurred. Struggling under the blow, Mrs. Hays continues her disrupted life, full of household responsibilities, upholding the principles of public concern on which her husband's successful career was builded.

Grady Hays married Mrs. Agnes Wilkins of North Little Rock. William Hays, who is engaged in the profession of teaching, married Adabelle Miller of Fayetteville, formerly of Monette, Missouri. Mrs. Hays has two nephews, Maury A. Church, a civil engineer of Springfield, Missouri, who married Mildred Jones of Keo, Arkansas, and George Lucian Church of Florence, Alabama, married to the former Otela Gillistie of Stuttgart, Arkansas, and there is a great niece, Jane Church.

Mrs. Charles Hillman Brough

WHEN ARKANSAS TURNED to its university circles for a leader, thereby placing on the shoulders of a brilliant educator its guidance through World War pressures, an addition of distinct importance was made at the same time to the roster of governors' wives.

It has been long since the stirring period that brought Governor Charles Hillman Brough and Mrs. Brough to a place of great public significance, yet the cordial interest of the State in these adopted first citizens continues with the years. The memory of its great-hearted War Governor is a commonwealth pride.

Member of a family of prominence, Mrs. Brough spent her early life in Franklin, Kentucky, her birthplace. She received formal education at Franklin Female College and at Hollins Institute, now Hollins College, Virginia. She was the only daughter of Honorable Granville Wade Roark and Mrs. Roark. Her father practiced law in southern Kentucky nearly half a century. For many years he was president of the Simpson County Bank, and also president of the Franklin Woolen Mills. His ancestors, the Roarks and Wades, came from Virginia and North Carolina. There were among them those who gave service in the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War Between the States. Her mother's maiden name was Sarah Norvell, born in Tennessee, but whose Norvell and Edwards ancestors came from Virginia and North Carolina. Captain Hugh Norvell was one of the vestrymen of Bruton Parish Church,

Virginia, at the time of its building in 1710-1715. His grandfather, Colonel Hugh Bullock, was a member of the first Virginia Council.

In 1907 Anne Roark, fair descendant of noteworthy forebears, visiting at Fayetteville her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. King Wade, met Dr. Charles Hillman Brough who was head of the Department of Economics and Sociology at the University of Arkansas. A native of Mississippi, Charles Hillman Brough had been on an upward movement scholastically since he was born, his mother having been Lady Principal of a Mississippi institution of learning at the time of her marriage, while his father was actively connected with mining and banking interests. The son received from Mississippi College both Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees. Followed study as a post-graduate student at Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore, where he earned a Doctor of Philosophy degree. Three years of professorship at Mississippi College and a year at Hillman College, Clinton, Mississippi, preceded the election in 1903 to a chair at the University of Arkansas of one profound in scholarship, and by which means was brought the future benedict and governor to this State. He held the Arkansas teaching position twelve years.

That the meeting between the erudite bachelor instructor and a Kentucky belle was a zestful one, and that richly ripened, is attested by their marriage the following year, June 17, 1908. It took place in the bride's home. Kentucky, which furnished native background for First Ladies Crittenden, Pope, Adams, Eagle, Rector, once again extended to this State a personality innately ready for eminent position. In September, following a three months' wedding trip to California where the bridegroom's parents lived, the couple of a glowing future returned to Fayetteville. There, identified in church, university, and other cultural coteries, they remained until Dr. Brough's election as governor brought them in January, 1917, to Little Rock.

Adapted by birth, education, and training for the requirements of her distinguished role, Mrs. Brough faced four months after inauguration extraordinary exactions, for in addition to

those that of necessity would befall a State leading official hostess, presented was a study in war complexities. In view of her active assistance in response to the country's call for national support of its home and overseas' planned programs, the full light of publicity should, in any sketch of her, be thrown upon the wartime affiliations of that period's first lady.

Joining immediately a Red Cross class, as with numberless other women Mrs. Brough devoted careful application to the making of Red Cross war supplies. She served as Honorary Chairman of Women's Auxiliary to the State Council of Defense. She became active chairman of women in the Second, Third, and Fourth Liberty Loans, and the Victory Loan. With minutest attention to her household, this busy woman of prominence found the time also to extend human service in many outside ways.

An unerring instinct for dealing with problems, social and otherwise, incident to official pre-eminence, with tactful concepts of its varied and varying demands, Mrs. Charles Hillman Brough moved through the two terms of her husband's regime an outstanding patriot and feminine leader.

Governor Brough, active in all patriotic endeavors, had by his side an invaluable helpmeet. His unfaltering support of President Wilson justifies repetition of the well known fact that at Dr. Brough's instigation the first "Woodrow Wilson for President Club" was organized. This distinct accomplishment, the first such organization in the United States, was effected at Fayetteville in 1911.

Mr. W. J. Lemke, epitomizing Arkansas history, has brought together in published form events notable in the Brough regime, compiled as follows: "Enactment of Bone Dry Law; Compulsory School Law; creation of Department of Insurance and Fire Prevention; creation of Commission of Charities and Corrections; State Song adopted; passage of the Millage Tax for support of higher institutions of learning." The last item represented a measure, readily it may be believed, nearest the Brough heart.

As cited above, Mrs. Eva Ware Barnett's musical production

"Arkansas" was officially adopted, during his administration, as the State song.

Between the two of them, the thirty-third gubernatorial holders made of their four years' tenure a groundwork of interesting activity. The home from which official hospitality was dispensed was at 1404 Scott Street. Its broad corridors and spacious rooms might seem to have been predestined for such a lavish use as was made of it by the celebrated tenants of 1917-1921.

For an engaging place of residence the rambling house gained first momentum, as already noted, in the period of Garland State eminence. Established home of the William S. Mitchell family, in the richly old style structure are reflected standards of living, public and private, that strike deep in the heart of Arkansas. Within its walls has been demonstrated a "heap of living," a pleasing part of which was reflected from Brough leased occupancy.

Retirement from the governor's chair provided a change only in immediate scene for the Brough couple. In courteous, distinguished manner were passed by them many more years as private citizens of Little Rock, in their home at 1863 Arch Street—they never swerving from a sympathetic attitude and attention to all who came within the circle of their wide acquaintance. A lengthy category could be unrolled of distinguished house guests and of others less known but of ties as greatly prized who enjoyed the warmth and friendship of the democratic couple. Hardly any more pleasing demonstration of sociability was ever presented than that which was displayed by them, to individuals and organized groups gathered at their home. Among innumerable memories prized by Mrs. Brough are travels made with her husband both during and after his administrative era. Outstanding experiences were attendance at two national Democratic conventions had at San Francisco and at New York in 1920 and 1924, respectively. They joined one of the Marinoni parties and traveled abroad in 1927, adding European interest to their already exceptional breadth of experience and cultured way of life. Mrs. Brough accompanied

her husband on the Arkansas-on-Wheels trains when the Wonder State's bountiful resources were advertised in dignity and oratory. An appreciation of the man who continued after leaving the governor's chair to render great public service in familiarizing much of the country with this section's possibilities and achievements was voiced by Mr. Fred W. Allsopp. In writing of Governor Brough, among other points of appreciation made was this one: "He was the best advertiser Arkansas ever knew."

Both Dr. and Mrs. Brough exercised influence in the Second Baptist Church, the former long serving as a deacon. Dr. Brough belonged to the XV Club, a social group of Little Rock men, whose membership is based on intellectual training.

In 1934, former Governor Brough received from President Franklin Delano Roosevelt appointment as Chairman of the Columbia-Virginia Boundary Commission. Dr. and Mrs. Brough moved to Washington where in graceful adaptation to a new life, signal experiences and contacts, they nonetheless continued to keep in neighborly touch with Arkansas. Friendly cards reached countless local homes as trickled through the mails a means of touch with a former chief executive termed by a writer "one of the most courteous and generous-hearted men who ever lived."

The Boundary Commission, composed of three members, arbitrated the 143-year-old controversy between the national government and the commonwealth of Virginia. Before his death Governor Brough saw the important question settled.

To give an account of the life of Anne Roark Brough and omit recognition of the compelling devotion between her husband and herself would lose for the biography both value and validity. Severe illnesses which overtook him were met with beacon lights of encouragement in her bravery, sympathy, and loving care. His restoration to health more than once, making for the continued performance of his useful labors, was granted quite possibly by her extreme vigilance and ministry.

Dr. Brough's sudden death December 26, 1935, forced the breaking of their long, affectionate association; countless other

hearts felt an emptiness at the parting with a great man, Arkansas' ceaseless challenger. His body was brought back to lie in state at the Capitol and at the Second Baptist Church before interment was made in Roselawn Memorial Park Cemetery at Little Rock.

Mrs. Brough returned to live at the Arkansas capital city. A broad field of helpful activities continues to be touched by her in civic, church and social causes. Many years ago, she served for two terms as president of the Little Rock branch of the Needlework Guild, an international organization devoted to important aspects of charity. For several years she was vice-president and finance chairman of the Young Women's Christian Association. At this time she holds the place of vice-president of the Aesthetic Club. In women's political works she is helpfully interested, being now a member of the Arkansas Democratic Club.

By virtue of pre-Revolutionary ancestral contribution, she has membership in the Colonial Dames, and for some time she has been corresponding secretary of the organization in Arkansas.

Mrs. Brough has two brothers, Charles N., and Granville W. Roark. A nephew, Houston Price Roark, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Granville W. Roark, the latter before marriage being Miss Evadna Price, of Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Mrs. Brough was wealthy in the companionship of her mother during the latter's sunset years, Mrs. Granville W. Roark, Sr., making her home for a while with her daughter's family. She passed away in Little Rock as unexpectedly as her influential son-in-law not many years later answered the final summons.

The Brough book collection at the Little Rock Public Library, law volumes of great number and value at Arkansas University, literary bequests to other colleges of Arkansas and Mississippi which include histories, fictional matter, magazines, maps, brochures, manuscripts, famous documents, various memoranda and numerous data, represent the vast selected library that commanded the admiration of all visitors to the

Brough household. The donation of such a wealth of literature is a wise and generous step in Arkansas library annals. Intelligently placed, the collection will be an unending source of benefit and pleasure to the generations to come.

Without children, Dr. and Mrs. Brough have lighted a way for untold young minds.

In the gift is manifested extraordinary forethought of a famous educator and public character, standing as an enduring monument to a governor and his wife ever kindly in the authority of position and who were sharers of immense popularity.

*Mrs. Thomas Chipman
McRae*

IN PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS, stands a stately old home where lives in great dignity one of the State's beloved first ladies.

Surrounded by a devoted family, honored by community friendships that were built on a lifetime of purposeful influence, there has come to Mrs. Thomas Chipman McRae, in the evening of her life, the time to look back on long years passed in eventful living. In her maturity of experience rests the fulfillment of a woman's life far above usual.

In Decatur, Alabama, a baby daughter, their first child, was born to William Richard White and Mary Jane Clarke White, on October 6, 1855. She was given the name Amelia Ann.

It is only as her birth State that she is identified with Alabama, for when about three years old she moved with her family to Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Soon afterward war between the States was declared. Through its fluctuating activities, the White family were in full contribution of valorous service. Early in his enlistment the father was given a Confederate captaincy in the commissary department. In that capacity he served throughout the period of conflict, except for an eighteen months' term of federal imprisonment at Camp Chase, Ohio, and at Fort Delaware.

Passing away in 1921, the venerable Confederate veteran lived to celebrate his ninety-second birthday, and was privileged to see his daughter assume foremost sway as a governor's helpmeet.

Vivid pictures remain in Mrs. McRae's memory of the long

season of strife. When the federal army captured Pine Bluff, the White family moved to Bradley County. Again in close proximity to the battle lines, she was an eye witness to the encounter at Mack's Mill.

After Captain White was exchanged from prison toward the war's close, he determined to remove his family further from the danger zone, starting toward Texas, a less war-infested region and which had become the refuge of many other Arkansas people. Illness in the family necessitated a pause in the journey, which was made at Falcon, Columbia County, Arkansas.

General Lee's surrender about that time altered the White family's plans, and at Falcon they took up residence. It was there that Amelia Ann White grew to young womanhood. She attended Masonic Male and Female Institute, a popular early school of the section located at Falcon. It was co-educational, a pedagogical policy out of the ordinary sixty or seventy years ago.

Another student was Thomas Chipman McRae. He had come as a boarding pupil from Mt. Holly, Union County, his native town. Here fate, wonderfully busy in the quiet center of culture and knowledge, again took a hand in State history. A surge of romance supplied the two with an ardent and earnest course apart from scholastic curricula from which was woven a benign and stabilizing association that long has reacted on this State.

December 17, 1874, two years after his graduation in law from Washington and Lee University, the marriage of Miss Amelia White and Thomas C. McRae was solemnized at Rosston. The White family had moved in the meantime to that place, as had also the young lawyer, there to embark on a professional career.

When Prescott, in 1877, supplanted Rosston as the county seat of Nevada County, Mr. and Mrs. McRae made a move to the former place on November 7 of that year. Soon afterward they took possession of their newly built home. It is there Mrs. McRae still lives, in the domicile from where her

husband was called again and again to high places of private and public honor, where the family grew in numbers and in increasing foundation for far-reaching importance. Nine children were born; in the passing of six of them, soul-compelling experiences silently mingle with the rare yesterdays that hover over a former first lady and her long-time home of revered associations.

In realms of domestic, community, state, and national degree, Mrs. McRae's life has rotated. The election to Congress of her husband in 1885 recorded a transition of the large McRae unit to Washington, D. C., the first of many to follow. A slender wife and mother, thirty years of age at the time, Mrs. McRae recalls that she was "quite a curiosity that first winter at the old National Hotel, with a family of six children." Among other officials in residence at the famous hostelry that had long before housed Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster, were Senators Jones and Berry of Arkansas, Blackburn of Kentucky, Blount of Georgia, and Oates of Alabama, theirs and names of other McRae associates now filling pages of late nineteenth-century history.

"A Congressional family from New Hampshire residing there," Mrs. McRae reminisces, "had never before been associated with Southern people and found them very different from what was expected. The wife and I formed a friendship and kept in touch with each other for a long time afterward."

Her recollections of the national capital of that day draw a marked contrast to its present appearance. Horse cars were in use on Pennsylvania Avenue and all over the city, the Washington Monument had just been completed and the grounds were in a rough condition when she first went to Washington. She saw the advent of cable cars and the revolutionary electric "trolleys." The Congressional Library had not been built. Rooms in connection with their living quarters furnished offices for Senators and Representatives, the palatial Senate and House Office buildings now provided for facilitation of government business not dreamed of then.

Back and forth the growing family alternated between

Prescott and Washington, the children attending school in both places until old enough for college. Birth, death, marriage, during Mr. McRae's Congressional service wrote their unyielding records in the large family heart. After serving eighteen years, Mr. McRae retired from Congress and resumed the practice of law at Prescott. Already high on the pedestal of public service, he again was sought, now to be placed among those gaining distinction by elective guidance of the State. In a gubernatorial excursion, many legislative survivals of his wise administration remain in effect. His bore the genuine hallmark of sagacity and personal devotion to the moral and financial progress of the State. Governor McRae was possessed of decided and affirmative convictions from which he could not be easily swerved. One of the outstanding and constructive policies to which he was wedded was that all of the tax that could and should be borne was already upon the statute books and real estate should not be called upon to be further and additionally burdened. He looked to other tax fields to gather the necessary revenue for State purposes and in this he was signally successful. In his campaign for governor he quoted again and again the economic truism that the solidarity of a State's well-being lay in its real estate's necessity to command at all times good prices. In this administration Arkansas by legislative resolution changed its nickname from "Bear" to "Wonder" State, in 1923.

Attuned to the manifold interests of her husband's career, with knowledge and appreciation of political aspects and social attitudes, Mrs. McRae easily had gravitated into the current of first ladyhood. For the third time the house at the southwest corner of Marshall and Nineteenth streets, Little Rock, had become, in their occupancy of the Robinson home, the "Governor's Mansion."

Against its background again was set a pattern of public domestic life and a requisite need of hospitality dispensed to meet all demands of official sociality. In Mrs. McRae, her daughters, and daughters-in-law, the feminine side of the supreme State office found delightful expression. The quiet-

voiced lady first in position, of innate dignity and sincere warmth of feeling, gave of herself proudly and adequately during Governor McRae's sovereignty.

Remarkable in State annals was the event of a Chief Executive and his wife reaching their fiftieth marital mile post. To Arkansans, the celebration in 1924 of their Golden Wedding anniversary was of distinct, heartfelt interest. The McRae home at Prescott, large and well adapted to entertaining, was at its best in the glow of "half a century's resumé." All of the original wedding party except one were alive at the time of the gala affair, including the minister of ceremony, Reverend Daniels, who had lived at the time of the marriage at Camden, Arkansas. Ministerial contracts prevented his coming from Georgia to repeat the ceremonial ordinance of 1874, but the sacred form of marriage rite he had used was sent by him, and was read by a Prescott Presbyterian minister. No details toward perfection in the festivity were omitted by Governor McRae, their children and grandchildren, and by Prescott friends, Mrs. McRae warmly recalls. An orchestra and a photographer were brought from Little Rock, and although the distinguished celebrants requested the omission of anniversary gifts, Arkansas was lavish in tokens of sincere felicitation.

Quoting the golden bride: "All of us felt young and had a joyous time. Among photographs, one I especially prize was one of our family with all our children living at that time, Mrs. Horace Bemis, Mrs. Mary Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. McRae, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Duncan L. McRae, and Mr. and Mrs. John D. Barlow, and our fourteen grandchildren, with Mr. McRae and me."

At the ages of seventy-three and sixty-nine, respectively, Governor Thomas Chipman McRae and Mrs. McRae, in his retirement in 1925 at the end of his second gubernatorial term, closed a long interlude of active public association, and with the deep respect and liking of the State at large.

Mrs. McRae remains the sole member left of the long ago wedding group. Four more years of endeared association after the 50th celebration were allotted before her husband, Ar-

kansas' twenty-sixth governor, passed away June 2, 1929.

Since a very young girl, she, as was her husband, has been a member of the Presbyterian church. According to its tenets, the spiritual relations of her family have been formed and fostered. The upbringing of their children on basic religious principles was the fine flowering of lifelong parental devoutness.

In Mrs. McRae's rich recollections are those of far-flung travels. Her husband's wide interests, professional, political, commercial, paved the way to a "seeing America" experience, in their joint journeys to official conclaves, to Bankers' conventions, General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, and varied trips taken by the two of ceaseless devotion, essentially for recreational pleasure.

There is a long line of proud family descent from the pioneer Falcon College students. Two daughters and a son remain of their immediate family, all resident in Prescott and in affectionate nearness to the one who has blessed and strengthened her husband, her home, children, and her church over a tenderly lengthened span of time. The home is presided over by one of her daughters, Mrs. Montgomery.

Reaching into various avenues of life the McRae line has been perpetuated in many grandsons and daughters and several great-grandchildren, and widely attests to the values established in the union of the courtly young lawyer and the stately south Arkansas brunette beauty more than six decades ago.

McRae children were:

Ethel (Mrs. Horace Bemis)

Mary (Mrs. F. H. Montgomery, formerly Mrs. Carleton McRae)

Alice (Twin sister of Mary, who died in infancy)

Thomas C., Jr.

Norvelle (Died at the age of 11)

Duncan L. (Deceased)

Mildred (Mrs. John D. Barlow—deceased)

Herbert (Died in infancy)

Corrie (Deceased)

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Terral

IT SO HAPPENED that the twenty-seventh first lady, born Eula Terrell, perpetuated in her marriage the name, in slightly altered form, which was hers through parental bestowal.

In all respects, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Terral was ready to take her place in the forefront of Arkansas' public picture of 1925-1927, for a remarkable listing of ancestry gave support to her involuntary preparations and destination as a governor's able helpmate.

The spirit of Norman Knighthood flows in her paternal history, with its beginnings in England about the year 1066. Sir Walter Tyrrell (original spelling) is conceded to have been the family founder.

In a way vibrant with historical incident was the name established in this country, William, James and John Terrell seeking, in 1687, a new land's openness of area and attitudes. The three brothers as colonists received from King James of England grants of land in Virginia, the amount of fifteen hundred acres. More, thus, than two hundred and fifty years ago was vigorous connection made between the Terrell family and the American continent.

The immediate interest of Arkansas passes over fundamental Terrell generations and lodges in this State, Lincoln County, where lived and occurred the marriage of Nathaniel G. Terrell to Isabelle Caroline Johnson.

As well in the latter's lineal descent is the tradition of substantial contribution to national existence. As a young girl she

had moved to Arkansas, her birth having occurred in Winnsboro, South Carolina. Mrs. N. G. Terrell's mother, Ellen Strother Woodward Johnson, was descended from Thomas Woodward, who came to America from England in the renowned company of Lord Baltimore. His son, Thomas Woodward, was an extensive land owner in South Carolina. Not greater among family historical select detail than is the record of a friendship that existed between George Washington and himself. Thomas Woodward served as Regulator in the American Revolution.

Thomas Johnson, paternal ancestor of Mrs. Nathaniel G. Terrell, moved in 1817 from Worcester, Massachusetts, to South Carolina, being a prosperous slave owner there. From that branch also Revolutionary service famously flowed and, continuing the family predilection for fighting for the principles which they believed to be right, Thomas Johnson, Jr., Mrs. Terral's grandfather, took an important part in the war between the States, aligned on the side of the Confederacy.

The marriage of Nathaniel G. Terrell, merchant and planter, and Isabelle Caroline Johnson added a half dozen individuals to the population of the town of Garnett, in their two sons and four daughters, by name as follows: Edward S., Ellen (Gammil), Iola (Jones), Nettie, Eula (Terral), Troy.

As the center of attention in this sketch, phases of Eula Terrell Terral's life supply a story to be admired and commended, the coming into leading official position of a talented, accomplished, native Arkansas woman.

Being one of a large number of children in probability helped to form her characteristically liberal viewpoints, personal and political. A spirit of tolerance, reason, suavity, intelligence she carried into high official realms doubtlessly had its roots in cooperative effort engendered and fostered in the group world of her childhood. Years brightly colored project from the native locality around which revolved her early life, in a course of culturally-healthy, elemental youthtime. An ideal situation for development, in the home community she laid the foundation stones for her future of importance by following a wholesome physical and intellectual program.

An early preference in the field of sport, and which game she played well, was tennis. She was accustomed to the saddle from girlhood, and many a "charming path" around her father's plantation has been followed as, seated upon her mount, she met an early morning sun that filtered through southeastern Arkansas' forests of stately elms, cottonwoods, sycamores and gum trees.

The future official matron in her happy sojourn at Garnett mixed a serious outlook with the carefree aspects of youthful years.

There was no favorite recreation for which she would abandon a good book; she was early well read, which paved the way to literary and artistic competence that attaches to her maturity.

She attended the public schools of Garnett, being graduated from high school and had junior college preparation before attending the University of Chicago, with graduation from the latter. Gifted with a singing voice of quality, four years were devoted to its development, Chicago being the training field she chose. A busy, progressive springtime of life was climaxed by its most important phase when she married.

Thomas Jefferson Terral, son of George W. and Cecilia Terral, born at Holmesville, Louisiana, schooled in Louisiana, Mississippi, at Kentucky University and in the Law Department of the University of Arkansas, turned his ardent attention to a special mission outside professional lanes in the early years of the twentieth century.

Practicing law in Little Rock, Mr. Terral met there, in a way intensely surcharged with romantic incident, Miss Eula Terrell who was on the way toward following an active and ambitious career on her own account.

A decision soon made by the pair of notably handsome physique that in a merger of their lives and almost identical names lay a sentimental source of mutual happiness finds full answer in the marriage of the two which occurred at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, February 25, 1914. They had a very beautiful afternoon ceremony of marriage. Not many weddings have

borne a certain stamp of distinction as did theirs. The bridegroom, Thomas Jefferson Terral, future Governor of Arkansas, had for his best man the State Magistrate of that era, George Washington Hays. Gubernatorial namesakes of presidential forefathers at their sentimental best!

A small apartment in Little Rock became the bridal pair's first home, on returning from their wedding journey. At once began for Mrs. Terral a life connected with politics, regardless of a reputed distaste she had for the profession *per se*.

Relegating, however, personal inclinations, ever before her from then on was the idea of her husband's ambitions and her boundless joy in furthering them.

Mr. Terral soon was a candidate for Secretary of State. Mrs. Terral became the campaign manager; with a woman's resourcefulness in exigency, she provided space in their house-keeping rooms as political headquarters, ably directing with courtesy, ease, driving force, the contest that brought success. In 1920, she again took her place in the campaign quarters as Mr. Terral waged his candidacy for the governorship.

Although the spoils of political war fell elsewhere, four years later, at the expiration of Governor McRae's second term, Eula Terral again was at the front of battle for her husband. This time victory wrote an impressive approval of her political acumen, inspiration and aid. Honorable "Tom" Terral was inaugurated as Governor of Arkansas, January 14, 1925.

Their place of residence, 1118 Wolfe Street, during his two terms as Secretary of State became, now with their attainment of first citizenry, the State's official domestic house.

Of Mrs. Terral in that radiant period, Mr. Dallas Herndon, historian, astute observer and recorder of public affairs, tells effectively: "The story of her life could not be without saying that the State of Arkansas never had a more charming first lady than Mrs. Tom J. Terral, the wife of former Governor Terral. Besides the beauty of face and form, which she possessed, she had a very charming personality that completely won the hearts of all who had the good fortune to come in contact with her. She was, and is, a person without a semblance

of ostentatious pretense, and her simple graciousness and modesty, which are of the heart, lent a tone of dignity to the position of the first lady which has never been surpassed."

A long list of public and private courtesies punctuated the Terral administration. A reception in their honor was given at the Capitol the evening of his inauguration. Mrs. Terral wore a white satin formal gown beaded in seed pearls and rhinestones, with complementing American Beauty roses. A ball was given in honor of Governor Terral and Mrs. Terral by the Arkansas National Guard. They attended as gubernatorial guests the opening of the Arlington Hotel at Hot Springs. Among many noted house guests during their tenure of the "Governor's Mansion" was Mary Lewis, paying her first visit to Little Rock as a singer of national celebrity.

Affable in social approach, lovely in appearance, a sartorial elegance long has related to Mrs. Terral. An inherent good taste, with the appreciation of fashion's best productions, she was clothed when a first lady, and as now, in dress flawless in appropriateness.

Travel, before and after marriage, has carried her into much of America. While Governor Terral was Chief Executive, one of their vacations was spent in Canada and Eastern United States. Paying a courtesy call during the time on President Coolidge, Governor Terral extended the President an invitation to visit Arkansas, with assurance that should he come, a welcome of such warmth would be expressed as might seem to him, the President, that Arkansas had undergone a metamorphosis and was "going" Republican! The laconic President and his private secretary enjoyed the cordiality to such an extent that subsequently the Terrals were recipients of an invitation to a White House reception.

Cast on the side of understanding assistance throughout her husband's administration, Eula Terral's part carried a disciplined mind, ever pleasing nature, and unfailing human sympathy.

Any man who addresses himself to what is commonly called official leadership soon shows his fundamental leanings. It may

be in the initiation of public action, the carrying to consummation legislation already nearly accomplished, or rejuvenation of measures which for one reason or another have become quiescent. Radiating from Governor's Terral's administration were facilities in the way of grants beneficial to the University of Arkansas. A large sum was appropriated by the legislature for the erection of two new buildings. Restored in the Terral term was the cigar and cigarette tax, a branch of taxation that covers school phases, and all respecters of education must join in the approval of its support by Governor Terral.

Throwing aside the mantle of officialdom, a permanent residence was established by Mr. and Mrs. Terral at 5241 Edgewood, a place of attractiveness that parallels the numerous private "sylvan landscapes" set in populous sections which distinguish Little Rock. Mrs. Terral has always been wholeheartedly interested in floriculture. Her skill as a successful grower can be seen in dazzling feasts of garden color throughout the blooming seasons.

In a day of expert card playing she takes her place in a favorite game of bridge with the individual initiative of an accurate, analytical thinker.

Outside her home and social interests she gives of herself generously to civic calls and to club work, her application to the latter centering particularly where her sponsorship of music and art will give support. She is a member of many organizations, meeting her obligations to the letter.

There are no children of the Terral family.

As was her family's faith, Mrs. Terral's is that of the Baptist teachings.

With her well-known husband, sometimes the central force of contest; again, safely high in the affairs of Arkansas' official enterprises; a "glad-hander" in the truest sense; a man whose interest in people is particularly notable—Eula Terral has had by the force of such associations a tremendous experience in dealing with humanity.

Of his wife and her fine aid in his career, former Governor Terral's comments afford sincere appeal and appropriate esti-

mate: "My success, whatever I have attained, was brought about by the hard work of my grand and faithful friend. Without her charming personality, keen mind, and sparkling mannerisms I would have failed in my political career. To know her is to love her, and I dedicate to her all the glory I may have attained in my political life, no truer friend ever graced the home of any man than my friend—my wife."

A distinction belongs to her as the wife of one of Arkansas' governors youngest in years. Few others supplied service at as relatively an early age.

To the twenty-seventh executive and the first lady came ample opportunity to establish and maintain limitless acquaintance. Their united private life reaffirms their public practices of sincere enjoyment of humankind.

Mrs. John E. Martineau II

ONE SHALL NEED not to turn far the dial of memory to bring distinct reception of the governor and first lady of 1927. Very vividly is remembered the administration that laid the influence in highest quarters of Governor John Martineau and Mrs. Martineau. Its record is near at hand; held freshly and closely in the memory of Arkansas is the swiftness of a year in which as instrumentalities, active and related, of public activities, a State spokesman and his wife, bore, respectively, a part more than of competency—it was of unquestioned worth and popular approval.

From administration to administration feminine lives stand out in the heart of public interest. Tracing a synthesis of forty and more subjects who have striven unitedly, ever in open view, it is safe to say that a more kindly, cheerful interpretation of first-womanhood tradition never was given than in the fleeting era Mabel Martineau was privileged to preside. Vibrancy and optimism had sincere definition in her cordial interpretation of public life.

Just as her husband's work demanded concentration on policy-making, Mrs. Martineau's was a serious and admirable undertaking of special attention to social and religious sides of life. Carrying on a remarkable home interest and grasp of its affairs, in a great variety of outside interests the status of official womanhood surrendered none of its important meaning in the hands of Mrs. John Martineau II.

Ancestors of the twenty-fifth official matron were strong,

able people, who laid full and deep a base for historical happenings within their own lives and which has stood in impregnability to descendants. This considered descendant's special place of prominence followed naturally the plan of ambitious example set by inter-allied family names of Erwin, McCalip, Bethel, Brown. By bearers of them at frequent intervals recognized position in different fields has been taken, among her forebears being architects and builders, some of whom, concentrating their talents upon the designing and construction of Scottish cathedrals, linked their identities with the imperishable structures which bear terming as "our lesson books in architecture."

Scotch-Irish strains seep strongly through her lineal lines. Ambrose Erwin, tracing descent from sturdy colonial families, was Mrs. Martineau's father. His grandfathers, Erwin and McCalip, served in the American Revolution. North Carolina, Erwin early stronghold, furthered in one of the family the settlement of Arkansas. James Erwin who was the paternal grandfather of this subject, arrived here before the territory was fully organized, in 1819. He settled in Austin, Arkansas, and became a large land owner. Evidence that he labored intensively in the stream of fundamental political life is consistent, for his name is a familiar one in pioneer chroniclings. His son, Ambrose S. Erwin, was a merchant in Des Arc. He extended his father's public pattern, serving as a State Senator from Prairie and Lonoke counties in the early Nineties. Four years of Confederate devotion plunged Ambrose S. Erwin as a participant into many battle scenes. A Missouri encounter which resulted in the capture of Generals Marmaduke and Cabell marked for imprisonment also him but he succeeded in making an early escape.

Turning to the distaff side of Mrs. John Martineau's family history, her mother was a direct descendant of General Bethel of the patriot troops of North Carolina. A maternal uncle, Bedford Brown, gave national service from 1829 to 1840 as a member of Congress from North Carolina. Of English stock that reached Virginia early in the eighteenth century, Bedford

Brown, an 1813 alumnus of the University of North Carolina, carried high the lantern extended by his ancestors. His grandfather, John Edmunds Brown, ardently patriotic, suffered destruction of his property by Tories in South Carolina. Settling later in North Carolina, he was to have a grandson who would take his seat in the United States Senate the same day that Andrew Jackson was inaugurated as the nation's President. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Thomas Benton, James Buchanan, were in their prime of career-building and were colleagues and friends of Honorable Bedford Brown. He married Mary Lumpkin Glenn.

Des Arc, Prairie County, was the birthplace of Mabel Erwin. Views of her girlhood show her in pathways of study at Anchorage, Kentucky, and at Arkansas Female College in Little Rock. She was musically talented and devoted special application to the training of her singing voice.

Her marriage to John E. Martineau was of May Day occurrence, in 1919. Both had been previously married, the bride being the widow of Judge James S. Thomas of Des Arc, Arkansas. Marriage in 1907 had been contracted between John E. Martineau and Mrs. Annie (Holcomb) Mitchell of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Though a native Missourian, he was of French Canadian descent. His parents, Gregory and Hettie Lamb Martineau, came in his childhood to Lonoke County, Arkansas, to locate. This young new citizen put the emphasis early on his mental capacities, abilities to obtain him foremost place and influence at a comparatively early age. With Mrs. Martineau (first wife) he lived in Little Rock, embarking after his three-year service as a member of the State legislature upon his first success as chancellor of the First Circuit Court of Arkansas the same year that marked his marriage. In 1914 Mrs. Martineau died. There were no children of the marriage.

Virtually all of Martineau wedded life was stimulated by public honors. Mrs. Martineau (the second) had brought to her fuller realization of official responsibilities than is normally provided in a span of less than twenty years. Judge Martineau, occupying the chancellor's bench at the time of marriage, their

special obligations were drawn to judicial interests. In 1926 he stepped on the threshold of his gubernatorial career and although the opening and closing of the door on his rulership happened within a year's time, it was an active period in State life from which was wrought a product marking him as a sound thinker, practical in his ideas as opposed to that which is visionary and placed upon him the hallmark of one who could rightfully be regarded as a wise executive. The Martineau Road Act alone would place and hold the Martineau name in the lasting limelight of commanding legislative benefits. He had many friends to whom he was tied with bands of steel. In social life, the couple of prepossessing personal appearance, of friendly and deferential manner, introduced a Martineau note exceptionally pleasing.

The imposing house which was the governor's mansion is on Wright Avenue, its facade meeting Battery Street, and without too much stretch of imagination a place which might have been the French ancestral castle of the Martineau dynasty in its earlier day, as outlined in architectural aspects and spacious grounds. The home supplied many an occasion of cordiality to people of the State. Its doors remained open as the ruling couple employed the simple formula of extending their pleasant individual ways of living to a wide social following. In the home was reflected personal taste of well-to-do Arkansans, in decorative, rich household furnishings.

Mrs. Martineau is a member of the First Methodist Church of Little Rock. Governor Martineau, distinctly conscious of its benefits, as a member also was a regular attendant with his wife where she worships, both having united with the Church under the ministry of Reverend Philip Cone Fletcher.

The Martineau lives, scheduled on official moves, with the short-term governorship a bridge that linked popular judicial phases, afforded golden opportunities for travel, happy experiences of political environment, along with the serious performance of public duty.

The national Governors' Conference, meeting in Mackinac Island, was attended by Governor Martineau in company with

his wife, which is held in her memory as a delightful experience. The Federal Judgeship assumed by Honorable John Martineau in March, 1928, had its quota of distant views when, at intervals, a new circuit would call him as visiting Judge. Two summers were spent by the Martineau couple in New York City's environs.

An important thread of marital sympathy is woven about the bright-hearted first lady of a dozen or so years ago. "My husband's interests and ambitions were always mine," sincerely she declares.

In a maternal role, although without children of her own, Mrs. Martineau's gift to the world has been the generous care and devotion to five children who came under her wise direction. One foster son, in whom she had great pride, fell in the red stream of sacrifice engulfing the world, in 1918.

Her congenial marriage terminated by the death of her husband in 1937. Mrs. Martineau continues to live in the family home, diligently caring for her well-loved flowers, shrubbery and giant trees on the grounds of the home. Roselawn Memorial Cemetery, not far away, is the final resting place of the intensely respected late governor and jurist.

In this era which regards itself as the era of woman's emergence into the field of commercialism, Mabel Erwin Martineau, essentially domestic, can be cited as an example of a woman successfully co-ordinating household absorptions with business acumen of a high degree.

Mrs. Martineau's close relatives are as follows:

Brother: A. E. Erwin

Sisters: Mrs. Ernest Pettus

Mrs. F. Pratt Cates

Nieces and Nephews:

Mrs. Kern Watson

Mr. Lee Reinhardt

Mr. Ambrose E. Cates

Mr. Ambrose Erwin

Mr. Hugh Erwin

Mr. Daniel Reinhardt

Mrs. A. C. Remmel

Mrs. Norman Kirkwood

Mr. Albert Erwin

Great-nieces and Great-nephews:

Mrs. Richard C. Butler, Jr.	Carrie Ellen Rimmel
Nina Cates	Mrs. Nickolson (Nell Cates).
Mabel Claire Cates	Patsy Ann Cates
Dorothy Reinhardt	Joyce Lee Reinhardt
Mrs. John Reeves	Gladys Sue Kirkwood
Adelaide Erwin	Harmon L. Rimmel
Augustus C. Rimmel	Pratt C. Rimmel
Roland R. Rimmel	Ambrose E. Cates, Jr.
Felix Pratt Cates	Arthur Alvin Reinhardt
Daniel Reinhardt	Ben Erwin
Ralph Erwin, Jr.	Hugh Erwin, Jr.

Great-great-nephew:

Richard C. Butler (The Third)

Mrs. Harvey Parnell

MARCH 14, 1928, the limited company of women ordained for vital State position was joined by a capable new recruit.

In the beneficent processes of destiny, one already in politics' special grace felt the impact of succession to the high place surrendered by Mrs. Martineau II.

It was the distinction of Mrs. Harvey Parnell, the newcomer, to have in store a longer time of first lady connection than any other woman, with the exception of Mrs. Jeff Davis I.

Mrs. Parnell's memory refreshes five proud years devoted to touching at close range Arkansas' rank and file, lending her influence for every possible requirement.

As wife of the State's first lieutenant-governor under the Act of 1926, which recreated the long abolished office, Mrs. Parnell was placed in the anomalous historical situation of having been, as well as twenty-ninth gubernatorially foremost woman, the first in numerical order among "second ladies."

At Arkansas City, this State, the family of Jack C. and Martha Crenshaw Winston in 1885 was amplified with arrival of a daughter. She was christened Mabel.

In her was embodied the traditions and heritage of a vast lineal encirclement which, if wholly outlined in presentation, would show an ancestry of which any one might well be proud.

Brought across from England and Wales, the Winston name figured in the early-day Virginia movement of settlement and population, taking root in Hanover County, before 1700. From patriarch Isaac Winston issued prolific posterity, which has

been accentuated through the generations with celebrities whose names live on, as, Governor Patrick Henry, fascinating Dolly Madison, President Zachary Taylor, Mrs. John Tyler I. In sketches of the Mesdames Pope was shown blood relationship of Anne Christian Pope with the Winstons, making two among first ladies of Arkansas in direct descent from the Winston parent stem. The name's contribution to American life in times of war, as analyzed by a genealogist, makes eligibility for Winston descendants to membership in a great number of patriotic organizations. In peacetime lights, the name bridges from the early colonial era as of those who pass and definitely leave their trace with civilizing refinements. It has been written of the Winston as "a family marked by vivacity and dramatic turn, a gift for music and for eloquent speech."

Venturing into its Arkansas illustration, in Mabel Winston's childhood she moved with her parents to Dermott, Chicot County. The alluvial region of southeastern Arkansas became their home, a farm of some three thousand acres being acquired. A two-year course of study at Arkansas University followed Dermott's grade and high school offerings for the Winston daughter who, while a student, had the business of formal education interrupted and was claimed as his bride by a prosperous young Dermott merchant, Harvey Parnell.

The wedding occurred June 2, 1902. The bridegroom was a native of Orlando, Cleveland County, Arkansas, of birth February 28, 1880. His grandparents Parnell came direct from Ireland. History gives liberally of one of his ancestors spectacularly and loyally engaged in a controversial field. The Harvey Parnell commercial experience veered years later after marriage toward public centers, and by that time two daughters had increased the family group.

Whisked rapidly by political fortune, the time between Mr. Parnell's introductory legislative service and his grasp of the State helm gives record of a rapidity of tenure and advancement which is outstanding. It indicated that there can be and may be a steadily lengthened use for public servants who

are well equipped in other lines, additional to their governmental aptitudes. Receiving his commission as governor, the Dermott business man proceeded to direct the bark of State along what dates back to an expanse of rich and lean years, the first ones of comparative serenity that were followed by the time when the whole world's population, public and private, was springing deeper into economic insecurity. He was a proficient pilot, guiding with dexterity the course of state.

Through all his mutations, as State representative, State senator, lieutenant-governor and governor, Mrs. Parnell was a sympathetic sharer of official honors and perplexities, a constant companion and adviser.

Crisp, beautiful, set in a modern keynote, was the residence located at 1801 North Spruce Street from which flowed Parnell bounteous State hospitality.

One of Mrs. Parnell's most productive hobbies, long practiced, has been flower culture. At the new home her floricultural prowess was symbolized in a garden of magic growth and loveliness. A first lady patently with the growing hand!

Individual interests that had earnest call and appeal to her while her husband sat as chief executive, many of which interests continue with her since, embrace some of the strongest movements not only of local motivation, but several of state-girdling concern. A list of organizations which had her zealous part in membership is lengthy and varied. She has devoted a great deal of time and effort as an active member of the Board of Directors of the Florence Crittenden Home—now having become a member of its Honorary Board—and as a committee worker for the Arkansas Tuberculosis Association.

She was chairman and actively interested in the Social Welfare Division of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, is past Historian of the State Democratic Women's Club. Patriotically, Mrs. Parnell is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Henry Lee Chapter, and her lineage, earlier indicated, entitles her to affiliation with the celebrated order, First Families of Virginia. She is an active member of the Methodist

Episcopal Church. Southeast Arkansas District Garden Club has had as chairman the services of Mrs. Parnell along with her many other useful and engrossing activities.

From 1928 to 1933, was a half decade of full days for Mrs. Harvey Parnell, the same as they were for her husband, of whom a biographer wrote: "His administration has been both progressive and efficient and its accomplishments have amply justified the confidence reposed in him by the electorate."

It would be unauthentic to omit reference to Governor Parnell's and Mrs. Parnell's extensive travels, many of an official nature. They attended the historic Governor's Conference of 1931 held in French Lick, Indiana. A meeting there between the Arkansas governor and New York's chief ruler, both having the company of their wives, created a warmth of friendship between the Parnell potentates and the other distinguished pair who were marked for presidential brilliancy, the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt. Governor Parnell and Mrs. Parnell the next year attended the National Democratic convention in Chicago, where Mr. Roosevelt received his party's nomination for President. Governor Parnell was honored with a position on the Platform committee of the Democratic Party.

There cannot be spoken of any governor's wife a friendlier approach nor of one more consistently a gainer of public good will than of the one here sketched. Personable, a tasteful dresser, widely acquainted, kindly, eager, Mrs. Parnell kept an even pace with current affairs, small and large. She greatly enjoyed contact with people, the opportunity as a governor's wife bringing an almost limitless scope.

While the public was watching the work of its energetic, affable, achieving governor, whose support was lent to many wholesome public works, it also saw the feminine half of the family at her important social tasks. Busy as he was in the discharge of his duties as chief executive, Governor Parnell did not fail to give his weight of dignity and cordiality as an influence in varieties of civic and social calls. And this couple who stood long in the glare of publicity were, above all, deeply

devoted to their family. For all their public demands, family came first.

Their elder daughter, Martha Adele, with her mother's example before her of early girlhood marriage, while a student at Arkansas University was married several years ago to Eugene Warren, law student at the same institution. Together they continued their academic and professional education. They have a daughter, Diane. Their home is in Little Rock.

The second Parnell daughter, Mary Frances, a student of honor two years at Sophie Newcomb College in New Orleans, in 1939 transferred to the University of Arkansas her educational and national sorority activities. Both Parnell daughters are members of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Outdoor diversions of horseback riding and of fishing are forms of entertainment most pleasing to Mrs. Harvey Parnell's taste.

She has gone a long way around, and lives again in the community of the old days of her youth and wedded beginning. Following the death of Governor Parnell January 16, 1936, she re-established her home at Dermott.

Roselawn Memorial Park Cemetery, Little Rock, is the burial place of Governor Parnell.

Mrs. Parnell assumed the management of the family plantation in the section of Arkansas where the pleasant ways of her girlhood moved her in the direction of State prominence. The vast tract was bought by Mr. Parnell about thirty years ago and has been held since as the Winston plantation. In its christening reposes his lasting tribute to Mrs. Parnell's maiden name.

When the scene shifted to the public theater her part reflected capability and adequateness—plantation proprietorship can ask of its widely experienced supervisor no greater requisites.

Parnell Hall lends particular interest to a survey of the twenty-ninth administrative family. Auditorium of architectural strength and beauty, in harmonious setting it looks down on rolling grounds that support the School of the Deaf and

the School for the Blind. It was erected during Governor Parnell's State stewardship. Before that there was nothing there to attract attention. In its arresting appearance and its public uses it is entitled to bear, and pay a wordless tribute to, the name which was an integral part of Arkansas little more than a decade ago.

*Mrs. Junius Marion
Futrell*

A GOVERNOR'S WIFE looks back at close range over a public sojourn, the events connected with her husband's span of administrative control and with her associate position in easy recall.

Mrs. Futrell carries, in official connection, double distinction. Junius Marion Futrell's service as governor was preceded by a time as acting head, following Governor Joseph Taylor Robinson's retirement, in 1913. Although somewhat experienced in dual governing, Arkansas had the novel situation of acting executives sitting concurrently in the highest office when Honorable W. Kie Oldham as president of the senate at the time of the Robinson exit advanced to the ruling helm, with Honorable J. M. Futrell, having election as president pro tempore of the senate shortly afterward, doing likewise. A constituted "acting" foursome—two ruling men, two first ladies! Both officials settling in gubernatorial workshops, the debatable question of executive claim was carried to the Supreme Court. Mr. Futrell received its favorable decision and became sole acting-governor March 27, 1913; he served until Governor Hays assumed by election the prerogatives of the office in July the same year. A short rehearsal in feminine official routine, therefore, was enjoyed by the officially related subject of this sketch.

In pursuance of the writer's efforts to point out personal minutiae of official experience, a popular figure, of legitimate introduction here, was Mrs. W. K. Oldham, but briefly enter-

ing a course of gubernatorial contacts. Her maiden name was Lillian Munro, the daughter of Major L. W. Munro and Mrs. Munro of Lonoke, Arkansas. Though of different spelling the name is in lineal parallel with that of President James Monroe. By reason of her husband's prominence, Mrs. Oldham was long under decrees of officialdom.

Tennessee's liberality to Arkansas flows again, in Mrs. Junius Marion Futrell's personal story. Much of her ancestry relates to the former State, though the whole range of Mrs. Futrell's life is Arkansas-bound, in birth, rearing and maturity.

Tera Ann Smith became an infantile member in the household of William Richard Smith and Catherine Owen Smith when the nineteenth century was in the start of its last quarter. This subject was one of five Smith children, four daughters and a son. All have passed away except herself and an older sister. William Richard Smith enlisted in the Confederate army under General Forrest, serving under his command throughout the war and participating in signal engagements. Mr. Smith died in 1893—an unreconstructed rebel!

Pleasant Plains Academy furnished educational grounding for her who one day would reach a place in the sisterhood of those invested with bountiful public favor. Especial aptitude for Latin and mathematics, with intensive scholastic application, brought her the reward of Academy class leadership.

Early estimates of the first lady thirtieth in rotation shall need to be fitted at once into a matrimonial pattern, for at barely eighteen years of age she and J. M. Futrell married. The event, of date September 14, 1893, occurred in Independence County. The bridegroom lived in Greene County, where they settled and maintained a home until a much later time. His parents were Jeptha and Arminia (Eubanks) Futrell.

The marriage brought to the Eastern Arkansas young lawyer a star of great continuing happiness and inspiration. In early life Mr. and Mrs. Futrell, in economic step with vast armies of youthful married people richer in ambition than in royalties of wealth, had a lot of familiarity with economy and thrift. The young wife's faculty of adapting herself to any situation,

an ability successfully to handle difficult problems, had gratifying place in less-favored Futrell days.

One of the important things which confront the seeker of political power is the attitude of his home intimates, which can be either a source of embarrassment or of advancement. Hinges, often, success or failure on family slants, an untoward attitude being as not improbable of costing one's position in public life.

When her husband entered politics, a wealth of common sense and resourcefulness possessed by Tera Ann Futrell was an asset of mounting value; it has been carried to an extent beyond measure as a source of helpfulness, those who know best—family members—declare.

This story, as all others herein contained, aspires to set forth the parts played by wives in public careers. According to Futrell personal details bearing on the matter of a helpmate in home and in wider spheres, Mrs. Futrell was ceaselessly sympathetic with the battles waged by her husband for political supremacy. She was ever on the lookout and surveyed the political field, with its dangers and its pleasures, with an unerring accuracy, the first to point to gathering clouds or a clearing in the horizon. Earnestly and often has her husband said, "Without her I could not get along." "She is well nigh the perfect type."

Mrs. Futrell has a deep interest in, and affection for, people as a whole. It is said of her that her husband never lost a vote because of anything she had said or done, but on the other hand many supported him primarily because they loved her. She has had a varied association with people, is a good judge of human nature, character reader, diviner of prejudices—a more than fair appraiser in the "area of human comprehension." Uniform kindness and courtesy result with her from a rule of nature which provides in the same measure a sincere spirit of forbearance. A faculty deeply ingrained applies to her "secret" inviolability. Simple homilies give clearer insight at times than can psychological volumes, so in Mrs. Futrell's opinion in respect to the priceless attribute of trustworthiness

as a bearer of a confidence reposed there is a valuable and interesting key. Quoting her candid, wise words: "A long time ago I learned that when you commit a secret to another, the secret has passed from your own control."

Forty years together had been passed when gubernatorial leanings and achievement met in the Futrell partnership. The time had come for removal from their long-established home at Marion to Little Rock. It can probably be said that the important official venture brought as enthusiastic a family group as ever came to the highly specialized front field. It was a sizable circle transported—an admixture of single and married sons and daughters, and several grandchildren—to participate in the launching of their family into the public arena.

The George H. Mann residence on Center, near Seventeenth Street, housed the first citizens, the leased home being maintained the greater part of Governor Futrell's terms of office. A house later was bought at 4121 Woodlawn, which has continued to be the domestic hearth.

A capacity for friendliness and right intent warmly stamped the Futrell epoch as Mrs. Futrell, a picture of superb physical health, mingling with complete naturalness in a domestic fashion and offering a proud note of appreciation of her conferred command, gave freely to the outward aspects of her position.

By family appraisal, the one recently first in social distinction, is shown in many admirable lights; in emergencies, for instance, she has the quality of quick and accurate thought. While without special training, one watching her in cases of illness or accident would ascribe to her professional knowledge. Instantly she may become an intrepid, competent leader. As a friend and neighbor she excels, and does so with modesty and without ostentation.

One has but to read Governor Futrell's messages to the legislature and his other public utterances to get a definite impression of the official he proved to be. His public accomplishments are safely stored in the archives of the State so well served by him. He shepherded the commonwealth of Arkansas

through part of the dangerous "depression" years, creating in his support and influence, legislatively, a story for the historian's transcript of financial and moral balance, at the time when public fear bordered on defeatism. Governor Futrell, concerned in the possibilities of State refunding and debt reduction, demonstrated that there was a way to protect a people's vital interests, "to restore," in his own language, "the credit and good name of the State of Arkansas."

A form of eulogistic data identified with Governor Futrell and in which he has natural pride was an editorial appearing at the time of his retirement, in the New York Times. Titled "A Governor's Style," the article was based on a tribute editorially paid by the Arkansas Gazette which noted along with his official acts his distinctive literary style in official writings. Extracting from the New York Times article: "In his four years of administration, Governor Futrell of Arkansas has won golden opinions. His acts have praised him . . . His sentences are short and clear. They follow one another in a series of sharp blows. Except at the end of each there are no marks of punctuation. The style is lean. There is no ornament or redundancy. It is the appropriate style for a Governor who means and talks of business."

Mrs. Futrell enjoys various sports, with her husband frequently attending baseball and football games. A variety of card games, checkers, and dominoes come within the range of lighter home enjoyment.

Governor Futrell, famous for his successful game-hunting propensity, is also a fisherman which enthusiasm Mrs. Futrell shares to an extent of accompanying him often on fishing trips. She has her own tackle and casting rod. A successful bait-caster, the former woman of rank has to her angling credit as biggest catch a large mouth bass five and one half pounds in weight. An anecdote of family contribution is to the point: "She once hooked a much larger bass, and after a spirited fight and while in the act of placing it in the boat, her line broke. For not having brought along the landing net and for not having a sufficient line—she says that she has forgiven her

husband. Yet at times she discusses her contest with the big one very animatedly."

In her new home in Little Rock Mrs. Futrell finds a keen interest, in its care and in her large family connection. The latter, in her maternal heart wholesomeness, gather together neither too soon nor often enough. She is a good business woman, declare knowing ones, carrying a natural intuition alongside of experience and observation.

Perhaps as a woman of intensity devoted to husband and children is the wide berth most cheerfully and rewardingly filled by her which, after all—be it Mrs. Futrell or any other woman—in the wake of that experience gives most.

Children of Governor Futrell and Mrs. Futrell:

Nye Futrell, married H. G. McCall

Prentiss Futrell, married Herbert Farrell, Paragould, Arkansas

Ernie Futrell, married Dr. A. H. Maddox, Elaine, Arkansas

Byron Futrell, married Marguerite Bisbee, Jacksonville, Florida

Janice Futrell, married Clement Moore, St. Louis, Missouri

Dan Futrell, married Ruth Allen Travathan, Batesville, Arkansas

Grandchildren:

Mary Frances McCall

Billie Louise McCall

Julia Ann McCall

Billie Farrell }
Bobby Farrell } twins

Carolyn Futrell

Junius Marion Futrell II

Jimmy Dan Maddox

Andrew Noble Moore

Daniel Wood Futrell, Jr.

Mrs. Carl Edward Bailey

MISSOURI MUST ALWAYS have a prideful interest in Arkansas' thirty-first administrative era, as it must ever historically remain an era vesting title of the governor's office and of the associate honor place in a couple who were born and reared in the former State.

On a present note these figures of prominence rest. When at the time a biographical effort would send personal light around gubernatorial corners, the Bailey regime is current, and it is not difficult clearly to dwell on the near-reaching tradition of a man and his wife in honorable public employ. Its already substantial record virtually compiled, a completion of policies is waged while in the beams still of the powerful searchlight of publicity, and as of this sketch's date.

Correspondingly, obligations charged upon the period's out-ranking woman continue to have performance as, with the outgoing executive, she turns toward resumption of private life.

When the sun goes down on a term of political engrossment, only then history justifies its right of interpreting events brought about in the given period. Time's gruelling examination of names and trends and effects that have resulted from the trial of men and women in public service is the factor of judgment on properties of human action which are to be introduced into the veins of record.

The fact that historic flavor and interest are details in post-

ponement does not in any way lessen attention to the family where presently is held official State sponsorship.

The thirty-first featured pair early entered Arkansas' door. To the study of social and political life radiating from the office of highest public standing it can be added that the circumstances of their youthful environments adhere to the type surrounding most official folk shown in these outlines.

Carl and Margaret Bailey in earlier years slipped unheralded into the State in which they were to be numbered with the political great. Personal biography discloses upon what intense preparedness both had built for a chance in life.

Mrs. Bailey, nee Margaret Bristol, is a native of Campbell, Missouri. She trained for public school work, and had teaching connection awhile with the Campbell schools.

Governor Bailey's birth occurred near the Arkansas-Missouri boundary line, at Bernie, on October 8, 1894. He was the son of William Edward Bailey and Margaret McCorkle Bailey. His youth-time was a parallel of those of many other men willingly performing harsh tasks for the furthering of every opportunity to grow in strength of mind and body.

The Carl Bailey experience, stimulated by parental and personal ambition, successfully invaded a field of elaborate tasks and duties. Other biographical writings on his boyhood detail that "He demonstrated his versatility by holding down odd jobs that covered a wide range of ability, such as operating a motion picture machine, clerking in a drug store, laboring on a farm and working in a stave mill" and that "Since he was a boy, Carl Bailey has held jobs as helper in a wagon yard, rural school teacher, brakeman, shoe factory employee, bookkeeper, auditor, editor of a cotton co-op paper," and so on and so on.

In the busy initial stages of career casting, a Campbell, Missouri, high school education was creditably carried off and later literary training acquired at Subiaco College, Arkansas, and at State College, Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Carl Edward Bailey's twenty-first birthday shone on a young mind trained and keen for greater serious tasks ahead. But first he would have his day in court—the happy court of mar-

riage—and two days after he became twenty-one a sizable portion of State history moved forward in one romantic step! At a parsonage at Piggott, Arkansas, on October 10, 1915, Carl Bailey and Margaret Bristol, Missouri son and daughter of lofty destination in a border commonwealth, were married.

They had a natural bond in having been born in the same State; it was a little fantastic that they joined hands at an Arkansas altar and started down the highway of the future in the neighbor State that only a few years later would receive them with permanence, eventually to make them the recipients of great praise and honor that has had national echo.

A picture to remember and admire of the headliner of this article is one revealed of her early married years. Because the Bailey budget failed to provide a reserve for the intention held by her young husband to equip himself with a course of business training, his bride, realizing it could better be accomplished if she continued teaching, took her place again in a Campbell school-room when he became an enrollee at Chilli-cothe, Missouri, Business College.

The young family, settling within a few years in Arkansas, lived in a number of towns before Little Rock became their home in the early 1920's. Since that time, devotion to various pieces of public business steadily has extended Bailey power and prestige. It would go into a set of conditions to add singularly delightful personalities to Arkansas' greatly varied roll of governors and first ladies.

Of all the families Arkansas has centrally placed, the present one is among the largest.

There are six Bailey children:

Carl Edward, Jr., born at Campbell, Missouri
Frank Albert, born at Campbell, Missouri
Reginald Eugene, born at Augusta, Arkansas
Elizabeth Dixon, born at Augusta, Arkansas
Alfred Bristol, born at Little Rock, Arkansas
Richard Robert, born at Little Rock, Arkansas

The eldest son is married, his wife having been Miss Edith Hand.

Governor Bailey and Mrs. Bailey both have membership in the First Christian Church, Little Rock.

The red brick residence at the northwest corner of Battery and Sixteenth streets, number 1318, houses the present official family.

Margaret Bailey necessarily would find public social duties secondary factors as, at the same time of outside demands, she must face the management of a large family. Under the laws of motherhood, anything less than an absolutely fixed, immutable devotion to the home realm could be only deviation of urgency from it, the highest of all trusts. In the case of Mrs. Bailey, intellectual, earnest, of a most persuasive personal charm, she makes it possible successfully to carry off household routine and readily bear her share of the tide of outer responsibilities consistently rising over the State's public front.

After four full calendar years, Governor Bailey has written an important chapter in the State executive story. Many measures, political and social, in it are safely harbored. He was inaugurated January 12, 1937.

The elevation to first place was built around an experienced couple. The study of law by Carl Edward Bailey many years after their marriage figures importantly in their political fate, moving him along at a healthy rate toward the reaping of a rich reward in maturity. Of familiar knowledge are accentuated experiences he had in earlier public service, and that marked up his ultimate destination as chief executive.

To attempt to describe in detail with that accuracy it deserves the constructive achievements of the Bailey administration would need first to have found some formula for taking care of great praise to one's face; to present, categorically, well-known facts of legislation backed and accomplished by Governor Bailey is like making an introduction between persons of obvious established acquaintance. The history of that which he has done is in the wet, clear ink of the record in no uncertain terms for the pleasure of family and friends and the

State that has showered on him and his family political preferment. It again forcefully carries out the prophecy of what can be accomplished by the American boy and girl if the faith in self and man is kept, and which makes possible that the plow-boy of today may in the future hold the reins of the government of a state and be its great executive head and leader.

Fully in step with the movement for commonwealth weal is this record of the Bailey administration. In the effort toward such ledger of progress, so able and experienced a man of state-wide services (before becoming governor) as the Honorable Carl E. Bailey could have been expected to crowd into his executive life careful consideration and promotion of full-scale governmental output as would meet some already good conditions and make better ones. The Bailey legislative voice will be heard in history speaking in strong agricultural tones, in public school and library welfare, soil conservation, forestry, public health, development of State parks, highway construction, toll-free bridges, protection from floods, re-financing of the State debt. The record contains numerous other significant studies and enforcements, none more indicative of forceful action than his sponsorship of the State Civil Service Measure which became a law in 1937.

Taking up early the public challenge, and that reached a major expansion of responsibilities and impressive honors for the governor of the moment, it has been shown in these pages few other women rotating around the special first place to have maintained greater auxiliary preparation than the decisive victories of her husband afforded Mrs. Bailey. Continued experience has added to a natural calm confidence and marked dignity; it is as a soft-spoken first lady, schooled in diplomacy, an appreciative listener, particularly pleasing in appearance and in becoming manner of dress, that she has co-starred in an effective administration about ready to throw off its wraps.

Elizabeth Dixon Bailey has full title to the description "first daughter of Arkansas." The only Bailey daughter, a lovely girl still in school years, she has won her own way into a very complete little conquest in the State. Associated with distin-

guished parents her day encompasses the highest sort of entertaining and excellent company. She is a student at a Missouri college.

The three eldest sons of Governor Bailey and Mrs. Bailey are pledged to fortify American defenses, the arms of infantry, artillery and aviation at present having their enlistment. Their father enlisted for World War service in 1917. The younger sons attend Little Rock schools.

Private life is flowing toward the first family, to displace the persistent public existence they have had. Responsible executive families remain as urgently needed for quieter civic relations as in the exercise of authority conferred temporarily by the power of the vote.

At the end of Mr. Bailey's second term as Governor of Arkansas, he will enter into retirement, possessed of seasoned sureness of intelligence and action that distinguishes itself irrespective of place, and in full awareness that his reign has been a step-up in the gubernatorial program.

*Mrs. Homer Martin
Adkins*

SHE EXTENDS FIRST lady graces to immediate view.

Official enterprise, changed to new hands, has emblemized another in the growing series of public-starred women.

Unlike the preceding outlines, mostly that dipped into the grooves of the past, this one is unmistakably a part of today which when writing to reveal women preoccupied with official-social responsibility, unfortunately obscures full scrutiny of the main feminine character just heightened to foremost position.

In an administration begun, almost literally, as the book of biographic assumptions turns to publication, the lens through which to focus on people and events in official class will be necessarily restricted; milestones that are to mark the thirty-second gubernatorial experience are in the future and to be perceived only in gleams of expectation.

Arkansas in her present hour moves to the elect a family unit from which it would not be too much to anticipate the growth and flowering of greatly beneficial courses.

What urges are there, it may be asked, upon what the prophecies of interesting and influential leadership are based? The current governor and state hostess who have spent a score of years together gave interpretations of themselves while in everyday life in a friendliness to human matters that at once answers assuredly that question and makes for a particularly strong biography of persons working in private lanes. While the most important portion of their joined life may seem to

have been launched at the hour of the governorship's tender, the immediate past of a dozen or more years talks of competent citizenship, on the side of benign, elevating enterprises. It was the work of people of depth and sincerity.

The new interpreter of public sociality, nee Estelle E. Smith, was born in a small town named Cannonsburg, Claiborne County, Mississippi. It is not far from Natchez. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith.

Just as Homer Martin Adkins, native of Jacksonville, Arkansas, because of a great ambition, abilities and native prerequisites for community service early leaned in the direction of public-spiritedness, so also his future wife set the tempo of her life to sound and wholesome continuity. Her story revolves for some years around the profession of nursing, she having acquired both training and experience as a registered nurse when the world echoed with the thunder of revolution across the Atlantic.

It is superfluous to refer to America's brave part in the tragedy of universal struggle. Of enormous local interest, though, is it that in the complex and exciting era were drawn together a duo of people fated for eventual high political commitments in Arkansas. Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, to which both were sent (Mr. Adkins in the Medical Corps) was the place of their initial acquaintance. From the military camp we turn to an overseas' assignment that included again the two, and which would take the form of realistic, though widely divergent, serviceableness.

Mixed with the regulations of army life, along their course either at Beauregard or in beshadowed Europe, Cupid evidently nudged the emotional elbows of the Arkansan at a grim task and the deep-South's daughter devoted to human alleviation. When they returned to their homeland, marriage was in the not-far-distant offing for Captain Adkins and War Nurse Smith, bearing a parallel inheritance of days divided from tragedy only by the rare value of a love story. Their marriage occurred on December 18, 1921. In Little Rock was established their permanent home.

The Adkins' inauguration, through the agency of printers' ink that in its rights lays a heavy type on prominence, produced a clear and convincing portrait of the distinguished newcomers. To attempt to add to those portrayals, the aspiring biographical interpreter, striving to weave into each sketch all available personal history, but would be the voice of echo.

Newest of the first families, already it has shown itself as perhaps one of the most restrained in that, while of friendliness and easy approach, within itself are self-sustaining qualities making for a satisfying state of existence outside the realm of clamor. It would be inaccurate this early, with the camera of personal analysis essentially not fully adjusted, to characterize the Adkins social trends as preferably in avoidance of too much public ado, yet borne by the press to history was the advance significant news relating to the executive—and, inseparably, to his wife—installed so recently in highest place that simplicity of ceremony would mark his accession to the office on Tuesday, January 14th, 1941.

"Each in her own particular gaze,
Each with her own particular ways."

The rhyming tradition nowhere has sharper application than in the realm of officialism.

The Adkins administration went to work energetically, if evidenced in its social or lighter phases was a quiet and unaffected "particular gaze" by the conservative couple who had reached in their new strong position top-flight view.

Without parade or inaugural ball, the regime was given direct recognition of Arkansas' friendly acceptance in an informal reception the evening of the inauguration. In their honor was brought together the major part of the State's official personnel; the Supreme Court members and other office holders, with their wives, emphasized departmental hospitality. At the same time the general public very warmly gave welcome to an advancing political order; the large reception room of the Capitol developed into the background of a harmonious politi-

cal picture, its composition a large proportion of men and women who had figured promotionally in their favorite's campaign for governor.

In the presence of the vast amount of history amassed by this commonwealth's experience in governorhood, Homer Martin Adkins is to be recognized as the first chosen from the Arkansas Department of the American Legion. He and Estelle Smith Adkins are quite definitely devoted to the unconquerable aims of the organized Legionnaires and the Legion Auxiliary.

There has been no shift in family domicile with another, and the broadest, step taken by the couple whose romance blossomed in a foreign land immersed in war.

The Adkins' home is situated on Dennison Street, number 1601. They have lived there many years, throughout his seven-year service as United States Internal Revenue Collector. Previously he had served as sheriff and collector of Pulaski County, 1923-1927.

The State's chief magistrate of today has place in the aldermanic history of Little Rock.

In assembling intimate biography of women under official circumstances that set them somewhat apart, bits from here, there and yonder make the character of this final sketch the symbol of sympathetic attitude, deep feeling, extreme fineness of heart and mind. It is her preference, apparently, to keep largely in the background and let her governor-husband have the preponderance of family prestige. In her an enormous amount of reserve is shown, she not wanting to get into notice, it is vouchsafed, on some one else's achievement.

The author must skim lightly over the surface of a presently compelling subject, being denied access to what are certain to have been in her life colorful events and phases.

The story of Governor Adkins' signal success will be told at the end of the unfolding years. The inexorable and glittering finger of opportunity with unerring accuracy points to a series of successes yet to be consummated.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Adkins (the latter Mrs.

L. Adkins Wilkins, later), he is a clear illustration, as runs exhaustively in masculine references through these outlines, that under our form of government is the unchanging fact that the boy who follows the furrow and uses the hoe, and is willing to pay the price of success as Governor Adkins has done, can climb the steeps to commanding place in one of the greatest states in the galaxy.

The Adkins' home is unpeopled by children—it is a first family but two numerically. The focus of life has changed for them. There are important differences, many a politically elevated family could tell, between private existence and that one opened up to public calls. There is little doubt of Governor Adkins' and Mrs. Adkins' capableness in a broadened routine. Those who enjoy their intimate acquaintance know the first lady to be, like her husband, inflexibly devoted to resolute, practical purpose.

The eyes of Arkansas, fastened on new dignitaries, catch the reflection of mental and moral strength, that makes the State's destination clear and optimistic in the near years to come.

